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History

WITHDRAWN

JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO

BOOKS BY PAUL WILSTACH

ALONG THE PYRENEES

JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO

MOUNT VERNON, WASHINGTON'S HOME AND
THE NATION'S SHRINE

POTOMAC LANDINGS

RICHARD MANSFIELD, THE MAN AND THE
ACTOR



MONTICELLO

The west or approach front

JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO

BY
PAUL WILSTACH



ILLUSTRATED

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1925

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History

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To
CARROLL AND MARION GLOVER

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JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO

CHAPTER I

A Great Man and His Home—A Neglected Family Tree—
How the Mountain Came to Jefferson—Thomas Jefferson's Birthplace at the Foot of the Mountain—A Colonial Boy's School Days—Making the Mountain His Playground—His Dreams on the Summit—An Adventure into the World.

JEFFERSON and Monticello are inseparably associated. The mention of either at once suggests the other.

When a man has in his youth dreamed of a house, and has diligently clung to the realization of it, has lived in that house during nearly every one of all his subsequent fifty-six years, and dies there one of the immortals of his country and one of the political philosophers of all time, and the nation, grateful for what he has done there, makes his home a patriotic shrine, the history of such a house is largely the history of the life of the man who lived there. The story of the one is so bound up in the story of the other that the two are one. It is so with Jefferson and Monticello. The story of Monticello is the story of the domestic life of Jefferson, and the story of his domestic life, his aspirations and activities, is the story of his home.

Monticello, the estate of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and third President

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of the United States, his home for more than fifty years of his life and his tomb for a century since, is situated about three miles east of the little city of Charlottesville, in Albemarle County, Virginia, on one of the lesser summits of the Southwest Mountains, a short detached range which extends from the James River to the Rappahannock River, paralleling the Blue Ridge Mountains at an average distance of twenty miles, and the first conspicuous heights to rise out of the plain which sweeps westward from the Atlantic Ocean.

Jefferson was born at the foot of the little mountain, Monticello, on a plantation on which his father, Peter Jefferson, had established himself only seven years before. He and his family seem not to have been concerned with his family tree, and his biographers have made no great success in tracing the Jefferson line. The accepted facts are quickly stated.

The earliest forbear of the family in America came from Wales where he had "lived in the shadow of Mount Snowden." He reached Virginia so early in the life of the colony that he sat for Flowerde Hundred in that colonial Assembly which Governor Yeardley convened in the choir of the church at Jamestown, on July 30, 1618, believed to have been "the first legislative body of Europeans that ever assembled in the New World." His descendants begat for three quarters of a century in apparent obscurity, out of which the family line emerged definitely in the person of a gentleman by the name of Jefferson who dwelt at Osborne's on the James River in its tidewater reaches below the Falls. His sons were three: Thomas, Field, and Peter. Thomas died young. Field lived and died on the banks

of the Roanoke River above the point where it passes out of Virginia and into North Carolina. The third and youngest brother was the father of Thomas Jefferson of Monticello. The family did not belong to the wealthier planter class, but the records show that "they were people of respectable standing and comfortable estate."

Peter Jefferson was born February 29, 1708. His early education was negligible. But he displayed character and developed energy, and by study he established himself as a surveyor. Up to his time Virginia colonization had been kept rigidly to the banks of the tide-water rivers. Beyond these waterside clearings of the earliest plantations there spread westward one unbroken stretch of forest as far as any one knew. The tidal waters furnished the only economical means of transportation. But even the venturesome and more pioneer-minded among the colonists hesitated to penetrate "the forest," as the hinterland was called, for therein dwelt the resentful Indians. Primeval nature was a sufficiently formidable antagonist without taking on the savages. Then word reached tidewater that the whites had descended "the Valley," as the Shenandoah Valley beyond the Blue Ridge has always been known, and had met and driven out the aborigines. The Indians in the Piedmont, then dangerously flanked on both sides by whites, escaped beyond the ranges to the Ohio Valley, and the first westward American land rush was on, the first of those pushes which has carried civilization across the rivers and valleys and mountains from ocean to ocean.

This was in the youth of Peter Jefferson, and he and

friends seized opportunity and "took up" land back in "the forest" on the banks of the Rivanna where it breaks through the Southwest Mountains. This required vision and initiative of the same kind that stimulated succeeding generations to homestead a hundred years later along the Mississippi, a hundred and fifty years later along the Pacific Coast, and two centuries later to seek similar opportunities in the heart of Alaska.

Peter Jefferson's friend in this enterprise was William Randolph, proprietor of Tuckahoe on the upper James. They staked adjacent claims, on opposite sides of the river, Jefferson's for one thousand acres and Randolph's for more than two thousand acres. When Jefferson came to select a site for his house his friend Randolph was so eager to have him on his side of the river that he gave him four hundred acres off his tract, which he had named Edgehill. Legal conveyance required a consideration and the old deed shows that in this case the consideration was "Henry Weatherbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch."

Travelling back and forth from tidewater to piedmont the young men's way led up the James and the Rivanna. On the banks of the James just below the mouth of the Rivanna they were accustomed to stop at Dungeness, the plantation of Isham Randolph, kinsman of young William of Tuckahoe, whose family was representative of all that the old Virginia aristocracy claimed. Here Peter Jefferson met Jane Randolph, eldest daughter of the family at Dungeness, and they were married in 1738. When he took her up to his plantation on the banks of the Rivanna he called it

Shadwell after the London parish where his wife was born. They had ten children, six daughters and four sons. Of the latter the eldest was born April 2d old style, and April 13th by the present calendar, 1743, and was christened Thomas Jefferson.

It is a curious irony in the life of this boy, who, if his feelings were later reflected in the man, must have loved his home passionately, that he seems to have been often separated from it. When he was a mere babe of two years his father's friend, William Randolph, died. He had appealed to Peter Jefferson to become executor of his estate. Fidelity seems to have been an easily recognizable Jefferson trait, and Peter Jefferson closed Shadwell and moved with his entire family to Tuckahoe. Here they remained for seven years. One may still see there the little schoolhouse where young Tommy Jefferson learned his letters, to read, to cipher, and perhaps to write that exquisite hand which embellished every letter and every document that he ever penned.

When the family went back to the up-country home, the boy seemed to have known it for several years only as a vacation resort, for record of his schooling shows that it was all away from home. At first it was eastward in the adjoining county of Louisa, where "Parson" Douglas taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek and added French for good measure. Later he was sent in another direction, but not so far, this time some fifteen miles northeast of his home to "Parson" Maury's log school. This master's price was fifty pounds the session, and may have been worth it, for Jefferson remembered him appreciatively as "a correct

classical scholar." He was indeed no negligible teacher, for later he had James Madison and James Monroe at his school, and so possibly holds unchallenged the distinction of having directed the early education of three presidents of the United States.

At home the pioneer father of Thomas Jefferson taught his son pioneer habits. He directed him not to fail to take "the exercise requisite for the body's development." He instilled the love of walking; he gave him a horse to ride, a gun to hunt with, and taught him to boat on the river. These habits begot a love of the out of doors which Thomas Jefferson cherished to the end of his long life and builded him a physique which maintained him in almost perfect health till very nearly the end of eighty-two years. As a lad he was slender, well heighted for his age, supple, and strong.

Distances in his youth were comparatively not what they have since grown to be. Neighbours were few, the towns were far, and for a growing boy there was companionship chiefly in nature, in the woods and waters, in animals and birds, and he ranged far with his primitive resources. It is fair and not difficult to picture this lad at Shadwell, enamoured of all the wonders roundabout his home; a lad of vigorous nascent mentality especially attracted by the mountaintops, whence the little world of the valley suddenly enlarged to vague indeterminable distances, and where, however unconsciously, the imagination expanded with the horizon and one seemed to live above the world, in a position of understanding and control, with an outlook which explained the mysteries of the riverside.

One such mountain, high, but not so high as its neigh-

bour, belonged to his father. It rose across the river on the thousand acres of Peter Jefferson's early patent. In the family circle it was their mountain. Naturally, it was the boy's own happy hunting ground. All his impressionable years it held the chief mysteries of his life. It was peopled with fairies and ogres which inhabit every child's own world. It was alive with wild life that engages every normal boy's curiosity. It was his constant temptation, his playground, the gymnasium of his knitting muscles, and, at its crest, the far-flung panorama, of a beauty which to him was unequalled and unimagined anywhere else in his world, gave him boyhood's greatest thrill. As it grew in fascination for him, he grew into a realization that it was actually his, his possession, his mountain, his view, or one day would be, for he was his father's eldest son, under a law of primogeniture which would give him all, a law which he little anticipated that he would be the one to wipe out in relentless pursuance of his ideals of equalization. He was brought a step nearer to the possession of his mountain when his father died in 1757.

This father of Thomas Jefferson invites another glance, for acquaintance with his character and activities explains the source of much that was native to the son. It has been indicated that he had a thirst for knowledge, perseverance in attaining it, and the open mind of the pioneer. His masterful character drew him inevitably into public life. He was a justice when that was the leading civil office in the county; he was a colonel of the militia when that rank gave him the military control of the country; and in the later years of his life he continually represented his country in

the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg. He led the whites against the Indians, and it was to him that the Indians appealed for justice or leniency. He was something of a student in general literature as well as science, and the shelves at Shadwell held numerous books, among them volumes of Swift, Addison, Pope, and Shakespeare. When selection was made of two men to survey the line between Virginia and North Carolina the choice of one of them fell on Peter Jefferson. Later he made a map of Virginia which appears to have been one of the best the colony had had since that made by John Smith more than one hundred years before.

Though when his father died Thomas was nominally the head of the family, actually he was under the care of a guardian. How much he missed his strong wise father and how little he felt he could lean on his guardian may be inferred from his declaration later that "at the age of fourteen the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me."

It was at this time that he studied at Maury's school at the eastern base of Peter's Mountain, which mountain, the highest of the Southwest Range, was traditionally believed to have been named for his father, Peter Jefferson. But the earliest of all Thomas Jefferson's letters which survive indicates a more expansive ambition. Life and the world, mere hearsay to him as yet, were nevertheless calling him. Addressing his guardian, John Harvie, "at Bellmont," January 14, 1760, he wrote:

"SIR:

"I was at Colo. Peter Randolph's about a fortnight ago, and my schooling falling into Discourse, he said he thought it would be to my Advantage to go to the College, and was desirous I should go, as indeed I am myself for several Reasons. In the first place, as long as I stay at the Mountain, the loss of one-fourth of my Time is inevitable, by Company's coming here and detaining me from School. And likewise my Absence will in a great measure, put a Stop to so much Company, and by that Means lessen the Expenses of the Estate in Housekeeping. And on the other Hand by going to College, I shall get a more universal Acquaintance, which may hereafter be serviceable to me: and I suppose I can pursue my Studies in the Greek and Latin as well there as here, and likewise learn something of the Mathematics. I shall be glad of your opinion, And remain, Sir, your most humble servant,

"THOMAS JEFFERSON, JR."

The request was granted. "The College" was the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, the little capital of the Virginia colony. In all the colonies at that time there were then only two colleges. The other, in the extreme northeast, situated in the Massachusetts colony, in Newtown (afterward known as Cambridge), had been founded by John Harvard. One met a cosmopolitan crowd at William and Mary, best calculated of any centre in all the colonies to give young Jefferson the broadening effects of the "universal acquaintance" he desired. The professors came in

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ships from England. The students "came in sloops" from as far north as Pennsylvania and New York.

In the spring of 1760, he mounted his horse and set off across country to Williamsburg. His world had heretofore been rimmed by the horizon of his little mountain-top. Now he broke through that rim. It was his first great adventure.

CHAPTER II

The Colonial at College—Influences of a Pedagogue, a Lawyer, and a Right Royal Governor—House Parties in Tidewater Virginia—Letters of a Lover—Jefferson Comes of Age and the Mountain Comes to Jefferson—Clearing Virginia Forests and Levelling a Mountain-top—Early Items in the Curious Notebooks—First Colonial to Build so Near the Sky—Adapting Palladio to a Virginia Mansion—Naming Monticello—Lawyer and Burgess—The Old Home Burns Down—Jefferson Opens Bachelor Quarters in an Outbuilding on His Mountain.

JEFFERSON'S years of study at the capital were seven in all. The first two were spent at the college in intimate association with one Doctor Small. They were sufficient to prepare him for the law which he read for the next five years in the office of George Wythe. These two men, and one other who will appear presently, were, after the young man's father, the definitive influences in the development of his character and taste. This he acknowledged.

"It was my great good fortune, and what, perhaps, fixed the destinies of my life," he wrote in his autobiography, "that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was the professor of Mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion, when not engaged in the school; and

from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival at college, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim*; and he was the first who ever gave, in that college, regular lectures in Ethics, Rhetoric and Belles Lettres." Elsewhere he said of Doctor Small: "To his enlightened and affectionate guidance of my studies while at college, I am indebted for everything."

This otherwise unknown Scot was then the one who set the remarkable scientific side of Jefferson's mind in action. It was an influence that was in evidence in nearly every day of his subsequent life. Small introduced his young friend to Wythe, more readily recognized as the famous Chancellor Wythe, one of the very greatest lawyers that the colony or the state of Virginia has produced, and his pupil referred to him afterward as "my faithful and beloved Mentor in youth, and my most affectionate friend through life."

By those two men he was taken to the first house of the capital, which was known as the Palace, for it was the home of the Royal Governor, Francis Fauquier, "out of England," and of all the procession of royal governors that the Crown sent across the sea he was the ablest and best loved. These four formed an habitual and familiar group at the Governor's table. "At these dinners," afterward wrote the young law student, who was then not yet twenty-one years old, "I have heard more good sense, more rational and philosophical conversations, than in all my life besides." Once a week he went to the Palace for gatherings of another

sort. Governor Fauquier was fond of music "and a good performer," though on what instrument it is not said. So was young Jefferson. Thither he took his fiddle and with the addition of two or three other amateurs they had their weekly concerts.

It is not to be imagined that life for the student was all study or the instructive society of his elders. In spite of the rather sanctimonious assertions about these days, given wide circulation by a letter later written to a grandson, rather to affect the youngster's course of action than to assume a Rollo rôle himself, he left other evidence of a normal, rollicking, philandering youth which sounds more natural and credible.

In college he was a member of the Flat Hat Club. His intimates were John Page of Rosewell, Ben Harrison of Brandon, and others of the sons of famous tidewater families to whose homes he often went on visits. Then and after, until finally married, he seems to have been continually in love. On his first return home from college he got no further than Fairfield, "a day's ride from Shadwell," where he loitered leisurely for the holidays, and on Christmas Day, 1762, wrote back to John Page a letter which gives as good a glimpse of his humour and his loves as could well be asked.

"FAIRFIELD, *December 25, 1762.*

"DEAR PAGE:

"This very day, to others the day of greatest mirth and jollity, sees me overwhelmed with more and greater misfortunes than have befallen a descendant of Adam for these thousand years past, I am sure; and perhaps,

after excepting Job, since the creation of the world. You must know, dear Page, that I am now in a house surrounded with enemies, who take counsel together against my soul; and when I lay me down to rest, they say among themselves, come let us destroy him. I am sure if there is such a thing as a Devil in this world, he must have been here last night, and have had some hand in contriving what happened to me. Do you think the cursed rats (at his instigation, I suppose) did not eat up my pocket-book, which was in my pocket, within a foot of my head? And not contented with plenty for the present, they carried away my jemmy-worked silk garters, and half a dozen new minuets I had just got, to serve, I suppose, as provision for the winter. But of this I should not have accused the Devil (because, you know, rats will be rats, and hunger, without the addition of his instigations, might have urged them to do this), if something worse, and from a different quarter, had not happened. You know it rained last night, or if you do not know it, I am sure I do. When I went to bed, I laid my watch in the usual place, and going to take her up after I arose this morning, I found her in the same place, it's true, but *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* all afloat in water, let in at a leak in the roof of the house, and as silent and still as the rats that had eat my pocket-book. Now, you know, if chance had anything to do in this matter, there were a thousand other spots where it might have chanced to leak as well as at this one, which was perpendicularly over my watch. But I'll tell you, it's my opinion that the Devil came and bored the hole over it on purpose. Well, as I was saying, my poor watch has lost her

speech. I should not have cared much for this, but something worse attended it; the subtle particles of the water with which the case was filled, had, by their penetration, so overcome the cohesion of the particles of the paper, of which my dear picture and watch-paper were composed, that, in attempting to take them out to dry them, good God! *Mens horret referre!* My cursed fingers gave them such a rent, as I fear I never shall get over. This, cried I, was the last stroke Satan had in reserve for me; he knew I cared not for anything else he could do to me, and was determined to try his last most fatal expedient. However, whatever misfortunes may attend the picture or lover, my hearty prayers shall be, that all the health and happiness which Heaven can send may be the portion of the original, and that so much goodness may ever meet with what may be most agreeable in this world, as I am sure it must be in the next. And now, although the picture may be defaced, there is so lively an image of her imprinted in my mind, that I shall think of her too often, I fear, for my peace of mind; and too often, I am sure, to get through old Coke this winter; for God knows I have not seen him since I packed him up in my trunk in Williamsburg. Well, Page, I do wish the Devil had old Coke, for I am sure I never was so tired of an old dull scoundrel in my life. What! are there so few inquietudes tacked to this momentary life of ours, that we must be loading ourselves with a thousand more? Or, as brother Job says (who, by-the-bye, I think began to whine a little under his afflictions), 'Are not my days few? Cease then, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not

return, even to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death.' But the old fellows say we must read to gain knowledge, and gain knowledge to make us happy and admired. *Mere jargon!* Is there any such thing as happiness in this world? No. And as for admiration, I am sure the man who powders most, perfumes most, embroiders most, and talks most nonsense, is most admired. Though to be candid, there are some who have too much good sense to esteem such monkey-like animals as these, in whose formation, as the saying goes, the tailors and barbers go halves with God Almighty; and since these are the only persons whose esteem is worth a wish, I do not know but that, upon the whole, the advice of these old fellows may be worth following.

"You cannot conceive the satisfaction it would give me to have a letter from you. Write me very circumstantially everything which happened at the wedding. Was she there? because, if she was, I ought to have been at the Devil for not being there too. If there is any news stirring in town or country, such as deaths, courtships, or marriages, in the circle of my acquaintance, let me know. Remember me affectionately to all the young ladies of my acquaintance, particularly the Miss Burwells, and Miss Potters, and tell them that though that heavy earthly part of me, my body, be absent, the better half of me, my soul, is ever with them, and that my best wishes shall ever attend them. Tell Miss Alice Corbin that I verily believe the rats knew I was to win a pair of garters from her, or they never would have been so cruel as to carry mine away. This very consideration makes me so sure of the bet,

that I shall ask everybody I see from that part of the world what pretty gentleman is making his addresses to her. I would fain ask the favor of Miss Rebecca Burwell to give me another watch-paper of her own cutting, which I should esteem much more, though it were a plain round one, than the nicest in the world cut by other hands; however, I am afraid she would think this presumption, after my suffering the other to get spoiled. If you think you can excuse me to her for this, I should be glad if you would ask her. Tell Miss Sukey Potter that I heard, just before I came out of town, that she was offended with me about something, what it is I do not know; but this I know, that I never was guilty of the least disrespect to her in my life, either in word or deed; as far from it as it has been possible for one to be. I suppose when we meet next, she will be *endeavoring* to repay an imaginary affront with a real one; but she may save herself the trouble, for nothing that she can say or do to me shall ever lessen her in my esteem, and I am determined always to look upon her as the same honest-hearted, good-humored, agreeable lady I ever did. Tell—tell—in short, tell them all ten thousand things more than either you or I can now or ever shall think of as long as we live.”

In spite of his impartial mention of the tidewater girls it was really Rebecca Burwell who fascinated him first and longest. After the fashion of the day he gave her a particular name, calling her his “Belinda.” Then further to hide his secret, he translated the name into Latin—*Campana in die* (i. e., bell in day!), or,

as at another time, spelled it backward, "Adnileb," and then wrote it in Greek characters! His sufferings when absent from her are reflected in such passages in letters to his confidant, John Page, as these:

"How have you done since I saw you? How did Nancy look at you when you danced with her at Southall's? Have you any glimmering of hope? How does R. B. do? Had I better stay here and do nothing, or go down and do less? Inclination tells me to go, and be no longer in suspense; but reason says, if you go, and your attempt proves unsuccessful, you will be ten times more wretched than ever.

"If I am to succeed, the sooner I know it, the less uneasiness I shall have to go through. If I am to meet with a disappointment, the sooner I know it, the more of life I shall have to wear it off; and if I do meet with one, I hope in God, and verily believe, it will be the last. If Belinda will not accept of my service, it shall never be offered to another."

The tortured writer was not yet twenty-one. He did not marry until he was almost thirty. And he did not marry Belinda.

The family traditions were that he studied hard and long even during his vacations. His early maturity and his vast, well-ordered accumulation of learning give support to the tales. It is said that he had a clock at the head of his bed, and in the morning, as soon as he could distinguish the hands he got up and went to his books. During the day he rode out on his horse, and after dinner, which in colonial Virginia homes was

served in mid-afternoon, he paddled across the river and climbed to the top of "the mountain."

He was always eager for information and a passionate lover of books. But even with them he had a lover's quarrel occasionally, as reflected in that complaint to young Page: "I do wish the Devil had old Coke, for I am sure I was never so tired of an old dull scoundrel in my life."

Jefferson came of age in 1764. He continued to read law at the capital, and if he assumed immediate control of his estate, no conspicuous evidence of it survives. The preparatory period of his life ended when he was admitted to the bar in 1767. He returned to Albemarle, lived with his family at Shadwell, and began the practice of law. As a matter of course, as the head of one of the leading families of the neighbourhood he was immediately, that is on November 25th, elected a vestryman of the Fredericksville Parish. His name was put in the nomination of the justices of his county. A greater honour came to him at the next general election, in 1769, when he was chosen to represent Albemarle County in the colonial House of Burgesses.

Now, in his majority, began the realization of his dream. His mountain was his very own to do with as he wished. His plans seemed to have matured during his Williamsburg days, for in 1767, his first year permanently at home on his estate, he began to prepare the site for his house. Little indicative items appear in his notebook mixed up with work on other parts of his lands. The whole mountain, from its base to its

crest, at an altitude of 580 feet, was one dense forest of first growth. The bridle path was now shaped into some semblance of rough winding steep road, and a small clearing and a habitation of some sort were begun at the top.

Among the activities of the winter of 1767-68 the memoranda book notes:

“four good fellows, a lad & two girls of about 16 each in $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours dug in my cellar of mountain clay a place 3 f. deep, 8ft. wide and $16\frac{1}{2}$ f. long = $14\frac{2}{3}$ cubical yds. under these disadvantages, to wit; a very cold snowy day which obliged them to be very often warming; under a cover of planks, so low, that in about half the work their stroke was not more than $\frac{2}{3}$ of a good one; they eat their breakfast in the time that one of them went to cook; they were obliged to keep one or two constantly hauling away the earth to prevent its rolling in again from which I think a midling hand in 12 hours (including his breakfast) could dig & haul away the earth of 4 cubical yds. in the same soil.”

These precise details were characteristic of Jefferson. He had a scrupulously exact mind. The important thing was not merely that a thing was done, but how it was done, expressed in figures, the exact number of workmen engaged, the fractional hours consumed, the qualifying conditions of weather, and the measured work accomplished. At the same time that one set of workmen were excavating a cellar, another group dug a well, and the notebook records it similarly in the terms of the solution of a mathematical problem:

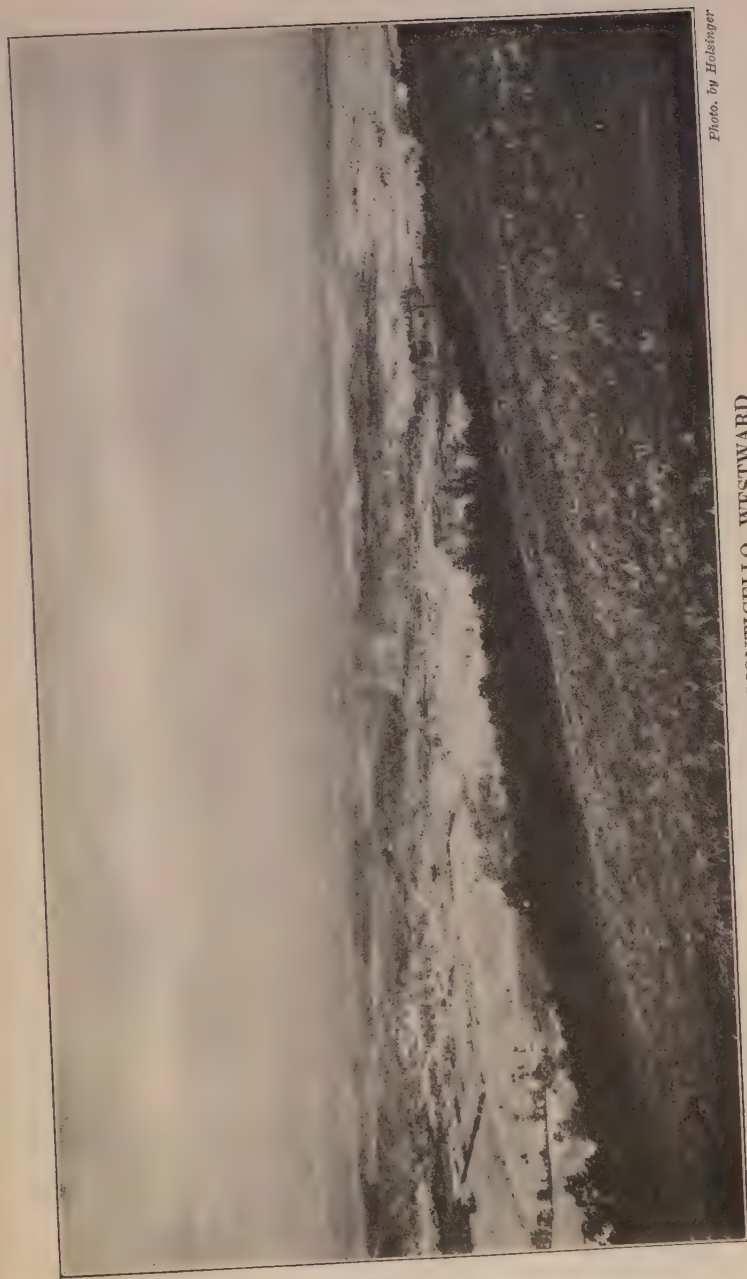


Photo. by Holstinger

VIEW FROM MONTICELLO, WESTWARD

"in digging my dry well, at the depth of 14 f. I observed one digger, one filler, one drawer at the windlass with a bucket at each end of his rope very accurately gave one another employment. but note it was a yellow rotten stone with a great many hard stones as large as a man's head and some larger, or else the digger would have had time to spare. they dug and drew out 8 cubical yds in a day."

The same winter, December 24th, he entered:

"Minor's sawyers left off work. They have sawed (as they say) 2500 pales, 220 rails. 650 f. of inch chestnut plank & 250 of 2¼ inch do." Thus were cut and left to season the planks that were to go into the making of his house. A little later, July 27, 1769: "A bed of mortar which makes 2000 bricks takes 6 hhds of water."

He began to level the mountain top in the spring of 1768. On May 16th he "agreed with Mr. Moore that he shall level 250 ft. square on the top of the mountain at the NE end by Christmas for which I am to give him 180 bushels of wheat, & 24 bushels of corn . . . if there should be any solid rock to dig we will leave it to indifferent men to settle that part between us." The "NE end" describes precisely the location of the mansion as completed and shows that at this time the ground plan of his house was well set. He must have followed up the levelling of the whole plateau of 120,000 square feet, measuring 600 by 200 feet, almost immediately, for the first building thereon was completed in another year and it stood south of that location levelled by Mr. Moore. This house fitted with mathematical exactness

into the extensive plan of buildings which he eventually completed and which survive to-day. It is, indeed, the little one-story, one-room brick house at the southeast corner of the open square. The levelling of so extensive a tract, basing the work on the site for the mansion, and then at a distant corner throwing up a detached house precisely related to the complicated plan, show that as early as 1767 or 1768 Thomas Jefferson had worked out the extensive and complicated ground plan of the domestic establishment which he completed many years after.

That he should have done so leads to another inevitable and not less interesting fact—the singular, unexploited, and not easily accessible source of his model.

His plan, in more than one feature, was novel to colonial home-building. It was revolutionary in placing a house on the top of a mountain at a time when expediency as well as custom kept houses down in the lowlands, close to water. It was a novelty in ground plan the like of which had not been even suggested, much less approximated, by any other builder on this side of the Atlantic. But it was not the creation of Jefferson. It was in general outline a copy of a classic Italian form; at most it was an adaptation of this plan to the requirements of a Virginia colonist's home.

Jefferson's architectural drawings survive. There are some three hundred sheets of them in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. They provide ideal authentic material for comparison to establish the source of his inspiration. Such a comparison with the works of the Italian architect, Andrea Palladio, show plainly that the inspiration for the ground plan of Jef-

fer's domestic groups, as well as the front elevation of his house as he originally designed it, were both from the same source. The ground plan is an obvious adaptation of Plate XLI, of Book II, of Leoni's Palladio. The details of these plans will be referred to later.

In all this young Jefferson was true to himself. He dared do a new thing if he thought it a better thing to do. His study and research had supplied a choice of models. An exquisite native taste directed that choice, a sound practical sense adapted it to the new uses it was designed to serve, and an exact scientific mind and practised hand produced the new drawings. These drawings of the young colonial amateur in his early twenties have been the admiration of the latest critics. Fiske Kimball, who commented on them first and most fully, said: "His architectural draughtsmanship, as illustrated in the earliest elevation of Monticello, is beyond comparison with the crudeness of the published drawings by other native designers of the time, and remained unrivalled here until the advent of Thornton and the first well trained architects from abroad, during the last years of the eighteenth century."

There is the inevitable curiosity as to when and where and how this young colonial in his early twenties became acquainted and enamoured with the leader of the Italian classical architecture of the Sixteenth Century. The answer almost inevitably is in the *parties quarrées* at the Governor's palace at Williamsburg. The talk of the scientific Small, the profound, well-disciplined Wythe, and the urban and elegant Fauquier led the youth up many unfrequented lanes. Up one of them he found Palladio. With what unimagined delight he

took the beautiful plates into his hands, the art of the great master into his soul. The young student had found his ideal, the builder his home.

The origin of the name, Monticello, is a less certain speculation. It is a simple Italian word and means Little Mountain. Fluent gossips have said that Jefferson picked it up from Italian immigrants who settled in his neighbourhood. That is possible. But Jefferson had an earlier acquaintance with the Italian language than he had with the Italian immigrants, and he may have found the word in his reading, for it recurs in Italy both as descriptive of comparative elevations and as the proper name of private places.

The first use of it among all the surviving notebooks and letters and other papers in Jefferson's hand occurs apparently in his Garden Book, under date of August 3, 1767, where he notes that he had "inoculated common cherry buds into stocks of large kind at Monticello." At the end of July, 1769, he used it again in this note on his tobacco crop:

"Tobacco made at Monticello in 1768 =	9787
W. Hickman's part ($2\frac{1}{2}$ shares out of $12\frac{3}{4}$)	1727
	<hr/> 8060 lb."

He was much away from his mother's home and his residence at Shadwell and from the work progressing on the mountain. His law practice took him from court house to court house, and the winter sessions of the House of Burgesses drew him down to Williamsburg. On his return from one such absence he found himself at a new turning in the roadway of his life. Shadwell had caught fire and burned to the ground.

In it he lost the precious books inherited from his father, his own growing collection, all his law books but one, "at that time lent out," all his papers, and every other personal belonging. Perhaps not quite every one, for there is a tradition that when he asked a servant if any of his books or papers had been saved, the Negro replied reassuringly and a bit ambiguously, "No, massa; none 'cept de fiddle!"

After this catastrophe his mother and brother and sister took up quarters in an overseer's house. Jefferson rode up the mountain and settled himself there. He began to live at Monticello early in the new year of 1770.

CHAPTER III

A Musical Courtship—Marrying a Mistress for Monticello—
The Honeymoon Ride of One Hundred Miles to the New
Home Completed on Horseback in a Blizzard—The Honey-
moon House of One Room—The Magic View and the
Dreams to Come—Jefferson Abandons the Law for a Pub-
lic Life—Old Faces and New—Jefferson and Carr
Exchange a Solemn Promise—Over the Road to the Con-
tinental Congress—The Master of Monticello Writes the
Declaration of Independence.

THE young Virginia lawyer now maintained a modest bachelor's hall on his mountain top. Presumably this was in some temporary shelter since abandoned. He very early raised a number of utility buildings just below the southeast side of his levelled plateau. These were apparently on the lower side of, but contiguous to, the road which still circles very near the summit. They were quarters for his workmen and horses; sheds for implements and shops for mechanical work. However, it is possible that the cellar referred to was for the little brick building which was certainly well under way and possibly completed when Shadwell burned. The evidence falls just short of certainty as to where exactly he spent his first year or two on the mountain. Wherever it was the experience must have been one of the most exhilarating of his young life. Where is there another instance of a young man of twenty-six who owned a mountain for a plaything and, inspired by the ambitious plans of one of the greatest architectural classicists, set about

at once to crown his mountain and realised the fabrication of his dream?

He was often, nearly always, from home at this time, on the wing, or more properly on the hoof, for his trips were generally made on horseback, journeying from court to court in the counties round about his own, with fixed spring and winter stops at Williamsburg where he sat for Albemarle County in the House of Burgesses.

Life at the capital was a gay relief for Jefferson. He found varied companionship. Nearly all the clip-pers in from England anchored nearby in the James or the York, and they sent the latest news and the newest comers the few miles inland. There was a company of players in Williamsburg, and Jefferson's expense book records many an "eleven and six" spent for a ticket to the play, and the record is in nearly every instance preceded or followed immediately by a note of other shillings spent "at the Coffee-house," significant of a dinner before the performance or a snack or drink after it. As a member of the Burgesses, although a junior, his associates were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Peyton Randolph, James Mercer, Robert Carter Nicholas, and Thomas Nelson, Jr. He met them on the floor of the House, and about the tables and firesides of the homes of the town. He renewed his visits to the great plantation houses, oftenest no doubt to Rosewell across the York in Gloucester County, where he found his friend John Page married and possibly fathering the first of his remarkable sequence of twenty children.

Another estate visited at this time, and of more especial significance to this story, was the Forest, home of John Wayles, in Charles City County, not far from the capital. Wayles had a daughter who married Bathurst Skelton in 1766 and in less than two years was a childless girl widow, not yet twenty years old. She must have been a young person of great personal charm or beauty, and probably of both, for in the first days of her widowhood the Forest was alive with stalking suitors. They were so numerous that they got in each other's way. The story of how they settled their problem has been told in several ways. All agree, however, that they drew lots to see who should first have the opportunity to propose to her. Before the first man's interview with her was over it seems that they were deep in a duet, she playing the spinet and he the violin, with intervals of song. The others heard the strains of this music, and something about the performance told them that they had lost. Though devoted to music, it was often said that the performer was no great fiddler, and in this case it has been hinted that the young lady's seeming enjoyment of such indifferent playing convinced the other young men of her devotion to him and of the futility of their own or any other suits. The reader has already guessed that the winner was Thomas Jefferson. Whatever may have been the circumstances, the time when this proposal was made is not quite clear. Perhaps the best hint of it is found in the nature and intensity of the work at Monticello, with some inquiry into the orders which appeared in his letters to foreign correspondents.

There is in Jefferson's handwriting a list of pur-



BUILDING IN WHICH JEFFERSON AND HIS BRIDE SPENT
THEIR HONEYMOON

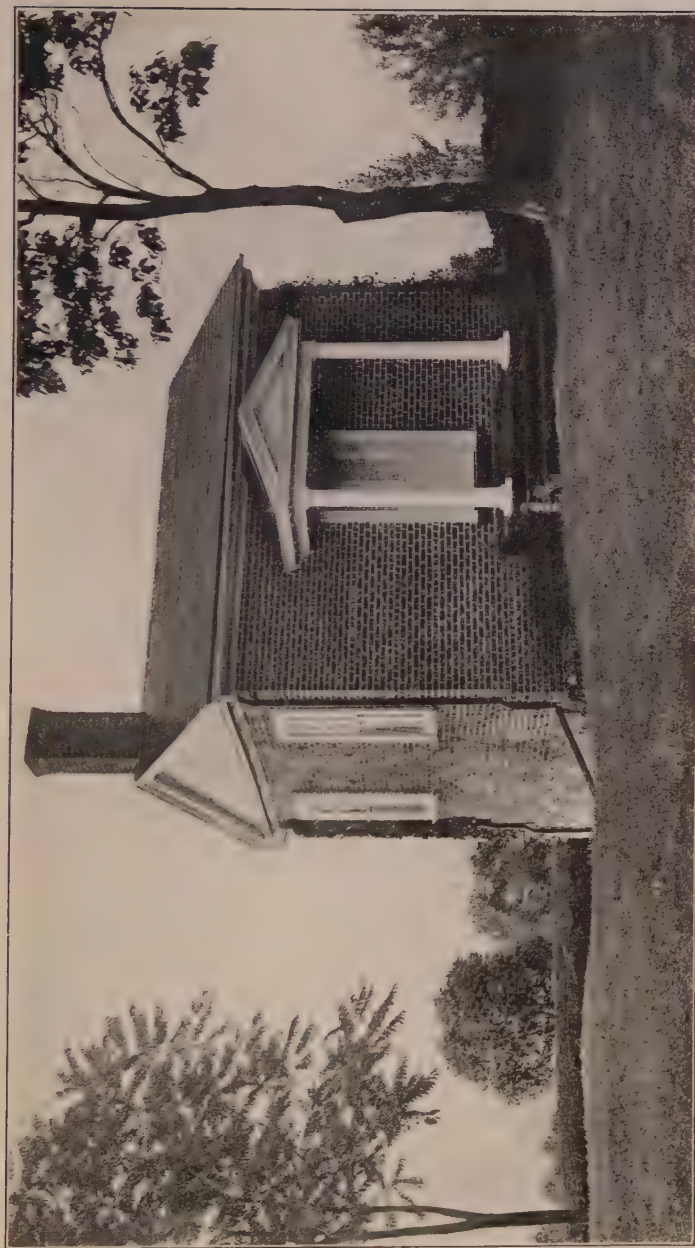


Photo. by Halsinger

JEFFERSON'S OFFICE

Opposite and identical with the house of the honeymoon

chases which he requested a friend to make for him in London, October 2, 1767, which likelier were for Shadwell than for the mountain, but it is amusing and significant of the trend of his interest: "Sent by James Ogilvie for two swing dovetail door hinges . . . thermometer . . . case of bottles . . . music for spinet and violin . . . strings for violincello . . . glass cylinders . . . stock locks . . . locks of the mortise kind . . . a Scotch carpet 17 ft 3 ft . . . calendar for pressing clothes."

But it was at Monticello certainly that he set out so carefully the orchards he had planted. The date of the record is March 14, 1769:

"planted on the S.E. side of the hill as follows.

On the Ridge beginning at the bottom

1 row of Pears, 25 f. apart 12 in row. left vacant

1 row of do ingrafted.

2 rows of cherries. Intended for stocks to inoculate

2 of New York apples ingrafted.

1 of Peach stocks for inoculating almonds

1 of do for do - apricots

$\frac{1}{2}$ row do for nectarines— $\frac{1}{2}$ row of quinces.

In the Hollow

1 row of Pomegranates $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart 12 in row

2 do of figs

2 do of peach stocks for inoculating apricots

1 do walnuts"

How characteristic of the novelty-seeker, as he revealed himself to be, to have introduced nectarines and pome-

granates into a colony where they had never been grown before and probably not since. The idea, and perhaps the stocks and pits, he may have picked up from the little group of Italians who had settled in the neighbourhood just before the Revolution, if it were by chance so early as this year of 1769. In the October following he noted "delivered Jas Ogilvie £14.18 to buy articles for house etc in England."

There was nothing in this to suggest imminent marriage as there may have been in an entry made the following July: "Nichs. Meriweather sais that 30 hills of Cucumbers 4 f apart will supply a middling family plentifully," however little cucumbers may be suggestive of romance.

The sources of information during all the next year are barren of any suggestions of preparations for a bride. In 1770, however, activities on the mountain speeded up, and there is a sly suggestion or two in his impatience and in the nature of his orders that his suit has prospered and he must be prepared for his new estate as a married man.

In February he wrote to Ogilvie in England: "I have lately removed to the mountain from whence this is dated and with which you are not unacquainted. I have here but one room, which, like the cobblers, serves me for parlour, for kitchen and hall. I may add for bedchamber and study, too. My friends sometimes take a temperate dinner with me and then retire to look for beds elsewhere." So by 1770 at least he was evidently in the brick house which still survives as the southeast terminal of the domestic colonnade. In the

same letter he continues: "If anything should obstruct your setting out immediately for Virginia I should beg the favor of you to send the things I asked of you to purchase by some careful Captain coming on James River. Such of them as were for my buildings, or for housekeeping I am particularly in want of."

The same day to another correspondent about to sail for England, he wrote: "One farther favor and I am done; to search the Herald's office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I would with your assistance become a purchaser, having Stearne's word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat. The things I have desired you to purchase for me I would beg you to hasten, particularly the Clavichord, which I have directed to be purchased in Hamburg, because they are better made there, and much cheaper."

He wrote this same correspondent the first of June following with more particularity: "I must alter one article in the invoice. I wrote therein for a Clavichord. I have since seen a Forte-piano and am charmed with it. Send me this instrument then instead of the Clavichord: let the case be of fine mahogany, solid, not veneered, the compass from Double G. to F. in alt, a plenty of spare strings; and the workmanship of the whole very handsome and worthy of the acceptance of a lady for whom I intend it. I must add also $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen pair cotton stockings for myself @10/ sterling per pair, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen pair best white silk do.; and a large umbrella with brass

ribs, covered with green silk, and neatly finished. By this change of the Clavichord into a Forte-piano and addition of the other things, I shall be brought in debt to you, to discharge which I will ship you of the first tobacco I get to the warehouse in the fall. I expect by that time, and also from year to year afterwards, I must send you an invoice, with tobacco, somewhat enlarged, as I have in prospect to become more regularly a pater-familias. I desire the favor of you to procure me an architect. I must repeat the request earnestly, and that you will send him in as soon as you can. [There were in the colonies at that time no architects in the sense in which the term is now understood. Jefferson meant a master builder.] I shall conclude with one petition: that you send me the articles contained in my invoice and written for above as soon as you receive this, as I suppose they may be bought ready-made; and particularly the Forte-piano, for which I shall be very impatient."

Had these confessions not been available, he would nevertheless have stood confessed the lover preparing his bower in the notes he set out at great length in his pocket account book for this year. They are delightful revelations of a state of mind. They were probably written on dull evenings when there was no post to carry letters away next day to the little widow on the James.

"Choose out for a burying place some unfrequented vale in the park, where is 'no sound to break the stillness but a brook, that bubbling winds among the weeds; no mark of any human shape that has been there, unless

the skeleton of some poor wretch, who sought that place out to despair and die in.' Let it be among ancient and venerable oaks; intersperse some gloomy evergreens. The area circular, about sixty feet diameter, encircled with an untrimmed hedge of cedar, or of stone wall with a holly hedge on it in the form below. In the centre of it erect a small Gothic temple of antique appearance. Appropriate one half to the use of my own family, the other to strangers, servants, etc. Erect pedestals with urns, etc., and proper inscriptions. The passage between the walls, four feet wide. On the grave of a favorite and faithful servant might be a pyramid erected of the rough rockstone; the pedestal made plain to receive an inscription. Let the exit of the spiral . . . look on a small and distant part of the Blue Mountains. In the middle of the temple an altar, the sides of turf, the top a plain stone. Very little light, perhaps none at all, save only the feeble ray of an half-extinguished lamp."

In planning a spring-house in the form of a temple, the lower and upper rooms were to be eight feet cube, "the roof to be Chinese, Grecian, or in the taste of the Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens." Here and elsewhere he reminds to plant "jessamine, honeysuckle, sweet-briar etc. . . . under the temple an Æolian harp . . . form a couch of moss . . . the English inscription will then be proper

'Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah! spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!'

As for the grounds in general his dream would be: "Keep it in deer, rabbits, peacocks, guinea poultry, pigeons, etc. Let it be an asylum for hares, squirrels, pheasants, partridges, and every other wild animal (except those of prey). Court them to it, by laying food for them in proper places. Procure a buck-elk, to be, as it were, monarch of the wood; but keep him shy, that his appearance may not lose its effect by too much familiarity. A buffalo might be confined too." And as a final touch: "Inscriptions in various places, on the barks of trees or metal plates, suited to the character or expression of the particular spot."

Thomas Jefferson and Martha Wayles Skelton were married at the Forest, January 1, 1772, he in his twenty-ninth and she in her twenty-third year. His fixed habits did not abandon him even on his wedding day. In his account book he set down exactly what he paid the two clergymen, the musicians, and the servants.

This January saw some of the heaviest snowfalls that the then living generation remembered. The bride and groom were not daunted, however, but set out almost immediately in a two horse chaise for their new home on the mountain more than one hundred miles away. The road they followed is not indicated, except that they went by way of Blenheim, an estate some eight miles from Monticello, where the snow was so deep that they were forced to abandon their chaise. There was no one at Blenheim but an overseer. Such was their eagerness to reach their home that, although there was a mere mountain track rather than an actual road much of the rest of the way, with from eighteen inches to two feet of snow over it, and already the setting sun was

near the horizon, they pushed forward on horseback. It was late in the night when they reached the mountain and attained the summit, and Jefferson led his bride into the little one room brick house which he had been using and which they were now to share. There was neither light nor fire. The slaves had not believed the young people would come on such a night and were fast asleep in their own cabins. Much nonsense has been written about how they spent the rest of the night with books, a fiddle, and a bottle of wine. The enthusiastic surmise of Parton probably comes nearer than any other: "What a welcome on a cold night in January! They burst into the house and flooded it with the warmth and light of their own unquenchable good humor! Who could wish a better place for a honeymoon than a snug brick cottage, lifted five hundred and eighty feet above the world . . . and three feet of snow blocking out all intruders?"

With what easily imagined pride he must, in the bright sunshine of the next morning, have explained to her the drawings of the house he had planned for their future, where the mansion would stand, how the mysterious terraced passages would reach out and lead into other long unguessed elbows of domestic offices, quarters, and stables, terminating in two square pavilions, one of which was then their temporary housing and the other to be built across the lawn for his law office. This was promise.

He had another surprise, actual, completed, permanent: the matchless panorama from the summit of Monticello. To the east lay the level plain whose rivers drain the mountains into the Chesapeake and the Atlan-

tic. Here the outlook was checked only by the limitation of vision. Tumbling off diagonally to the northeast they saw that continuation of the detached ridge on which they stood, the Southwest Mountains. Through the broad sweeping gap between them and the next mountain northeast ran the winding Rivanna, a mile away, one of the boundaries of Monticello but not of the entire estate. It begins a few miles west where it gathers to itself the Meechum River, Moorman's River, and an indefinite number of streams which have their beginnings in the melted snows of the perennial springs of the main range. It is only to the southwest that the wide horizon is interrupted by anything really near. Here rise somewhat above Monticello the green heights of Carter's Mountain, the continuation of the Southwest Mountains to the south. Westward and northward, across a broad and gently rolling valley, they beheld the spectacle of the Blue Ridge, a rim on the horizon twenty miles away at its nearest crest and diminishing in perspective as its blue summits blend into the azure of the sky far away to the north. That morning in January, 1772, the world was white, but in the warmer months the colouring of all the prospect about Monticello holds the varying greens of vast forest reaches and occasional cultivated fields, and far away all the blues and purples and grays that nature blends in long distances. This view was the enchantment of his boyhood. It was surely the determining reason for the location of his mansion, it was his delight all his life long, and it remains to-day a notable panorama into whatever comparison it may be drawn.

The currents of Jefferson's public life soon began to

Years	Nett Receipts	Legal fees due	Total profits
1767	43-4-0- $\frac{2}{4}$	250-0-5-0	293-4-5- $\frac{2}{4}$
1768	71-6-0-0	233-2-5-0	304-8-5
1769	147-2-11- $\frac{1}{2}$	223-8-0- $\frac{1}{2}$	370-10-0
1770	213-6-11-0	204-10-11- $\frac{1}{2}$	524-5-5- $\frac{1}{2}$
1771	154-10-8-0	126-1-4-0	280-12-8
1772	147-15-11- $\frac{1}{2}$	181-5-4- $\frac{1}{2}$	329-5-3
	797-10-5- $\frac{2}{4}$	1321-16-6- $\frac{1}{2}$	2119-7-2- $\frac{1}{4}$

JEFFERSON'S OWN STATEMENT OF HIS EARNINGS AS A LAWYER

From one of his note-books

run strong. Within the next four years he stamped himself upon the consciousness of his own colony and finally upon that of all the other twelve colonies for all the resources of his great intellect. Continually mounting honours were heaped upon him. Albemarle returned him uninterruptedly to represent it in the House of Burgesses. When the Royal Governor dissolved the meetings of the Burgesses, Virginia called a convention and Albemarle sent Jefferson. He was prevented from attending by a temporary illness, but at Monticello he wrote and sent forward his famous Instructions to Members who should be chosen to sit in the proposed Continental Congress. So profound were these Instructions that they inflamed the colonies throughout their whole length. They were published in England under the title "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." In them was anticipated, two years before the colonies were ready for them, every idea that later appeared in the Declaration of Independence, and they earned for the young revolutionist the hazardous distinction of being made the subject of a Bill of Attainder by the British Government which carried with it the penalty for treason if he were captured. Albemarle again chose him to head its Committee of Safety, January 1, 1775, and returned him to the Second Virginia Convention the following March. At thirty-two years of age he was chosen by the Convention to sit for the Colony of Virginia in the Continental Congress with her six other representatives: George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, and Richard Bland.

In the midst of this political advancement, before he set out for Philadelphia and the epochal Congress, many changes had come into his domestic life. The practice of his profession and the growing demands of public life so absorbed his time and kept him so much from home that little progress was made on the mansion in these years. His account book for 1773, under date of August 24th, made note of a contract with George Dudley to make 100,000 bricks in 1773-74. A letter written in December, 1774, discloses an order on London that year for "fourteen pairs of sash windows, to be sent to me ready made and glazed, with a small parcel of spare glass to mend with." It has been conjectured that a portion of the main house may have been raised and that he was living therein soon after his marriage. Of written evidence to support this there is nothing conclusive. Indeed, his professional life seems somewhat to have eclipsed his domestic and social life at this time. In fact, the statesman gradually eclipsed the lawyer, and he gave up the practice of law in 1774 and turned his clients over to Edmund Pendleton. In his autobiography he gives another reason, noting that he continued to practice "until the Revolution shut up the Courts."

His seven years at the bar had on the whole been successful. It was said that he was an office lawyer, a weakness of the voice preventing him from pleading in court, as always it prevented him from ever making public speeches. If sufficient testimony of his success as a lawyer may not be found in the subsequent table of his earnings, perhaps there is an answer in the anecdote left by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

Wishing to know how his distinguished grandfather stood as a lawyer, he asked "an old man, of good sense, who, in his youth" had been familiar with Jefferson's practice, how he ranked. "Well," said the gentleman in reply, "it is hard to tell, because he always took the right side."

However, it was said "he doubled his situation" in his seven years at the bar. His property at the time of his marriage consisted of five thousand acres of land all paid for, nineteen hundred of which he had inherited from his father. That "never silent witness," his diary, contains a table, dated 1773, which sets out for each year of his practice, up to and including that date, his net receipts, the legal fees due him, and his total profits, in the English pounds, shillings, and pence of the current colonial period.

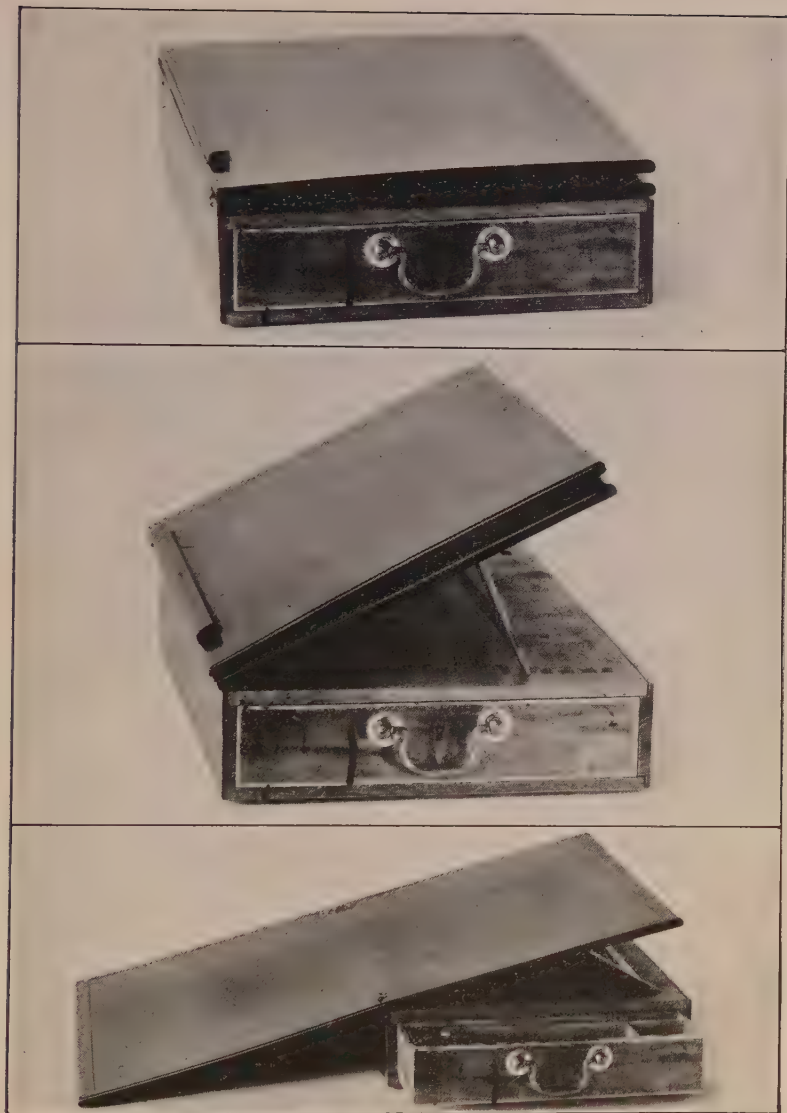
Years	Nett Receipts	Legal fees due	Total profits
1767	43— 4— 0	250— 0— 5	293— 4— 5
1768	71— 6— 0	233— 2— 5	304— 8— 5
1769	147— 2— 11	223— 8— 0	370— 11— 0
1770	213— 6— 11	307— 18— 11	521— 5— 10
1771	154— 10— 8	126— 1— 4	280— 12— 0
1772	167— 19— 10	181— 1— 4	349— 5— 3
1773	797— 10— 5	1321— 16— 6	2119— 7— 0

In seeking the reasons which determined him to give up the practice of law, 1773-74, account should perhaps be taken of the change which came over his material fortunes in May, 1773, by the death of his father-in-law, John Wayles. Jefferson, in recounting this event, said of him: "He acquired a handsome fortune, and died

leaving three daughters: the portion which came on that event to Mrs. Jefferson, after the debts should be paid, which were very considerable, was about equal to my own patrimony, and consequently doubled the ease of our circumstances."

That same month saw the passing of Dabney Carr, whose name is linked indissolubly with Monticello. He was a schoolmate of young Jefferson's and they were devoted companions. Long before the mountain had ever been cleared these boys used to roam to the summit together, read and romance together, looking out on life and the landscape and planning the future of both. On one such occasion on their mountain top they made a pledge strange for boys of fifteen. It was then agreed that whichever of them died first would be buried by the other here at the top of the mountain. Jefferson survived for nearly seventy years. Young Carr was dead in fifteen. But the pledge was kept, and within a few feet of the stone which marks Jefferson's own resting place another marks that of his friend. Carr was a young man of high promise and attained a seat in the House of Burgesses. He married Jefferson's sister, Martha, and by her left three sons and three daughters. Jefferson not only kept his pledge but, unpledged, on his friend's death he took the widow and her six children into his own family.

A third time, three years later, death entered Jefferson's circle and that time took his mother, Jane Randolph Jefferson. There is something unaccounted for in Jefferson's attitude toward his mother. Only twice in all his voluminous papers is she mentioned, and even then without comment. His biographers, probably



JEFFERSON'S PORTABLE WRITING DESK

Above: Closed. Middle: Half-open, as a reading desk. Below: Fully open, as a writing desk

with justice, give her a high character, but all explanations of his own silence are unconvincing. A third time Jefferson did mention her, though that time by inference only and negatively, when, as already noted, he wrote of his own situation when he lost his father: "at the age of fourteen the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me."

But compensations for these various losses appeared. Life continued its entrances as well as its exits. A first daughter was born in September, 1772; and a second in April, 1774. The first born was named Martha after her mother; the second was named Jane Randolph after her paternal grandmother. Jane, however, died in infancy.

Early in May, 1776, Jefferson set off for Philadelphia for the second session of the second Continental Congress. Full of the white heat of Revolution it is easy to imagine him, but there could have been in him little consciousness of the extraordinary events ahead, or of his part in them, or of the immortality which was to crown his impending performance.

He lodged in two upper rooms in a new brick house, which belonged to one Ben Randall and stood in the field where now is Market Street at Seventh. Among other small belongings in his travelling case was a set of drawings for a portable writing desk. Randall was a cabinetmaker, and the drawings were at once given to him for him to complete the desk. He evidently was a speedy as well as a skilful workman.

On May 16th Jefferson took his seat in the Congress.

On June 10th the first step in the great renouncement was taken when a committee was appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence. They were five: Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. The others on the committee unanimously requested Jefferson to draw the paper. The reason for this was of course the general impression which the young Virginian—he was then thirty-three—had produced on the Congress, but especially, as John Adams testified, by “writings of his [which] were handed about remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression.” These “writings” were doubtless Jefferson’s so-called “Summary View” written at Monticello two years before.

Jefferson retired to his rooms in Ben Randall’s house. Here he found realized his plans for a folding writing desk. It was no larger than a quarto volume; it had a drawer for paper, ink, and quill; and it opened either as a reading desk or as a writing desk. On it he wrote the immortal document. When he had completed it he submitted the paper to Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams. They penned their alterations in the margins. These changes disclosed shrewd and significant editing, but the corrections were merely verbal. Thence it went before the Congress and again the changes were such that, though some few words and phrases were struck out, the paper as passed was essentially and wholly as Jefferson wrote it.

When he returned home after that famous session he carried with him the working draft of the Declaration of Independence, with the autographed notes of Frank-

lin and Adams, and also the exquisite little desk on which it was written. Both remained at Monticello the ensuing fifty years and later found their way into the possession of the Government at Washington, where they are to-day.

CHAPTER IV

The Great Liberator at His Plans—Freedom of Religion—Undermining Aristocracy—Governor of Virginia—Entertaining British Prisoners of War—The British Raiders Invade Monticello—What the Count de Chastellux Saw at Monticello in 1792—Jefferson Loses His Wife—Notes on Virginia—Colonial Domestic Architecture—The Looming Mountain—Appointed Minister to France—The Departure.

JEFFERSON was at this time thirty-three years old and for the next thirty-three years, from 1776 to 1809, his political career kept him from home the larger part of the time. In this middle period Monticello was more of a home than a temporary retreat during vacations snatched from activities in the farther fields of public life.

They were years which brought him mounting honours and widening fame, the realization of all he could ask and probably more than he anticipated, but through it all, in all his absences, there was the constant thought of Monticello, attention to it and its embellishment, and the recurrent note of homesickness for his acres, his mountain, his home.

He resigned from the Congress and came back to Virginia in September because he had again been elected to its Assembly and he had legislation of a forward-looking nature which he wished to put on its statute books as an example to the other colonies in the forma-

tion of their constitutions. He had, however, scarcely reached Virginia before word followed him that the Congress had appointed him, Doctor Franklin, and Silas Dean to be foreign ministers or commissioners to negotiate a treaty with France. He was reluctant to decline but he was compelled to do so for the same reasons which made him retire from Congress. In this case of going over sea his wife's health further precluded his accepting.

Never before or after in all his life probably was he busier than during 1777 and 1778. He prepared and introduced and pressed to passage bills on a wide variety of subjects, most of them as revolutionary against the existing Virginia social order as his Declaration had been against the colonies' relation with Great Britain. Some of them were passed speedily, others were not made laws before the end of the Revolutionary War, and, said Morse, "though it would be exaggeration to assert that by 1786-87 the statute-book of Virginia had become a Jeffersonian code, yet it is the truth to say that the impress of his mind was in every part of the volume, and that especially the social legislation was due chiefly to his influence."

Early in 1779 Virginia raised him to her highest honour and he was inaugurated Governor on June 1st. After some weeks at Williamsburg he retired to Monticello for the summer. How much of the main house was now habitable is not easily discovered. Undoubtedly the family, which included his sister and the six Carr children, was in some portion of the main dwelling much larger than the one-room pavilion which received the bride and groom. Moreover, the letters of this pe-

riod show that the Jeffersons were keeping open house to a numerous circle of friends.

The principal recipients of their attentions were the British and Hessian officer prisoners in a concentration camp a few miles north of Charlottesville. After the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, 4000 British prisoners were marched south and encamped in Albemarle. Life was made as agreeable as possible for the officers by the hospitality of all the great houses in the neighbourhood. Jefferson dined them, played duets with them, lent them his books, and made them unforgettably grateful. He even, in the case of young Major Baron de Geismer, used his offices to have him exchanged so that he might return to Germany to his dying father. When the British sent him commendatory thanks for a proceeding which seems to have surprised them, Jefferson replied:

“The great cause which divides our countries is not to be decided by individual animosities. The harmony of private societies cannot weaken national efforts. To contribute by neighborly intercourse and attention to make others happy, is the shortest and surest way of being happy ourselves. As these sentiments seem to have directed your conduct, we should be as unwise as illiberal, were we not to preserve the same temper of mind.”

He did not mind advantaging himself of the deserters if they were skilful workmen, as appears from this note in his account book: “Sent David Watson, a British deserter, house-joiner by trade, to work at Monti-

cello @ 3000 lb tobacco a year or its worth in paper."

The best remembered character among the visitors to Monticello at this time was the wife of the Hessian General de Riedesel. She put herself on the most neighbourly terms with the family on the mountain and was encouraged and welcomed there. She and her husband had rented a neighbouring estate, Collé, and she came up the mountain in all sorts of domestic dilemmas, which in their situation were no doubt frequent, and brought all the gossip of the neighbourhood, which was given an additional flavour by her amusing broken English. The Baroness was a large woman and made most of her trips on horseback, always riding astride, novelty enough in those days. Madison made her blunders the topic of his story-telling for years.

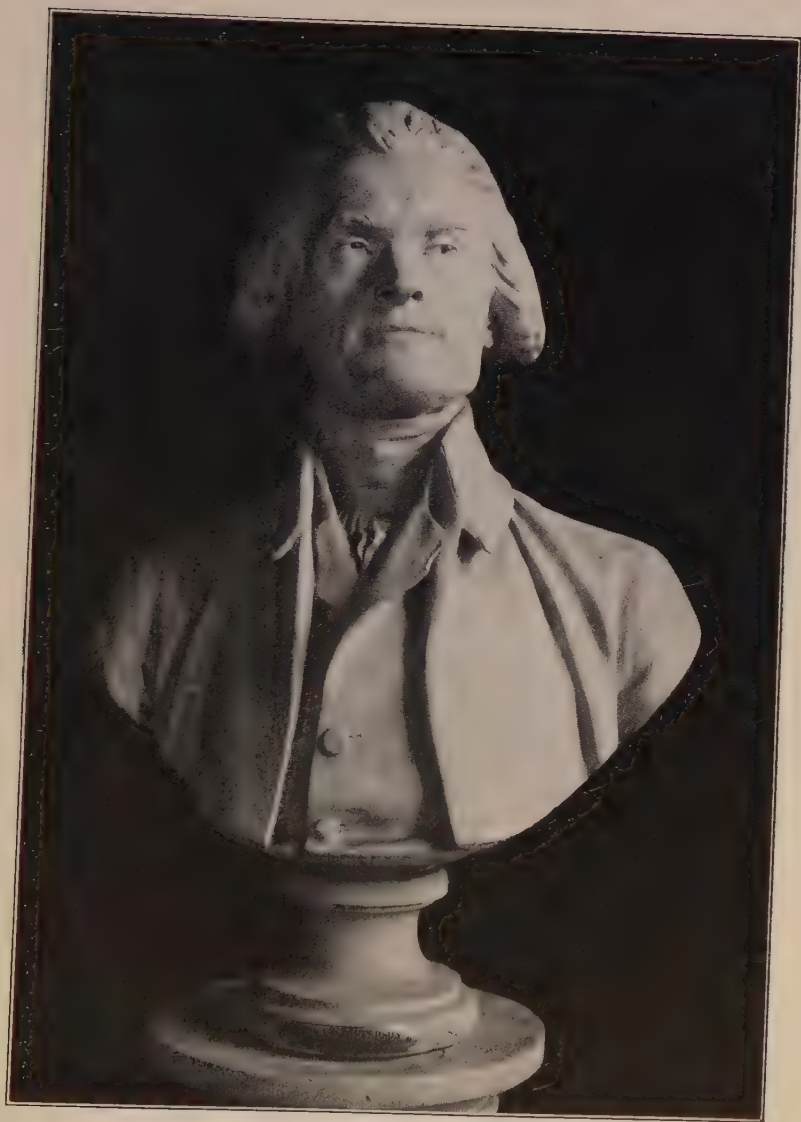
Jefferson's election as Governor of Virginia was achieved in friendly contest with John Page, the friend and correspondent of college days, to whom he had turned his heart inside out when there seems to have been a girl's face in every corner. The term was limited to one year, at the end of which he was elected for a second time. To his temporary neighbour de Riedesel's felicitations on the new honour, he replied: "I thank you for your kind congratulations; though condolences would be better suited to the occasion." This was written in mere light polite routine, but it was prophetic. The period of the governorship and the next succeeding years undoubtedly brought him the most trying experiences of his life, up to this time. The legislation he had introduced in the Assembly had put behind him the mass of the people, but it had, also, especially his bills for the abolishment of primogeniture and for the

separation of Church and State, so outraged the great landholding families that an almost equally powerful party, if fewer numerically, rose up to harass him on every occasion, in every possible way.

During his administrations, in spite of all that he did, the activities of war came nearer and nearer to Virginia and finally in the spring of 1781 the armies of the enemy entered her borders. One detachment eventually came to the upper James where they made away, in a ruthlessly complete manner, with the buildings, fences, cattle, and crops on Jefferson's Elk Hill "seat," while another detachment, the famous Tarleton Raiders, swarmed round to Albemarle with the intention of capturing the Governor at Monticello and the members of the Assembly who had retired before the enemy to meet in Charlottesville.

Colonel Banastre Tarleton and his troop of horse swept up from the tidewater country through Louisa County next east of Albemarle. They arrived at the Louisa court house just before midnight, halted three hours, and pushed on toward Monticello with a stop to commandeer breakfast at the Walker residence sixteen miles east of the little mountain.

The fullest and most reasonably trustworthy account of the attempt to capture Jefferson at Monticello is that of Randall, who wrote from the oral and written statements of Jefferson's descendants, thirty-one years after the great man's death and seventy-six years after the event itself. No written word of Jefferson's or of other witness of the episode contradicts it in the slightest particular, and, as nothing new can be added, it is used in full:



THOMAS JEFFERSON
From the bust by Houdon

“A citizen of Charlottesville, named Jack Jouitte, was in the Cuckoo tavern in Louisa, when the legion swept past on the main road. Suspecting their destination, he mounted his horse—a very fleet Virginia blood horse—and rode on at full speed ‘by a disused and shorter route, and made known the approach of the British several hours before their arrival.’

“On the way, Jouitte stopped at Monticello, a little before sunrise, and gave information of Tarleton’s approach to Governor Jefferson. The Speakers of the two Houses of the General Assembly, and several other members were lodged with him. They ‘breakfasted at leisure,’ and the members then proceeded to Charlottesville. The house assembled, and resolving that thenceforth forty members should form a quorum, adjourned to meet on the 7th, at Staunton, west of the Blue Ridge. They then dispersed, and had hardly done so before Tarleton rode at full speed into the town. The retiring members were pursued, and seven of them captured. General Stevens, who had been compelled to retire from the army by his wound at Guilford Court House, belonged to the House of Delegates. Attired as usual in the plain dress of a Virginia farmer, and mounted by chance on a shabby horse, he was soon overtaken by the dragoons. But a little way ahead was more attractive game—a horseman in a scarlet coat, and military hat and plume, and probably, therefore, an officer of rank. The soldiers spurred on without noticing Stevens, who soon turned aside and escaped. The showy gentleman in front was no officer, but the same Mr. Jouitte recently introduced to the reader, who had an eccentric custom of wearing such habiliments.

After he had coquetted with his pursuers long enough, he gave his fleet horse the spur, and speedily was out of sight.

“Some distance back from Charlottesville, Tarleton had despatched a troop under Captain McLeod, to proceed directly to Monticello to capture the Governor, and remain in *vidette* on this lofty lookout. As soon as Mr. Jefferson’s guests had retired, he directed his family to make ready for a journey, and commenced securing his most important papers. He continued thus occupied for nearly two hours, when a Mr. Hudson rode up and declared that the British were ascending the mountain. He then sent off his wife and children in a carriage, under the care of a young gentleman who was studying with him (and escorted by his servants) with directions, after stopping at a friend’s intermediately, to proceed to Enniscorthy, the seat of Colonel Coles, fourteen and a half miles distant. Ordering his favorite riding horse to be brought from a distant smithy (where he had been shod since Jouitte gave the alarm), to a designated point in the road between Monticello and Carter’s Mountain, he remained a little while longer among his papers, to give time for the execution of this order, and then taking his telescope in his hand, proceeded by a cross path to the place where his horse was. Hearing no tramp of approaching cavalry, he walked a short distance up Carter’s Mountain, to a rock from which he could obtain a good view of Charlottesville. Observing nothing unusual in the streets of the town, he was induced to think the alarm premature, and concluded to return to his house to

complete the care of his papers. After proceeding a few rods, he observed that in kneeling down to level his telescope, his light walking sword had slipped from its sheath. Returning for this, another glance through the glass showed him the streets of the town swarming with dragoons. He then mounted his horse for the first time, and followed after his family. Within five minutes of the time he left his house, McLeod entered it, and was actually there when Mr. Jefferson commenced that return which the loss of his sword hindered. . . .

“Two faithful slaves, Martin and Cæsar, were left in the house, and were engaged in secreting plate and other valuables under the floor of the front portico, when McLeod’s party arrived. The floor was then of planks. One of these was raised, and Martin stood above handing down articles to Cæsar in the cavity. As about the last piece went in, Martin either heard the clang of hoofs, or caught a glimpse of the white coats through the trees, and down went the plank, shutting Cæsar into the dark hole below. And here he remained eighteen hours without light or food. He was a powerful, determined fellow, six years younger than his master, and having been brought up by him, was sufficiently attached to him to have endured fast and darkness for another eighteen hours rather than make apparent the cause of his concealment. Martin was but twenty-six—one of those sullen and almost fierce natures, which will love and serve *one*, if worthy of it, with a devotion ready to defy anything—but which will love or serve but one. He was Mr. Jeffer-

son's 'body-servant,' as far as the latter would allow any one to bear the relation which these words, by custom, technically imply. Martin would voluntarily suffer no fellow servant to do the least office for his master; he watched his glance and anticipated his wants, but he served any other person with reluctance, and received orders from any other quarter with scarcely concealed anger.

"He received McLeod as he rode up, with as much courage, if not with as much dignity, as the seneschal of a surrendered mediæval castle, and showed him through the house. On reaching the study, the depository of the Governor's papers, McLeod gazed about him a few moments, and then locking the door gave Martin the key, and bade him refer any of his soldiers inquiring for it to *himself*. Not a thing was touched in the house excepting some articles in the cellar, where a few brutal soldiers contrived to get out from under the eye of their commander. One of these fellows, to try Martin's nerves, clapped a pistol to his bosom, and threatened to fire, unless he would tell which way his master had fled. 'Fire away, then,' retorted the black, fiercely answering glance for glance, and not receding a hair's breadth from the muzzle of the cocked pistol.

"McLeod remained about eighteen hours, keeping an outlook on the surrounding country, and then retired. To the extraordinary moderation of this detachment of a legion which has been so infamously celebrated in the annals of the Revolution, Governor Jefferson was undoubtedly indebted, in no small measure, to the gentlemanly feelings as well as the firmness of its commander, whose whole conduct shows that he

was a man of breeding and delicacy. But he was also indebted to Tarleton's own 'strict orders to suffer nothing to be injured.' "

The presence of the marauding British in Virginia was seized upon by Jefferson's powerful enemies for a determined attack. Even his friends were drawn into it. His whole attitude in the presence of the enemy was criticized. The actual presence of war on Virginia soil was blamed on him. Everyone whose prosperity was injured or who anticipated or feared injury blamed Jefferson for not keeping the war out of the state. The fact that he left Monticello at the approach of Tarleton's men was made the occasion for reflection on his bravery without venturing to say what end would have been served by a quixotic surrender. His conduct was attacked and vilified, privately, publicly, and officially. In the Legislature an inquiry into his conduct was demanded, the motion to that end having been made by Jefferson's own friend George Nicholas.

Jefferson met the situation manfully. Having completed his terms as Governor he retired from the office and prepared to answer the charges at the fall session of the Assembly. Nicholas's colleague from Albemarle County resigned from the Assembly, leaving the way open to Jefferson to win his seat and appear on the floor on equal ground with his accusers. Jefferson did stand for the seat and was unanimously elected. He wrote Edmund Randolph from Monticello in September that he had retired permanently from public life, to the company of his farm, family, and books, "from which I think nothing will ever more separate

me. A desire to leave public office with a reputation not more blotted than it has deserved, will oblige me to emerge at the next session of our Assembly. . . . But as I go with a single object, I shall withdraw when that shall have been accomplished."

When the Assembly met in December he rode down to Richmond, and appeared on the floor, and declared his readiness to meet any charges. Nicholas did not appear. Jefferson read the objections which had been made to his official acts and answered them one by one. Thereupon the two branches of the Legislature concurred unanimously in the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the sincere thanks of the General Assembly be given to our former Governor, Thomas Jefferson, Esquire, for his impartial, upright, and attentive administration while in office. The Assembly wish, in the strongest manner, to declare the high opinion which they entertain of Mr. Jefferson's ability, rectitude, and integrity, as chief magistrate of this Commonwealth, and mean, by thus publicly avowing their opinion, to obviate and remove all unmerited censure."

Thereupon Jefferson resigned and returned to Monticello, as he believed, to permanent privacy and peace, or, as he expressed it in a letter, to be "laid up in port for life."

The next summer there came to Monticello a visitor whose testimony to the actual condition of that house has come down with the authenticity of an eyewitness. This was the Count François Jean de Chastellux, an amiable young Frenchman, travelling in America, who,

on his return to France, published the result of his observations. He gave the only description of the house at that time, and it has a dual interest, not only for its picture of the dwelling then standing, but for confirmation of the conjecture that the house as Jefferson first built it was based on that plan, among his many surviving drawings, which owes its lines to the similar if not identical plan of Palladio:

“This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault; it consists of one rather large pavilion, the entrance of of which is by two porticoes, ornamented by pillars. The ground floor consists of a very large lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style; above it is a library of the same form; two small wings, with only a ground floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which form a kind of basement story, over which runs a terrace. My object in this short description is only to show the difference between this and the other houses of the country; for we may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather.”

Of other improvements then completed at Monticello the evidence is found, a scrap here and a scrap there, in Jefferson's own letters and memorandum books. Of these the most complete mention is made of his Round-about Walk entered in his Garden Book. It encircled

the mountain and was "in circumference 926 yds. .526 mile." He began to make this walk as early as the fall of 1772 when, in that same Garden Book of course, he noted: "In making the round-about walk, 3 hands would make 80 yards in a day in the old field, but in the woods where they had stumps to clear, not more than forty, and sometimes 25 yards."

The account books remind that, although Cornwallis had surrendered and the war was over, pounds, shillings, and pence were still the currency in the former colony. At random: "paid for entmt. [one night] at Amherst Court House £30 . . . Pd. Mosely for 3 quarts brandy £71 2s." . . . And "to Anthony Gianini who has been working" for one day, September 20, 1781, "£90"! There is a rather staggering extravagance in these amounts, but the key appears in four words following Anthony's stipend: "half a dollar specie," and the state of the depreciated currency, in Virginia at least, is exposed.

The great change in Jefferson's domestic life, and in its influence on his public life as well, came in the late summer of 1782, when Mrs. Jefferson died. Eagerly devoted to motherhood she eventually succumbed to it. She had been increasingly frail during the last several years of her life. No portrait of Martha Wayles Jefferson is known to have been painted. Certainly none is known to survive. Nor is there any other description of her person or her character than those dictated by her devoted family. In all Jefferson's letters and papers there is only one qualifying mention of her. It appears in one of his notebooks under the date of her death, September 6th: "My dear wife died this day

at 11 H. 45 A. M.” Nothing else. There is a tradition of his excessive emotion in his grief on this occasion. It was recorded by his eldest daughter, as remembered in her maturity. It does not ring quite true to the character of the philosopher as exhibited in other crises of his life. There is sufficient and more convincing significance of his grief in the notebooks, for after noting his “dear wife’s” death even the heretofore ever babbling notebook is silent for ten whole unprecedented days, and, indeed, except for a few inconsequential notes, for years after. Of the permanence of his devotion to the memory of the mother of his children there is much significance in the fact that, she having requested it of him, he did not marry again; and in the discovery forty-four years later, when he had followed on, in a secret drawer of a cabinet, of little envelopes containing locks of her and their children’s hair, all the containers inscribed by his hand and showing the marks of much handling.

She had borne him five daughters and one son. Of these only three of the daughters survived their mother—Martha, Mary, and Lucy. It must have been a sore disappointment to Jefferson not to have been spared a son of his own to train with the profound and affectionate care which he lavished on his nephews and grandsons. When a note from de Riedesel announced a birth in his own family, Jefferson replied: “I sincerely condole with Mme. de Riedesel on the birth of a *daughter*.”

During the long vigil of that summer of 1782 he remained continually on the mountain and devoted himself to completing the since celebrated “Notes on Vir-

ginia," which he had begun the preceding summer. "I had received a letter from M. de Marbois, of the French Legation in Philadelphia," he noted in his *Autobiography*, in explanation of how he came to write this book, "informing me that he had been instructed by his government to obtain such statistical accounts of the different States of our Union [he was writing in 1821] as might be useful for their information, and addressing to me a number of queries relative to the state of Virginia." The work was made easier than otherwise by Jefferson's habit of making notes of all sorts of odd bits of information. They were on scraps of paper, bundled up without order. But he edited and amplified them, and such a mine of information were they that the result was a remarkable treatise on all the physical features of Virginia at a time when that commonwealth extended indefinitely westward. Its publication some years later places Jefferson definitely as the pioneer student of North American Geography. It is to-day a marvel of correctness on all permanent facts.

Twice the text is of peculiar interest to this story: once when he paid his respects to colonial architecture and again when he described the phenomenon of the mountain which "loomed" in the outlook from Monticello. Of domestic architecture in the colony he said:

"The private buildings are very rarely constructed of stone or brick, much the greatest portion being of scantling and boards, plastered with lime. It is impossible to devise things more ugly, uncomfortable, and happily more perishable. There are two or three plans, on one of which, according to its size, most of the

houses in the state are built. . . . The genius of architecture seems to have shed its maledictions on this land. Buildings are often erected by individuals, of considerable expense. To give these symmetry and taste would not increase their cost. It would only change the arrangement of the materials, the form and combination of the members. This would cost less than the burthen of barbarous ornaments with which these buildings are sometimes charged. But the first principles of the art are unknown, and there exists scarcely a model among us sufficiently chaste to give an idea of them." This broadside was written out of the fullness of the heart of the student of Palladio's chaste plates, and it is probably the first architectural criticism to which the private buildings of the colonists had been subjected. With such convictions his devotion to the scheme and style of Monticello is all the more readily understandable.

The other passage of peculiar interest here relates to the phenomenon which, he said, the seamen call *looming*: "Philosophy is as yet in the rear of the seamen, so far from having accounted for it, she has not yet given it a name. Its principal effect is to make distant objects appear larger, in opposition to the general law of vision, by which they are diminished. I knew an instance at Yorktown, from whence the water prospect eastwardly is without termination, wherein a canoe with three men, at a great distance was taken for a ship with its three masts. I am little acquainted with the phenomenon as it shows itself at sea; but at Monticello it is familiar. There is a solitary mountain about forty miles off in the south, whose natural shape,

as presented to view there, is a regular cone; but by the effect of looming, it sometimes subsides almost totally in the horizon; sometimes it rises more acute and more elevated; sometimes it is hemispherical; and sometimes its sides are perpendicular, its top flat, and as broad as its base. In short, it assumes at times the most whimsical shapes, and all these perhaps successively in the same morning. The blue ridge of mountains comes into view, in the northeast, at about one hundred miles distance, and approaching in a direct line, passes by within twenty miles, and goes off to the southwest. The phenomenon begins to show itself on these mountains, at about fifty miles distance, and continues beyond that as far as they are seen. I remark no particular state, either in the weight, moisture, or heat of the atmosphere, necessary to produce this. The only constant circumstances are its appearance in the morning only, and on objects at least forty or fifty miles distant. In this latter circumstance, if not in both, it differs from the looming on the water. Refraction will not account for the metamorphosis. That only changes the proportion of length and breadth, base and altitude, preserving the general outlines. Thus it may make a circle appear elliptical, raise or depress a cone, but by none of its laws, as yet developed, will it make a circle appear a square, or a cone a sphere."

When the English Lieutenant Francis Hall wrote a book on his American travels, of which "the crowning event was the visit to Monticello," Jefferson called his attention to this phenomenon: "He pointed out . . . a conical mountain, rising singly at the edge of

the southern horizon . . . its distance, he said, was forty miles, and its dimensions those of the greater Egyptian pyramid; so that it accurately represents the appearance of the pyramid at the same distance; there is a small cleft visible on its summit, through which, the true meridian of Monticello passes; its most singular property, however, is that on different occasions it *looms* or alters its appearance, sometimes becoming cylindrical, sometimes square, and sometimes assuming the form of an inverted cone."

The offer of a place on the peace mission to France, which Jefferson refused in 1776, the Congress renewed this year, 1782. The former motive for his refusal was no longer there and he accepted. Immediately rumours reached this side that the treaty of peace was about to be concluded, and he spent a restless winter between Annapolis and Philadelphia waiting for a decision. In the spring of 1783 a provisional treaty was signed, and he returned to Monticello in May and there spent the summer in retirement with his children and the little Carrs. He had been elected to Congress in June and in the fall he was prepared to take his seat. The little ones he placed in the care of relatives in Virginia, except for his eldest daughter, Martha, whom he took with him and placed in school in Philadelphia.

There is one lonely entry in the Garden Book for this year. It is for "Sept 2d & 3d" and says, "White frost which killed vines in the neighborhood—hills of tobacco in the north garden." With this frost the companionable book lapses into a long silence. This autumn there must have been another kind of frost in

the lonely father's heart when he closed Monticello in mid-October and drove down the mountain-side with his motherless little Martha and set out on his journey to the north. Monticello was to remain empty, closed, and dark for many years.

CHAPTER V

The Monticello Family in Paris—Trips to England, Italy, and Germany—Gathering Architectural Ideas for Monticello—Former Hessian Prisoner Repays Virginia Hospitality—Discovering a Steward for Monticello in Paris—Homesick—Craving for Neighbourhood Gossip—Homeward Bound—The Christmas Arrival at Monticello.

THE mission to France was offered to Jefferson a second time in May, 1784, this time as Minister Plenipotentiary, to act in connection with Franklin and Adams. It seemed fated that he was to go. The offer seemed to pursue him. There is nothing in evidence to the contrary, nothing to indicate that he, after that first inevitable refusal, had not afterward sought the office. Such was his recognized ability that assuredly he had only to indicate a willingness to go for the Congress to renew their offer of the mission. But when one turns over the letters which the public men chose to bequeath to the understanding of their careers, the long lapses between dates sometimes become significant and the very letters that would have been most interesting are, if they ever existed, at least not available. So, by fate or by choice, the opportunity to represent the former colonies, not yet quite a nation, in France, came to Jefferson again, and, his earlier reason for refusing having vanished, he accepted the appointment and sailed July 3d, from Boston, on the ship *Ceres*. He left his younger daughters with their aunt, Mrs. Eppes, at

Amphill on the lower James. His eldest daughter, Martha, accompanied him. Thirty-two days later they were in Paris.

The prospect of residence abroad must have pleased him much, especially at this time. He had passed through two of the greatest trials of his life, and he was no doubt willing to refresh himself with new scenes and different employments. For the first time in his life he was willing, if not glad, to be, for a little while, away from Monticello.

Politically a liberal, his enemies called him a radical. He was intellectually and temperamentally an aristocrat. He appreciated and desired and, in so far as he was able, always gave himself the best that he could obtain. To Franklin he wrote, at the time of his first enforced refusal of the French mission, with a suggestion of regret for the "residence in a polite Court" and "society of literati of the first order," which Franklin would enjoy and he would have to forego. About the time of being obliged to refuse the second offer of this mission, he wrote Edmund Randolph: "Were it possible for me to determine again to enter public business, there is no appointment whatever which would have been so agreeable to me." At the same time he wrote Lafayette with a touch of pathos: "I lose an opportunity, the only one I ever had, and perhaps ever shall have, of combining public service with private gratification. Of seeing countries whose improvements in science, in arts, and in civilization, it has been my fortune to admire at a distance, but never see."

France was what he had wanted and regretted. Now at last he was in Paris. The next five years were

a constant delight to him. The Marquis de Lafayette, the Count de Rochambeau, Biron d'Estaing, and Dillon introduced him. The Count de Chastellux repeated the story of his visit to the American's Italian villa on the mountain-top, with its outlook suggestive of the Pyrenees or the Alps. He went everywhere, met everyone of talent and distinction, and succeeded in making himself genuinely welcome. He found himself appreciated at his full worth and he was immediately at home.

To his reputation as a statesman, philosopher, and scientist, he presently presented himself to the French in a rôle that they understand and admire best of all—as a wit. Soon after his arrival Doctor Franklin returned home and Jefferson was made sole plenipotentiary. When the Count de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, remarked, "You replace M. Franklin, I hear," Jefferson replied promptly: "I succeed, no one can replace him."

Very soon he put into the hands of a printer that manuscript he had completed two years before at Monticello, the "Notes on Virginia." Only two hundred copies were printed, and those privately for fear of the effects at home which the observations on slavery and the Constitution might produce. But, by the death of the recipient of one of the copies, it fell into the hands of a French publisher who translated it and coolly sent it to Jefferson for his correction, "without," he said, "asking any other permission for publication. I never have seen so wretched an attempt at translation . . . a blotch of errors from beginning to end. I corrected some of the most material, and, in that form,

it was printed in French. . . . A London bookseller, on seeing the translation, requested me to permit him to print the English original. I thought it best to do so, to let the world see that it was not really as bad as the French translation had made it appear." Soon after that a German translation appeared, and the book was repeatedly reprinted in English until the middle of the last century.

What most interested Jefferson in France was beyond doubt the development and culmination of the Revolution. For that he could not have arrived at a more opportune time, and he remained for the grand spectacle of the fall of the Bastille. The revolutionists welcomed him as one of themselves, and he wrote and advised with a freedom that might have been peremptorily resented if there had been a government strong enough to resent anything.

One year, 1787, he made a tour through England, the next through northwestern Italy and the entire south of France from the Alps to the Atlantic end of the Pyrenees, and the third year a short way into Germany. He travelled with his eyes open and, be sure, with the notebook recording everything he saw. In Milan he wrote briefly in the midst of numerous other brief jottings: "The Count del Verme tells me of a pendulum odometer for the wheel of a carriage." It is disappointing to learn nothing more from him of so early an appearance of a distance measurer. But eventually it turned up on the wheel of Mr. Jefferson's own carriage, and in the notebook, of course, on one of his trips from the seat of government to Monticello. It registered by the metric system and seems to have become Jefferson's

favourite illustration in his efforts to induce his fellow countrymen to extend that system from the measure of their money to the measures of distance and weight and content.

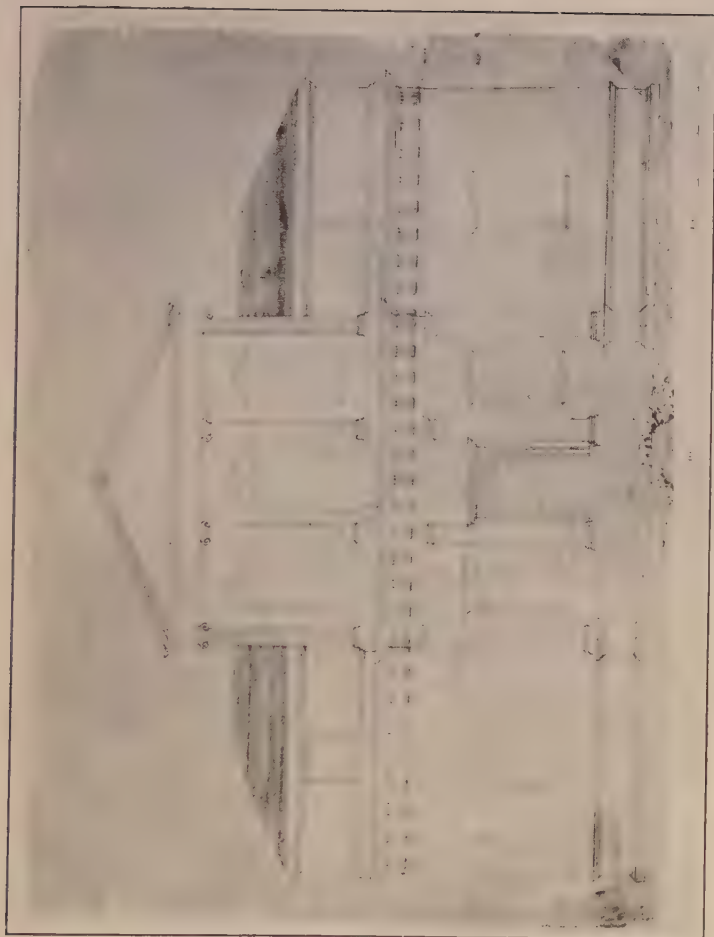
On his German excursion he met again the young officer, Baron de Geismer, who used to come from his concentration camp to Monticello and who by Jefferson's influence and kindness was able to return home, in exchange for an American prisoner, in time to see his father die. He was with his regiment at Hanan when Jefferson reached that little city. In a way it was like seeing someone from home, and to that extent it was one of the outstanding features of Jefferson's trip.

The year after he arrived in France word came from Amptill that death had again entered his narrowing circle and had taken his youngest daughter. As soon after as could be arranged he sent for Mary to come to France, so that he might have near him all that was left of his little family. Mary was nine years old at the time. It must have been an experience, indeed, for her to set out in a packet to cross the ocean alone. She was not, to be sure, quite alone, for one of the Monticello slaves, her own black maid, Sally Hemings, accompanied her. The ship first made an English port. Mrs. John Adams, whose husband was Minister at London, took Mary into her home there. When no ready opportunity offered to send her on to her father, his eagerness to see her grew out of bounds and he sent his steward, Petit, across the channel to bring her to Paris. This same Petit became one of the fixtures in the family and accompanied them when they returned to Monticello.

Mary joined her sister in the convent school of the Abbaye de Pathemont. Her little French friends called her Marie, which was probably the point on which Mary turned into Maria, for so she was always known after her return from abroad. To her father she was just "Polly," and Martha was "Patty." In Patty's case events were quietly working into results which shaped life at Monticello for many years thereafter.

Shortly after Jefferson went to France three young Virginians sailed over and entered the University of Edinburgh. They were Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., his brother William, and his cousin William Cary Randolph. The brothers were the sons of Thomas Mann Randolph of Tuckahoe who had been a ward of Jefferson's father, and his own schoolmate when he learned his letters in the little schoolhouse on the estate on the James. How much time young Randolph spent in Paris is not easily fixed. At least he was there in the summer of 1788. This, too, was the period of Martha's release from the convent. They were about the same age, second cousins, had known each other from childhood, and there is strong presumption that they became engaged this summer, for Randolph returned to Virginia that autumn and they were married eighteen months later, which was within two months after her return from France to Monticello.

Nor is it probable that the young lady's romance was altogether smooth. Something, real or fancied, seems to have happened the winter of their separation: perhaps the letters from Virginia were too few—it took indefinite months sometimes for a letter to reach an over-sea address—or not of sufficiently responsive ar-



THE FIRST FAÇADE OF MONTICELLO
From the original drawing by Thomas Jefferson

dour; for, in the spring, Patty, who was by training and acceptance of the Church of England, unexpectedly wrote her father for permission to change her faith and take the veil of a nun. This has been taken very seriously and much has been written of the psychology of the young lady in these circumstances. It is reasonable to believe that she was simply deeply in love and lonely, and of an impressionable age when temperament sometimes dominates mind, heart, and will. Instead of writing his daughter, Jefferson drove out to the convent, had an interview with the abbess, and then told Patty and Polly that he was lonely without them, that he had come for them, and that henceforth they were all to live together. It is said that neither Patty nor her father ever, after her first letter on this subject, reverted to it again. She took her position at the head of her father's household, and there was thereafter another kind of preparation for her future, as the mistress of her own home as well as, at varying times, of Monticello and of the White House.

Jefferson accumulated in Paris many things for Monticello, which he sent or carried back with him, and the girls accompanied him at times to pick up those pretty trifles which would make them the envy of less fortunate girls at home. The difficulty was to get things across the ocean. He shipped when and how he could, hearing of a promised sailing in one port or another, and learning long after that the ship had gone but that his goods had not. A box of books "lay forgotten at Havre the whole of last winter," he wrote Professor Charles Bellini in explaining why the spectacles he had packed in the same box were so long in

reaching him. The distance of the far new country from the conveniences of the old are exemplified in this same letter, showing the practicality of turning the opportunity of the moment into provision for a lifetime. Jefferson, of course, thought of it. "I packed the spectacles, three or four pair of glasses, adapted to the different periods of life, distinguished from each other by numbers, and easily changed. You see I am looking forward in hope of a long life for you, and that it may be long enough to carry you through the whole succession of glasses is my sincere prayer." The strangest and greatest thing he accumulated for his house while in France, however, was, to one of so facile a draughtsman's pen as his, most easily transported. That was his idea of a dome for Monticello. On his southern tour while at Nîmes he wrote to the Countess de Tesse:

"Here I am, Madame, gazing whole hours at the Maison Quarrée, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking-weavers and silk-spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman, about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Château de Laye-Epinaye in Beaujolais, a delicious morsel of sculpture, by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! It is out of all precedent. No, Madame, it is not without a precedent in my own history. While in Paris, I was violently smitten with the Hôtel de Salm, and used to go to the Tuileries almost every day to look at it. The *loueuse des chaises*—inattentive to my passion—

never had the complaisance to place a chair there, so, that sitting on the parapet, and twisting my neck around to see the object of my admiration, I generally left it with a *torti-colli*."

The dome of the Hôtel de Salm was the inspiration for a dome on Monticello, though he afterward adopted the lines of the Temple of Vesta from the plate in his admired Palladio. It is interesting to trace those walks that led to the seat on the parapet by the Seine. The Hôtel de Salm stood on the left bank of the river, on the Quai d'Orsay, at the south end of the Pont de Solferino. It had been built only the year before, so that Jefferson's daily pilgrimage to see it in its finished state probably entailed long walks, for he was living, after the summer of 1785, on the Champs-Élysées at the corner of the street then called Rue Neuve de Berry, which was undoubtedly the present Rue de Berri on the right side of the great avenue about half-way up the rise between the Rond Point and the plateau where Napoleon later placed the Arc de l'Étoile. If the dome had been slow in being built he may have made the visits more easily, for his first residence in the French capital was in the Rue Taitbout, between the Boulevard Hausmann and the Boulevard des Italiens.

Eventually he grew homesick. He was, in fact, not ever quite without a yearning for the freer more natural life on his mountain. His Parisian years were full of interest and diversion and growth for him; the temper of the people, their culture and arts, and the beauty of the country pleased him; the Revolution was

a passionate delight to him; but he kept his perspective. When he had been there about a year he wrote to Monroe:

“I sincerely wish you may find it convenient to come here; the pleasure of the trip will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. My God! how little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy. I confess I had no idea of it myself. While we shall see multiplied instances of Europeans going to live in America, I will venture to say, no man now living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe, and continuing there.”

He said to Bellini that “in science, the mass of the people is two centuries behind ours; their literature half a dozen years before us . . . with respect to what are termed polite manners, without sacrificing too much the sincerity of language, I would wish my countrymen to adopt just so much of European politeness, as to be ready to make all those little sacrifices of self, which really render European manners amiable, and relieve society from the disagreeable scenes to which rudeness often subjects it. Here, it seems that a man might pass his life without encountering a single rudeness. In the pleasures of the table, they are far before us, because, with good taste they unite temperance. They do not terminate the most sociable meals by transforming themselves into brutes. I have never yet seen

a man drunk in France, even among the lowest of the people. Were I to proceed to tell you how much I enjoy their architecture, sculpture, painting, music, I should want words. In these arts they shine. The last of them, particularly, is an enjoyment, the deprivation of which, with us, cannot be calculated. I am almost ready to say it is the only thing which from my heart I envy them, and which, in spite of all the authority of the Decalogue, I do covet."

Even from the first his heart was at Monticello. Before he had been six months from home he was arranging his return and preparing his neighbourhood, as this letter to the younger Madison reveals:

"I once hinted to you the project of seating yourself in the neighbourhood of Monticello, and my sanguine wishes made me look on your answer as not absolutely excluding the hope. Monroe is decided on settling there and is actually engaged in the endeavor to purchase. Short is the same. Would you but make it a *partie quarrée* I should believe that life had still some happiness in store for me. Agreeable society is the first essential in constituting the happiness, and, of course, the value of our existence. And it is a circumstance worthy of your attention when we are making first our choice of a residence. . . . Looking back with fondness to the moment when I shall again be fixed in my own country, I view the prospect of this society as inestimable."

To another he said: "My habits are formed to those of my own country. I am past the time of changing

them, and am, therefore, less happy anywhere else than there." To his old friend Baron de Geismer he wrote: "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello, to all the brilliant pleasures of this gay Capital. I shall, therefore, rejoin myself to my native country, with new attachments, and with exaggerated esteem for its advantages; for though there is less wealth there, there is more freedom, more ease, and less misery."

Begging the Cosways to go and paint in America, he finished a catalogue of the scenic beauties there with: "And our own dear Monticello; where has nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye? mountains, forests, rocks, rivers. With what majesty do we there ride above the storms! How sublime to look down into the workhouse of nature, to see her clouds, hail, snow, rain, thunder, all fabricated at our feet! and the glorious sun, when rising as if out of a distant water, just gilding the tops of the mountains, and giving life to all nature!" In writing his friend George Gilmer he spoke affectionately of being in his neighbourhood again, and added: "I am as happy nowhere else, and in no other society, and all my wishes end, where I hope my days will end, at Monticello. Too many scenes of happiness mingle themselves with all the recollections of my native woods and fields, to suffer them to be supplanted in my affections by any other."

His letters frequently revealed his hunger for the small talk of home people and home places. He begged John Page not to overlook writing him the

small happenings: "It is unfortunate that most people think the occurrences passing daily under their eyes, are either known to all the world, or not worth being known. They do not therefore give them place in their letters." "If you knew," he wrote Gilmer, "how agreeable to me are the details of the small news of my neighborhood, your charity would induce you to write frequently." And he begged Mrs. Trist: "Write me all the small news—the news about persons and about states; tell me who dies, that I may meet these disagreeable events in detail, and not all at once when I return; who marry, who hang themselves because they cannot marry, etc."

After four years he applied in November, 1788, for leave to return home for six months. Such was the uncertainty of the mails that six months passed before he received an answer. The following May he admitted in a letter to Washington: "I am excessively anxious to receive the permission without delay, that I may be able to get back before the winter sets in. Nothing can be so dreadful to me, as to be shivering at sea for two or three months in a winter passage." His baggage had been made up for two months and yet no answer when he wrote to Madison at the end of July. The Bastille had just been stormed, the Revolutionary pot was boiling over, he began to waver: "The season is so far advanced toward the Equinox, that if it comes to hand I shall not leave Europe till that be over. Indeed the scene is too interesting to be left at present."

His opportunity to embark did not happen until long after the Equinox. So far from being held in France

by the Revolution it may be more than suspected that a revolution was urging him homeward; not a political revolution, however. This one was domestic. Martha could not and probably would not listen to a nonsensical excuse about a winter sea. She was due to be married the February following, and he saw to it that the family sailed, even in the teeth of the winter gale, it may be believed, if it was so inconsiderate as to be blowing.

There was just one chronicler of the voyage home and that was Martha herself: "We sailed [from the Isle of Wight] on the 23d. of October, 1789, in company with upwards of thirty vessels who had collected there and had been detained, as we were, by contrary winds. . . . The voyage was quick and not unpleasant" —naturally enough to her. "When we arrived on the coast there was so thick a mist as to render it impossible to see a pilot, had any of them been out. After beating about three days, the captain determined to run in at a venture, without having seen the Capes. The ship came near running upon what was conjectured to be the Middle Ground, when anchor was cast at about ten o'clock P. M. The wind rose, and the vessel drifted down, dragging her anchor, one or more miles. But she had got within the Capes, while a number which had been less bold were blown off the coast, some of them lost, and all kept out three or four weeks longer."

Jefferson and his daughters landed at Norfolk at noon November 23d. The ship took fire as they left it and his luggage and papers were in the only part of the ship that escaped the flames. Martha resumes:

“There were no stages in those days. We were indebted to the kindness of our friends for horses; and visiting all on the way homeward, and spending more or less time with them all in turn, we reached Monticello on the 23d of December. The Negroes discovered the approach of the carriage as soon as it reached Shadwell, and such a scene I never witnessed in my life. They collected in crowds around it, and almost drew it up the mountain by hand. The shouting, etc., had been sufficiently obstreperous before, but the moment it arrived at the top it reached the climax. When the door of the carriage was opened, they received him in their arms and bore him to the house, crowding around and kissing his hands and feet—some blubbering and crying—others laughing. It seemed impossible to satisfy their anxiety to touch and kiss the very earth which bore him. These were the first ebullitions of joy for his return, after a long absence, which they would of course feel; but perhaps it is not out of place here to add that they were at all times very devoted in their attachment to him.”

CHAPTER VI

The First Wedding at Monticello—Washington Makes Jefferson His Secretary of State—Home from New York and Philadelphia Only Once a Year—Journeying with Neighbour Madison—Resigns as Secretary of State—Recalled as Vice-President and Twice as President—Monticello in His Absence—Shopping in Philadelphia for His Daughters—Trips Home—At Monticello to Stay.

WHILE Jefferson had been visiting along leisurely between ship and home a letter reached him from President Washington offering him the chair of Secretary of State at the cabinet table. He did not reply at once. It is easy to believe that he received the offer with his expressed "real regret." His dilemma was not easily soluble. He appreciated the opportunity to sit at the executive's right hand in directing the first steps of the new nation he had done so much to assist into being. On the other hand, in France he found the intellectual and artistic stimulus much greater than here, and the Revolution there a process and a spectacle he was loath to miss. If he returned to France he would again have to separate himself from his children, the friends of a lifetime, and from Monticello. It is not unreasonable to believe that it was his home that turned the scales. He withheld a final decision until February 14th, when he accepted.

From the moment of their arrival at Monticello the

place bustled with a kind of preparation it had never known before. Sisters and cousins and aunts were making ready for Martha's wedding to young Thomas Mann Randolph. It was celebrated in the mansion on the 23d of February, 1790. They remained at Monticello and little Maria made her home with her sister. Randolph assumed charge of the estate.

The seat of government was then at New York and the distance was more than Jefferson had before been required to make in journeying to and from his home. In July, however, the Congress passed a bill fixing the Federal capital at Philadelphia for ten years, and "then permanently at Georgetown," as Jefferson expressed it in a casual letter, meaning that it was to rise nearby that old settlement, in the fields and forests on the first uplands above the Potomac between Georgetown heights and the tides of the Eastern Branch. He was home from New York for the late summer of 1790, during September and October, and thereafter the length of his trips back and forth were not greater than the distance to Philadelphia.

He remained in Washington's cabinet until January 1, 1794. During that time he came home but once a year. The distance between Monticello and Philadelphia is approximately two hundred and sixty miles. The journey usually consumed from eight to ten days in each direction, for he sometimes turned aside to see the President at Mount Vernon, his friend George Mason at Gunston Hall, Mr. Fitzhugh at Ravensworth or Mr. Madison at Montpelier. In all he was at home one hundred and ninety-seven days while Secretary of State. During the same period Washing-

ton came to Mount Vernon nine times for two hundred and seventy-nine days. But that seat is only about half the distance from Philadelphia that is Monticello. Jefferson came home half as many times as did Washington, but his visits naturally, considering the double distance trailed, averaged longer. Any one who knows the route of the railways to-day between Philadelphia and Washington will recognize many of the place names along the roads Jefferson rode and drove, as he noted them in his account book: Chester, Newport, Elkton, Susquehannah, Bushtown, Baltimore, Elkridge, Georgetown, Alexandria, Colchester, Dumfries, and "Mr. Madison's."

He and James Madison were devoted friends. He generally, at this time and afterward, spent the night at "Mr. Madison's," as the expense book has it, in entering his tips to the servants there, and often they travelled back and forth together between their homes and the seat of government. Madison was the younger, his political protégé and his neighbour, for in those days and in those parts any one was a neighbour within a day's horseback ride, and Montpelier was only twenty-six miles from Monticello.

In the spring of 1791 Jefferson and Madison set out together on a month's journey through New York and New England. They visited Poughkeepsie, Albany, Fort Edward, Fort George, Crown Point, Saratoga, Bennington, Pittsfield, Northampton, Hartford, Jamaica, New York, South Amboy, Allentown, Bordentown, Burlington, Dan's Ferry, and Philadelphia. They covered nine hundred and twenty miles, of which

two hundred and fifty-six were water travel. This trip was often after talked over at Monticello for the benefit of the wondering grandchildren, and how much of an impression it made on one young lady among them will appear later.

Before Jefferson went to France he set out his expenses, of course, in pounds, shillings, and pence. On his return the amounts were accompanied by a capital D, the custom after the adoption of the new currency and before the now familiar dollar mark was used.

His experience as Governor of Virginia was a tempest in a teapot compared to the troubled waters he had to navigate as Secretary of State. The former situation was domestic, the latter was national. The political histories are packed with the warfare between Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury and Jefferson as Secretary of State, when, though both sat at Washington's table, they were in fact leading the two newly aligned and viciously antagonistic political parties, conducting an open feud. Jefferson began to feel the strain after a year. Early in 1792 he wrote to Monticello of "the desire of being at home once more, of exchanging labor, envy and malice, for ease, domestic occupation and domestic love and society; where I can once more be happy with you, with Mr. Randolph, and dear little Anne, with whom even Socrates might ride on a stick without being ridiculous. Indeed it is with difficulty that my resolution will bear me through what yet lies between the present day and that which, on mature consideration of all circumstances respecting myself and others, my mind has de-

terminated to be the proper one for relinquishing my office. Though not very distant it is not near enough for my wishes."

That seems to have been the beginning. It can scarcely be said, nevertheless, that he wanted so much to be at home as to be out of the political pot. The following summer Washington wrote letters to both his secretaries appealing for more mutual consideration. While at Monticello on his vacation Jefferson replied at length, remarking: "When I came into this office, it was with the resolution to retire from it as soon as I could with decency. . . . I look to that period with the longing of a wave-worn mariner, who has at length the land in view." The "wave-worn mariner" did not, however, step ashore until the end of the next year. In the meantime nearly every letter to his family spoke of his yearning to be at home with them, yet of his disinclination to retire under fire. The real writhing of his soul, however, he exposed to Madison in an avowal which concluded with this: "The motion of my blood no longer keeps time with the tumult of the world. It leads me to seek for happiness in the lap and love of my family, in the society of my neighbors and my books, and in the wholesome occupations of my farm and my affairs, in an interest or affection in every bud that opens, in every breath that blows around me, in an entire freedom of rest, of motion, of thought, owing account to myself alone of my hours and actions. What must be the principle of that calculation which should balance against these circumstances of my present existence,—worn down with labors from morning to night, and day to day; knowing them as fruitless to

others as they are vexatious to myself, committed singly in desperate and eternal contest against a host who are systematically undermining the public liberty and prosperity, even the rare hours of relaxation sacrificed to persons in the same intentions, of whose hatred I am conscious even in those moments of conviviality when the heart wishes most to open itself to the effusions of friendship and confidence, cut off from family and friends, my affairs abandoned to chaos and derangement, in short, giving everything I love in exchange for everything I hate, and all this without a single gratification in possession or prospect, in present enjoyment or future wish."

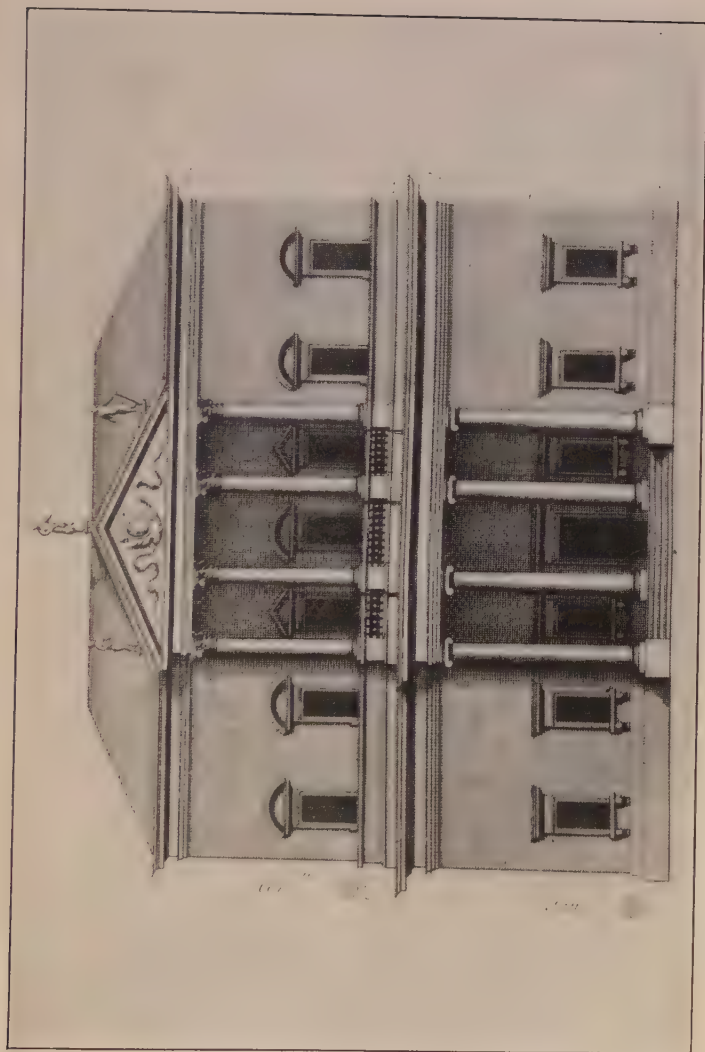
When, on December 31st, he finally insisted upon relief from his office, Washington replied handsomely the next day: "But I cannot suffer you to leave your station without assuring you, that the opinion which I had formed of your integrity and talents, and which dictated your original nomination, has been confirmed by the fullest experience; and that both have been eminently displayed in the discharge of your duty."

Four days later he set out for Monticello where he arrived on January 16th. He was welcomed home by Maria with her hair up and her skirts down, for she was all of sixteen now; by Martha and her husband; and also, much to his delight, by two toddlers, a girl of three and a boy of two, Anne Cary Randolph and Thomas Jefferson Randolph, his first grandchildren.

It is doubtful if he ever was at any other time so glad to be at home as now. He was fifty years old, he had been in the public service half of that time, and he imagined he was home to stay. That was natural,

but it was a delusion. He was the only real leader of the political party he had brought into being, and his enthusiasm for constructive statesmanship would have impelled him to public life even if his somewhat flattened purse had not. At the next general election after his retirement, he found himself the presidential candidate of his then-called Republican party. John Adams led the Federalists. There were no candidates for Vice-President at that time. The presidential candidate receiving the largest number of votes was declared elected President and the presidential candidate receiving the second largest number was declared elected Vice-President. The contest was close but Jefferson received fewer votes than Adams and became Vice-President. At the end of his term his party presented him as their presidential candidate again, and this time, in 1801, he was elected President, and he was re-elected in 1805, so that for twelve consecutive years, from 1797 to 1809, he was at Monticello only at intervals.

During his earlier absences as Vice-President, the Randolphs lived at the mansion, and had Maria with them, but, as soon as their little family grew, they were eager to have their own home. Randolph owned more than one estate in Virginia, and Jefferson was fearful that he might take Martha off to the James River. He used all his influence to retain them near him. As a result young Randolph settled his family at Edgehill, a few miles east of Monticello. But he had a hard time maintaining a home there. Such was Jefferson's devotion to Martha, to his grandchildren, and to his son-in-law, that he insisted on having them on the mountain



PALLADIO'S DRAWING

Which it is believed inspired the first Façade of Monticello

all the while that he was there. It was flattering and it was amiable, but it was a kindness that wrecked Randolph's independent home life. During such time as the Randolphs spent at Edgehill Monticello was closed and dark, except for the weekly airings by the manager or by Burwell, who was the domestic autocrat among the slaves. Bacon, latterly the manager, said of him: "He did not go to Washington. He [Jefferson] told me not to be at all particular with him—to let him do pretty much as he pleased, and to let him have pocket money occasionally, as he wanted it."

When absent Jefferson wrote home once a week, alternately to Martha, Maria, and Randolph. Of course, he reduced the operation to a schedule, as he did every operation of his life: "In my letter to Mr. Randolph last week I mentioned that I should write every Wednesday . . . and that my letters arriving at Monticello Saturday, and the answer being sent off on Sunday, I should have it the day before I should have to write again to the same person, so as that the correspondence with each would be exactly kept up." From this it is apparent that it required three weeks less one day for a letter to reach Monticello and an immediate answer to reach Philadelphia. Whatever the others may have done the spirited Maria rebelled against this harness. She wrote when the spirit moved her and the spirit seemed not to have been active or to have exhibited any regularity. Her doting but punctilious father complained often and bitterly.

His letters to his daughters reveal Jefferson in an amiable, playful, and ingratiating light. They confirm that old saying that "he was the father and mother

both to his motherless children.” The letters are full of simple sound precepts, anxiety for their comfort and health, a desire to divert and delight them, and evidences of the frequency with which he would lay aside nation-building to go out and buy ribbons and buttons and clothes for them:

“This is a scolding letter for you all. I have not received a scrip of a pen from home since I left it. I think it is so easy for you to write me one letter a week, which will be but once in the three weeks for each of you, when I write one every week, who have not one moment’s repose from business, from the first to the last moment of the week.

“Perhaps you think you have nothing to say to me. It is a great deal to say you are well; or that one has a cold, another a fever, etc.; besides there is not a sprig of grass that shoots uninteresting to me; nor anything that moves, from yourself down to Bergère or Grizzle. Write then, my dear daughter, punctually on your day, and Mr. Randolph and Polly on theirs.”

“I did not write to you, my dear Poll, the last week, because I was really angry at receiving no letter. I have now been nine weeks from home, and have never had a scrip of a pen, when by the regularity of the post I might receive your letters as frequently and as exactly as if I were at Charlottesville. I ascribed it at first to indolence, but the affection must be weak which is so long overruled by that.”

“On the 27th of February I saw blackbirds and robin-red-breasts, and on the 7th of this month I heard

frogs for the first time this year. Have you noted the first appearance of these things at Monticello? I hope you have, and will continue to note every appearance, animal and vegetable, which indicates the approach of spring, and will communicate them to me. By these means we will be able to compare the climates of Philadelphia and Monticello."

"My love to Maria. Tell her I have made a new law; which is, only to *answer* letters. It would have been her turn to have received a letter had she not lost it by not writing."

"I hope our correspondence will now be more regular, that you will no more be lazy and I no more in the pouts on that account," to Maria of course.

"No letter from Maria. I enjoin her as a penalty that the next shall be in French."

"Yours of the 12th did not get to hand till the 29th; so it must have laid by a post somewhere. The receipt of it, by kindling up all my recollections, increases my impatience to leave this place, and everything which can be disgusting, for Monticello and my dear family, comprising everything which is pleasurable to me in the world."

"We had peaches and Indian corn the 12th inst. When do they begin with you this year? . . . I enclose you one of Petit's receipts. The orthography will amuse you while the matter may be useful."

"Maria is well and lazy, and therefore will not write."

"By the stage which carries this letter I send you twelve yards of striped nankeen of the pattern enclosed. There are no stuffs here of the kind you sent."

"Let me beseech you not to destroy the powers of her [the baby's] stomach with medicine. Nature alone can reëstablish infant organs."

"Instead of waiting to send the two veils for your sister and yourself round with the other things, I enclose them with this letter. Observe that one of the strings is to be drawn tight round the root of the crown of the hat, and the veil then falling over the brim of the hat, is drawn by the lower string as tight or loose as you please round the neck. When the veil is not chosen to be down, the lower string is also tied round the root of the crown, so as to give the appearance of a puffed bandage for the hat. I send also enclosed the green lining for the calash."

"Follow closely your music, reading, sewing, house-keeping, and love me as I do you."

"Maria and I are scoring off the weeks which separate us from you."

When Jefferson was Vice-President he came home once a year, but the stays were long. While President, now in Washington, he came home twice every year except one, but the stays were comparatively brief. In the spring he usually spent a month on the mountain; then when, as he called it, "the sickly season" began in the city, the middle or end of July, he would go to Monticello and remain until the end of September. Just how much of a sinecure he found the Vice-Presidency in comparison with the Presidency is hinted in the fact that during the four years in the former office he spent eight hundred and seventy-six days at home, whereas in double that time, during the eight

years as chief executive, he spent only eight hundred and thirty-one days there.

The earlier vacations were, too, periods of unalloyed leisure; but during the Presidency the work was unremitting. The executive offices were in a measure transferred to Monticello during the late summer visits. It became the summer capital. Rooms had to be found in the neighbourhood for secretaries and clerks who worked in rooms on the mountain. Visitors on official business, beggars for political favours, and the usual visitors of courtesy or curiosity gave Jefferson and his family little privacy.

To facilitate communication between the offices at Washington and those at Monticello special relays of post riders were kept up between Monticello and Fredericksburg, where they picked up the mail from the riders on the main north and south route. This special presidential pony express rider was supposed to reach the top of the mountain at one o'clock each day and start back at once, but he was sometimes from three to five hours late. It was with a sigh of resignation, it may be imagined, rather than of regret, that the President turned back to Washington in the fall with his cavalcade.

In the earlier days of travel to the Congress, and indeed as long as the seat of government was at Philadelphia, he would use the stage between Fredericksburg and his northern destination. On his return to the little city at the head of the Rappahannock's tidal waters a servant would meet him with a wheeled vehicle or, when the roads were soft, with merely a saddle-horse. The stretch of road westward was through a

dreary abandoned country almost as far as Orange Court House. Even to-day these roads are flanked with dense rarely cleared forest. One of the great battles of the Civil War was fought there and they called it the Wilderness. After thirty miles, however, the way, on one of its turns from south to west, lifted over a slight rise, and before him, purple against the azure, was the soft outline of Piney Mountain, in Greene County, a low peak which stands detached to the east of the Blue Ridge like a promise of the range beyond. It was, in a way, his first contact with home, for Piney Mountain was one of the most conspicuous landmarks in his northward outlook from Monticello, and he referred to it often in illustrating the phenomenon of "looming." The way was then to "Mr. Madison's" Montpelier, and finally, according to the state of the roads, thirty miles along either the east or the west flank of the Southwest Mountains to Monticello.

Sometimes, when Secretary of State, he attempted the trip from Philadelphia in his own carriage or phaëton. But it occasionally would happen that these bottomless roads of the Eighteenth Century would compel him to abandon the vehicle, have it shipped around to Monticello by water, he then riding in the public stage and leading his horses until cramped and tired, when he would relieve himself with a spell in the saddle.

On one of the early trips homeward after his return from France there is a souvenir of his discovery in Milan. He had an odometer attached to his wheel and kept a record of the distance between points on the road to the very gate of Monticello where the odometer failed, but he figured that to that point he had travelled two

hundred and sixty-nine miles. Of the measurements of his new machine he noted: "These measures were on the belief that the wheel of the phaëton made exactly 360 revolutions in a mile, but on measuring it accurately at the end of the journey its circumference was 14f. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. & consequently made 354.95 revolutions in a mile. These numbers should be greater than in the proportion of 71.72 or a mile added to every 71."

It was in 1791 and he had set out from Philadelphia on September 2d. For the curious who are interested in tracing his route and in seeing what portion of it he covered each day, here is his schedule taken from his expense book:

- "Sep. 2 Set out for Monticello. Chestertown.
- Sep. 3 Wilmington. Christeen. Aitken's.
- Sep. 4 Head of Elk. North East. Charles-
town. Susquehanna.
- Sep. 5 Bushtown. Webster's.
- Sep. 6 Baltimore. Elkridge ferry. Spurg-
eon's. Willet's.
- Sep. 7 Bladensburg. Georgetown.
- Sep. 9 Fall's Church. Newgate. Redhouse.
Thornton's.
- Sep. 10 Barnet's. Germantown. Wykoff's.
Normansfield. Stode's [a friend's,
half a mile beyond Culpeper Court
House].
- Sep. 11 Stevensburg. Porter's Mill. Orange
Court House. Mr. Madison's.
- Sep. 12 Blue Run. Burlington. John Jones'.
Key's. Farm.

When President he sometimes would be driven out from Washington and halfway home in his coach, behind his four unfailing bays. At Culpeper or Fredericksburg, according to his route, he would be met by one of his black boys, generally Davy Bowles, with his chair and a team of horses. Then the coach would be returned to Washington and he would proceed by chaise to Monticello. When the summer capital broke up in the fall and moved back to Washington the procession must have been something of a sight. He referred to it as his "caravan."

It is estimated that this travel in stage, chaise, and saddle, taxed Jefferson for at least one solid year of his lifetime. It was, however, the custom of the period, and he had the latest and most comfortable types of vehicles and the finest bred horses then available. He was too practical a character not to have adapted himself to circumstances, not to have it believable that during many of those long empty days on the road, when the red and yellow Virginia mud slowed wheels or hoofs or both, he did not then resolve some of the most trying problems of government.

While he was in Philadelphia he had Maria with him for two years. Her cousin, John Wayles Eppes, was there at the same time, studying under the eye of her father. Here the story of the other sister and another student cousin in Paris seemed to be repeating itself. At any rate, after their Philadelphia days together Jack and Maria were the principals in the second wedding celebrated at Monticello, when they were married there, October 13, 1797. Maria, or Polly, or Poll, was her father's delight, and only an unselfish love could

have modified his sorrow in losing her. The preceding spring he wrote her: "I feel the desire of never separating from you growing daily stronger, for nothing can compensate with me the want of your society." Of Jack Eppes he wrote Martha that he could not have found for Maria a husband more to his wishes "if I had had the whole earth free to have chosen a partner for her." He begged them to live at Monticello but they went instead to live at Eppington on the James, later, after nearly five years, coming so near as Edgehill. Like her mother Maria was frail in maternity. When Jefferson passed by Edgehill, on his return home in the spring of 1804, to gather up the Randolph family and take them on to Monticello as was his custom, he took Maria and her two babies too, but she made this trip up the mountain on a litter.

That spring Jefferson lost his darling Poll a second time. She died April 17th and was buried below the brow of the mountain, under the oaks of the family burying ground, near her mother and brother and sisters. To his old friend John Page, the sorrowing father wrote: "I in my want have lost the half of all I had."

During Jefferson's presidency, as a rule, Mrs. Madison (Dolly Madison), whose husband was Secretary of State, presided at the entertainments at the White House, except during two winters. Martha Randolph came up from Albemarle for the winter of 1802-03 and took her place at the head of her father's domestic establishment, and again, two years later, doubtless to alleviate his loneliness in the loss of Maria, she returned and was his hostess in the executive mansion for another winter.

Jefferson's eight years from home at the White House were quite probably the most agreeable official experience he had after his satisfaction in having written the Declaration of Independence and in writing the Virginia laws destroying primogeniture and in establishing equality of religions. His only considerable difficulty was with the treason of Aaron Burr. His principal constructive enterprises rounded out the present continental bloc of the United States. His first measure, however, was the great contribution to our acquaintance with the unknown lands between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean when he sent thither the epic expedition of Lewis and Clark. Meriwether Lewis was Jefferson's neighbour and had been his secretary. His second and third measures were the purchases of Florida and Louisiana, the latter concluded under Monroe, thereby adding to the territory of the United States, in the acquisition of Louisiana alone, a larger and more valuable area of land than a national executive ever, by purchase or conquest, added permanently to his national state.

At the end of his second term he remained in Washington to see his lifelong friend, James Madison, inaugurated President. He did not set out for Monticello until March 11th and reached there four days later. His first letter thereafter was to Madison, and in it he said: "I had a very fatiguing journey home, having found the roads excessively bad, though I have seen them worse. The last three days I found it better to be on horse-back, and travelled eight hours through as disagreeable a snow-storm as I was ever in. Feeling no

inconvenience but fatigue, I have more confidence in my *vis vitæ* than I had before entertained."

All his letters at this time disclose his great satisfaction at being again at Monticello. He, of course, expressed himself in the rhetorical figures which were the colloquialisms of fashion at the time. Having "gained the harbor" he looks on his "friends still buffetting the storm with anxiety indeed, but not with envy." He is "held by the cord of love" to his family. He now refers to himself as the "hermit of Monticello." He meant to say by all this that he was tired of the burden and grind of public business; he was sixty-six years old, in sound health, and he wanted to enjoy the remainder of his days in the house which he loved with the passion it justified. He did not go much farther than one hundred miles from Monticello during the remaining nineteen years which were allotted to him to dwell there.

CHAPTER VII

Monticello Finished after Thirty Years—Jefferson's Delight in Architecture—Description of the Mansion and the Supporting Buildings—An Open Rectangle—A House Full of Ideas—Beds Built in the Walls—A Disappearing Bed Between Two Rooms—Grooved Floors without Tongues—The Great Clock with Two Faces—Fox-and-geese Ladder—Ingenious Weather-vane in the Portico Ceiling—Interior Furnishings—Gardens—Forty Miles of Bridle Paths on Monticello Lands.

THE building of Monticello, from the levelling of the mountain top until the house was finally completed as it was lived in by Jefferson during the final third of his life, and as it survives to-day, spanned a period of thirty-five years.

The house that de Chastellux saw in 1782 remained unchanged for more than a decade. In the interval an extensive alteration of Jefferson's idea of his home had developed. This change might have developed on this side of the ocean with no other influence than the extension of his reading, for his mind was progressive and acquisitive to a marked degree. The belief obtains, however, that his observations abroad germinated the new ideas which thereafter took form when he rebuilt his house a few years after his return.

While Secretary of State he was distant from home continually except for a single hurried annual visit of about one month's duration. This gave him time only to look after the current upkeep and repairs at Monti-

cello in connection with quick trips farther south and west to his other estates, whose carrying on also demanded some of his attention. But, from the moment he made up his mind to retire from Washington's cabinet he began to be interested in the rebuilding of his house.

Workmen were crossing the ocean on their way here in the early summer of 1793. Some sort of activity followed, for, the spring next following, he wrote a friend that he had begun the tearing down of parts of the standing house to prepare for the alterations, but, he added, "we shall have the eye of a brick kiln to poke you into or an octagon to air you in." He hoped to finish the building that summer, in which he was wrong by just eight years.

Among the visitors at Jefferson's home in 1796 were two foreigners whose descriptions of what they saw there have been preserved in their published writings. One was Isaac Weld, and his account is not satisfactory. The other was the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and his account of Monticello at the moment of his visit was sufficiently extensive and accurate to carry on the story of the building with satisfaction:

"The house stands on the summit of a mountain, and the taste and arts of Europe have been consulted in the formation of the plan. Mr. Jefferson had commenced its construction before the American Revolution; since that epocha his life has been constantly engaged in public affairs, and he has not been able to complete the execution of the whole extent of the project which it seems he had at first conceived. That part of the building which was finished has suffered from the suspension of

the work, and Mr. Jefferson, who two years since resumed the habits and leisure of private life, is now employed in repairing the damage occasioned by this interruption, and still more by his absence; he continues his original plan and even improves on it, by giving to his buildings more elevation and extent. He intends that they shall consist of only one story, crowned with balustrades; and a dome is to be constructed in the centre of the structure. The apartments will be large and convenient; the decoration, both outside and inside, simple, yet regular and elegant. Monticello, according to its first plan, was infinitely superior to all other houses in America, in point of taste and convenience; but at that time Mr. Jefferson had studied taste and the fine arts in books only. His travels in Europe have supplied him with models; he has appropriated them to his design; and his new plan, the execution of which is already much advanced, will be accomplished before the end of next year, and then his house will certainly deserve to be ranked with the most pleasant mansions in France and England."

That same fall "the severest weather ever known" arrested his "buildings very suddenly, when eight days more would have completed my walls, and permitted us to cover in." In a few months he was elected Vice-President and during the ensuing four years work lagged. The north end was still unroofed through the winter of 1798-99, and, when he arrived in March, he sighed: "It seems as if I should never get it habitable." Nevertheless, he did manage to live there, and in some considerable part no doubt for, from time to

time, he had with him his daughters and their families and guests.

It is singular that more work was not done during his Vice-Presidency inasmuch as he averaged twice as many days at home each of those four years as during the succeeding eight years of the Presidency. One is tempted to conclude that his private means, even augmented by his salary as Vice-President, were not equal to the demand of finishing the house, but that, when his salary increased in 1801, from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, he felt equal to the concluding work; were it not that one of his family said that the expense of maintaining himself in every office he ever held, except the Vice-Presidency, was greater than the salary it paid him.

The house appears to have been completed in all essentials during his first term as President. He spent on it more than \$2,000 in 1801 and \$3,500 in 1802. In connection with the fact that he used his own slaves, teams, timber, nails, and brick, these sums must have represented a considerable amount of finishing work in those days.

The house was one of his playthings as long as he lived. It may have been that he preferred not to feel that nothing more could be done to it. Work on it, in some degree, seemed always to have been going on. Indeed, he is reported to have said: "And so I hope it will remain during all my life, as architecture is my delight, and putting up and pulling down, one of my favorite amusements."

In forming an acquaintance with the Virginia plantation house it can scarcely be conceived apart from

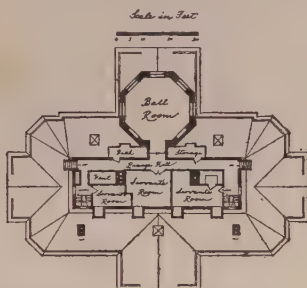
its subsidiary buildings. The domestic offices were rarely in the mansion, or "big house," as it was called by the servants, but in smaller buildings, generally related to it formally in position and architectural style, sometimes attached to it by "curtains" or, as in the unique case of Mount Vernon, by curved open colonnades. They were always in evidence as a part of the domestic group either on the main level or in basements. Jefferson's principal innovation in building Monticello was not that he had attached to his house all the domestic accessories, but that he kept them invisible from the porticos and lawns where the family lived and entertained out of doors. It was for this scheme that he adopted a ground plan directly out of Palladio. This consists of a rectangle open on one side. The mansion stands in the centre of the side connecting the two other sides which extend at right angles from it, much like the position of the short centre extension or tongue in the letter E.

After the colonial custom the house does not stand square with the cardinal points of the compass. Its fronts and ends face more nearly to the secondary points. However, the cardinal points have generally been used in all descriptions. The private front, facing the lawns which begin within the rectangle, is known as the west front, and the opposite or approach front is known as the east front.

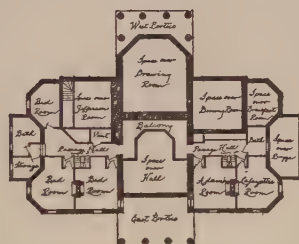
The open rectangle, on which the entire domestic establishment was based, embraces the top of one end of the plateau in such a way that the roofs of the offices became terraced walks near the level of the lawn. Nevertheless, the falling away of the mountain left the



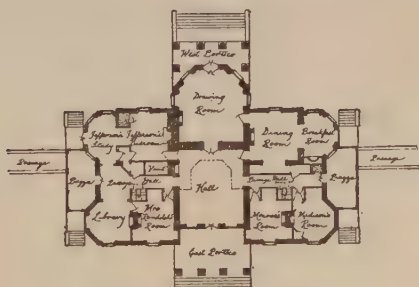
The Floor Plans of Monticello



Plan of the Third Story



Plan of the Second Story



Plan of the First Story

Thomas Jefferson's Home near Charlottesville, Virginia

Measured & Drawn by Robert G. Taylor

rooms in the offices open to light and air on their entirely exposed outer side. Here their doors gave on an open colonnaded passage, which afforded protection from the rain and provided grateful shade on the long hot Southern summer days.

At the termination of these parallel extensions stand one-story brick houses, measuring twenty feet square, their basements connecting with the submerged offices. Of these buildings the one to the north was Jefferson's office as long as he practised law. That to the south seems always to have been a dwelling from the time presumably when he came to live there a bachelor after the burning of his mother's house, Shadwell, in 1770, and certainly from the time he and his bride trudged up the mountain in the January blizzard of 1772 to spend their honeymoon amid the snows of Monticello.

The accepted description of the mansion is that given prior to 1871 by "a member of Mr. Jefferson's family who lived there for many years":

"The mansion, externally, is of the Doric order of Grecian architecture, with its heavy cornice and massive balustrades, its public rooms finished in the Ionic. The front hall of entrance recedes six feet within the front wall of the building, covered by a portico the width of the recess, projecting twenty-five feet, and the height of the house, with stone pillars and steps. The hall is also the height of the house. From about midway of this room, passages lead off to either extremity of the building. The rooms at the extremity of these passages terminate in octagonal projections, leaving a recess of three equal sides, into which the passages en-

ter; piazzas the width of this recess, projecting six feet beyond, their roofs the height of the house, and resting on brick architecture, cover the recesses. The northern one connects the house with the public terrace, while the southern one is sashed in for a green-house. To the east of these passages, on each side of the hall, are lodging-rooms. This front is one-and-one-half stories. The west front the rooms occupy the whole height, making the house one story, except the parlour or central room, which is surmounted by an octagonal story, with a dome or spherical roof. This was designed for a billiard-room; but, before completion, a law was passed prohibiting public or private billiard-tables in the State. It was to have been approached by stairways connected with a gallery at the inner extremity of the hall, which itself forms the communication between the lodging-rooms on either side above. The use designed for the room being prohibited, these stairways were never erected, leaving in this respect a great deficiency in the house.

“The parlor projects twenty feet beyond the body of the house, covered by a portico one story, and surmounted by the billiard-room. The original plan of the projection was square; but when the cellar was built up to the floor above, the room was projected beyond the square by three sides of an octagon, leaving the place beyond the cellar-wall not excavated, and it was in this place that the faithful Cæsar and Martin concealed their master’s plate when the British visited Monticello. The floor of this room is in squares, the squares being ten inches, of the wild cherry, very hard, susceptible of a high polish, and the color

of mahogany. The border of each square, four inches wide, is of beech, light-colored, hard, and bearing a high polish. Its original cost was two hundred dollars. After nearly seventy years of use and abuse, a half-hour's dusting and brushing will make it compare favourably with the handsomest tessellated floor."

From this description were omitted, however, interesting structural features of Monticello. In each of the lateral passages extending off the reception hall toward the ends of the house are identical stairways. They are so compact as to make them more possible than convenient. The stairs descending into the basement are thirty-one inches wide. Those ascending, by two rectangular turns, to the upper floor are only twenty-two inches wide. There is no grand stairway in this otherwise splendid house. The curious difference between the widths of the ascending and descending stairways may be accounted for by the difference in the space required for descent into the shallow basement in comparison with the ascent to the lofty second story. The impractical width of the ascending stairways indicates also that Jefferson considered the upper stories as of secondary importance. The heads of the family and their principal guests lodged and lived exclusively on the first floor. The grandchildren, and the secretaries when they were in attendance, were relegated to the second floor, and the personal servants to the attic rooms. There are four bedrooms on the first floor, five on the second and four in the attic.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the house is the way Jefferson built the beds into the masonry. In

his day there was not a bedstead in the house. There are recesses, enclosed by walls on three sides, in every room in the house, and in each of the servants' rooms in the attic there are two such recesses. In some of these remain hooks on which hung supports for laced hemp cordage which supported ticks or mattresses.

In the case of Jefferson's own bed there was a variation. It opened on two sides, into his bedroom and into his private study at one end of his library. This was probably less as a convenience of approach than to establish a welcome circulation of air which was absent from all the other beds in the house. There is a tradition that Jefferson had so rigged his bed that during the day it was raised to the ceiling and the space in which it stood by night became by day a passage between his bedroom and his study.

In the basement of the mansion were the kitchen, wine cellar and storerooms. The rooms along the transverse passage connecting the parallel passages, as shown on his plans, were never built. The offices along this level at right angles to this walled passage were designed, on the south side, for laundry, dairy, smoke room and brewing room, and on the north side, for corn room, "chariot house," and stabling for twenty horses. An informal description of them was given in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, presumably from memory, by Edmund Bacon, who had been manager of the estate for Jefferson for nearly twenty years between 1800 and 1820: "Under the house and the terraces that surrounded it, were the cisterns, ice-house, cellar, kitchen, and rooms for all sorts of purposes. His servants' rooms were on one side. They

were very comfortable, warm in winter and cool in summer. There were rooms for vegetables, fruit, cider, wood, and every other purpose."

A comparison of the descriptions by de Chastellux of the original house and by others of the succeeding mansion, shows that the ground plan of that first house coincided roughly with an outline which would include the present drawing room, dining room, and bedroom occupied by Jefferson. Thus it is evident that the former house was only about a quarter the size of its successor.

The construction of the floors is unusual in strength and method. The joists under the first floor are white oak, hand-hewn, are eight inches by four, and are laid nine inches apart. The intervals are packed with broken brick and cement, and are sealed from below. Every plank in the flooring is grooved on two edges. None had a tongue. Detached walnut tongues, the width of the sum of the depth of the two contiguous grooves, united the planks, and iron pins held them in place. The parquet floor in the drawing room is laid over a supporting floor of two-inch white oak.

On the west front the window openings rise immediately from the floor. Each one is guarded on the outside by a wooden screen. Once when Madison was visiting at Monticello he is said to have been sitting at the dining-room window with his chair tilted and lost his balance and fell backward out of the window to the ground four feet below. Next morning Mr. Jefferson directed his joiner to build, and set in, the screen guards which have ever since been in all the windows there which rise directly from the floor.

Every door in the house is solid mahogany. All the sash is of solid walnut, and, in spite of some large panes, of a delicacy and apparent frailty that makes one wonder at its endurance. The hardware, which seems in most cases to have been hand-wrought, is often exquisite and frequently ingenious. On the interior he put catches which engaged automatically as each door swung full open and held it in place. The large double glass doors between the reception hall and the drawing room were so equipped that when one opened or shut one panel the other panel automatically swung in harmony with it. The mechanism was concealed in the panelling above. The ingenious features remain in place to-day and work apparently with all their original perfection.

In the ceiling of the east portico is a compass, of a diameter of two feet, connected with a weather vane on the roof. Here also is a clock face of the same dimensions over the door, a duplicate face on the wall of the reception hall inside, the hands of which were controlled by works set into the wall between. In a nearby corner of the hall may still be seen the great crank to wind the clock and an ingenious "fox-and-geese" ladder to reach the clock when it required winding. Jefferson spent much of his time in this east portico when sitting out of doors and he could tell the hour or the direction of the wind without leaving his chair. When strolling on his lawn, at whatever distance, he could without returning tell the hour from the bold clock face.

Descriptions of the interior furnishings vary slightly. One of the fullest accounts written during Jefferson's

lifetime was that of a visitor in the summer of 1816, reproduced in *Niles' Register* of the following January:

“The library is extensive and contains, as it might indeed be expected, a vast collection of rare and other valuable works, on all subjects and in all languages.

“Mr. Jefferson has a large collection of mathematical, philosophical and optical instruments and Indian curiosities. Among the latter are busts of a male and female, sitting in Indian position. They are supposed to be of great antiquity, and to have been formed by the Indians; they were ploughed up in the state of Tennessee; are of very hard stone and are considerably defaced. There is also in the hall a representation of a battle between the Panis and Osages, also a map of the Missouri and its tributary streams, both executed by Indians on dressed buffalo hides; bows, arrows, poisoned lances, pipes of peace, wampum belts, mockasins, etc., several dresses and cooking utensils, of the Mandan and other nations of the Missouri.

“The statuary in the hall consists of a colossal bust of Mr. Jefferson, by ——. It is on a truncated column, on the pedestal of which are represented the twelve tribes of Israel, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac. A full length figure of Cleopatra, in a reclining position, after she had applied the asp; and the busts of Voltaire and Thurgot, in plaister; there is likewise a model of one of the pyramids of Egypt.

“In the parlor are busts of the Emperors Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France sitting on columns, and a sleeping Venus.

"In the bow of the dining-room, are busts of Gen. Washington, Dr. Franklin, Marquis de Lafayette, and Paul Jones in plaister.

"The collection of paintings is considered by connoisseurs to be of the first rate; among them is the Ascension, by Poussin; the holy Family, by Raphael. Scourging of Christ, by Reubens; Crucifixion, by Guido; and a great many other scriptural and historical pieces, by the first masters; portraits, prints, medallions, medals, etc., of celebrated characters and events.

"The collection of natural curiosities, is tolerably extensive, and consists of mammoth and other bones, horns of different kinds, a head of the mountain ram, petrifications, chrystalizations, minerals, shells, etc. In short it is supposed there is no private gentleman in the world, in possession of so perfect and complete a scientific, useful and ornamental collection."

The year before that account was written, George Ticknor had been there, and wrote a letter full of his observations, which came to light long afterward. Among his descriptions are:

"You enter, by a glass folding-door, into a hall which reminds you of Fielding's 'Man of the Mountain,' by the strange furniture of the walls. On one side hang the head and horns of an elk, a deer and a buffalo; another is covered with curiosities which Lewis and Clark found in their wild and perilous expedition. On the third, among many other striking matters, was the head of a mammoth, or, as Cuvier calls it, a mastodon, containing the only *os frontis*, Mr. Jef-

erson tells me, that has yet been found. On the fourth side, in odd union with a fine painting of the Repentance of Saint Peter, is an Indian map on leather, of the southern waters of the Missouri, and an Indian representation of a bloody battle, handed down in their tradition. . . .

"Here [in the drawing-room] are the best pictures of the collection. Over the fireplace is the Laughing and Weeping Philosophers, dividing the world between them, on its right the earliest navigators to America, —Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, Magellan, etc.,—copied, Mr. Jefferson said, from originals in the Florence Gallery. Farther round, Mr. Madison in the plain, Quaker-like dress of his youth, Lafayette in his Revolutionary uniform, and Franklin in the dress in which we always see him. There were other pictures, and a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration."

These observers seem to have overlooked, however, other evidences of Jefferson's adoption of the ingenious. When reading, and often when writing, he employed a *chaise-longue*. By his side was a table built so that it could be drawn over the leg rest of this chair. The top of this table circled on a pivot. In addition to the usual writing materials it held his polygraph, so that while resting on his half-couch, he could make notes or he could write letters with automatic duplicate copies. An even more ingenious table relieved him of the tedium of reading and writing in one position. Its legs were hollow and contained rods by which he could raise the top to a height that made it convenient for him to write on it while standing up. The rods were

moved independently of each other so that the top could be tilted for writing or reading and doubtless served him as a drawing board in his architectural work.

Evidences of flower gardens at Monticello have long since disappeared. But Jefferson's letters refer often to the flowers there and his notebooks frequently record the appearance of the first blossoms in the spring. Among his surviving architectural drawings, in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society, there is a rough ground plan of the plateau and projected buildings, dated 1772 and 1783, on which the lawn on either side the steps to the west portico is dotted off into two large balanced rectangles which suggest an incipient plan for a formal garden.

His vegetable gardens were just below the crest on the south side of the mountain. Wherever his earlier gardens may have been, he directed a new one to be made on the south side of the mountain just below the crest. For this the workmen had to blow out the rock to make the walls supporting the terraces, and then lay a rich soil throughout. It carried, in addition to all sorts of vegetables, a great variety of figs, grapes, and other small fruits. "It was so high that it never failed," said Bacon. "Mr. Jefferson sent home a great many kinds of trees and shrubbery from Washington. I used to send a servant there with a great many fine things from Monticello for his table, and he would send back the cart loaded with shrubbery from a nursery near Georgetown, that belonged to a man named Maine, and he would always send me directions what to do with it. He always knew all about everything in every part of his grounds and garden. He

knew the name of every tree, and just where one was dead or missing."

The entire mountain was in forest except for the clearing at the top on which stood his mansion, lawns, and gardens. He threaded this forest with footpaths, bridle paths and carriage roads. His Roundabout Walk has already been referred to. Mr. Rhodes, who has been manager at Monticello since January 1, 1889, told me that, on Monticello and its adjacent lands, Jefferson had developed forty miles of bridle paths.

When Jefferson had completed Monticello and settled there to spend the remainder of his long life, he had built an extraordinary career as author of the Declaration of Independence, first sole Minister Plenipotentiary to France, first Secretary of State of the new republic, Vice-President by virtue of having failed of election as President by only a few votes, finally, third President of the United States during two terms. He was not only the most distinguished living American but one of the greatest men America had produced, and in the enlightened circles of Europe he was scarcely less famous than at home.

This story, having followed him through his youth and public life, will now follow him into such retirement as his fame permitted him, so as to indicate further his astonishing many-sidedness in his life on his little mountain.

Though still full of vigour he was surfeited with public life. It held no greater honours than he had already attained. So with relief and relaxation, as on the morning of a holiday, he abandoned himself to the diversions which were his passion and his joy.

CHAPTER VIII

A Country Gentleman of the Young Republic—Lands and their Divisions into Farms—A Self-sufficient Estate—Division of Fields—Rotation of Crops—Implements—The Nailery, the Mill, and the Canal—Sheep from Spain—Thoroughbred Horses—Personnel of the Monticello Farms—Overseers and Slaves—Jefferson's Body-servant Jupiter—His Hostler Davy Bowles—House Women—Favourite Workmen.

JEFFERSON now entered upon the playtime of his life.

"I am leading a life of considerable activity as a farmer," he wrote a relative. To Kosciusko he wrote: "I talk of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting with my neighbors and politics, too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do as I please without being responsible for it to any mortal."

He loved the soil for the miracles of its yield, and he was elaborately theoretical about everything connected with it. But he was not a dirt farmer, he never put his hand to a plough. He was a country gentleman. He confessed himself, in continuing the remark quoted above: "Something pursued with ardor is necessary to guard us from the *tedium vitæ*."

Yet, in so far as he was ever again anything professionally, he was a farmer.

He had an especial appreciation of agriculture in economics and in its effect on character. He held it first among the sciences for utility and declared it ought to be first in respect. He had an equally high appreciation of "those who labour in the earth," proclaiming them "the chosen people of God, if ever He had a chosen people, whose breasts He made His peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. . . . Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators of the earth is a phenomenon of which no age nor nation has furnished an example." Such was his favourite text. He repeated it with varying changes, as when he wrote John Jay: "Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country and wedded to its liberty by the most lasting bonds." He believed "the greatest service which can be rendered any country is to add an useful plant to its culture," and it was his constant effort in public life to introduce on this continent new food plants.

But appreciation and theory alone do not make even one blade, much less two blades, grow where none grew before. In practice he was energetic, inquiring, advanced, everything a farmer should be apparently, except successful. Yet he was without illusion or pretense; he pleaded that his whole life had been passed in occupations which kept him from any minute attention to his land and now he found himself "with only very general ideas of the theory of agriculture, without actual experience. . . . I am indeed an unskilled manager of my farms. . . . I am but a learner; an eager one indeed, but yet desperate, being too old to

learn a new art." He meant the practice of an art. He was never too old for the theory of anything. His mind was perennially young. If he was not too skilful as a farmer and had little in the bank, he nevertheless had abundance on his table for family and friends, and a good time every minute.

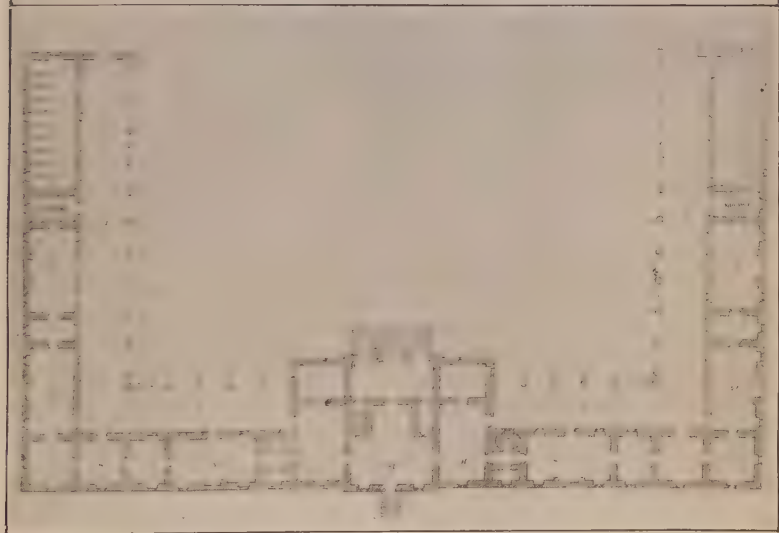
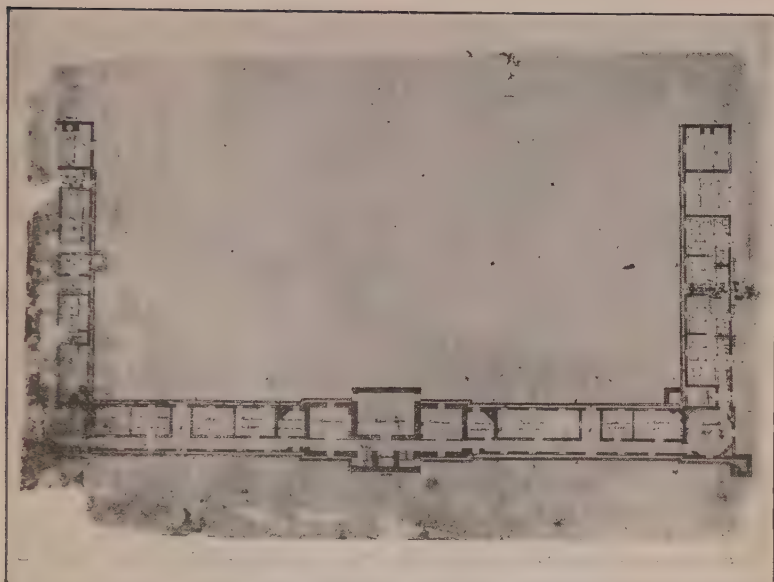
He was continually proclaiming his enthusiasm for one thing and another, so it is not surprising that he declared that he "found no occupation so delightful . . . as the cultivation of the earth," and that he knew "of no condition happier than that of a Virginia farmer."

Like the optimist that he was his cheerful outlook was over rather than through the fog of debts in which he left the Presidency. He came from Washington owing twenty-four thousand dollars, a staggering amount in those days. It is said he had to borrow money to make a respectable exit from the capital. And to meet this and the future his only source of revenue for the rest of his life was the yield of his acres.

As land was his only investment one may deduce the extent of his estate at the time of his marriage by a remark in his autobiography and an entry in one of his memorandum books. In the former, he said, in connection with the death of his father-in-law: "the portion which came to Mrs. Jefferson . . . was about equal to my patrimony, and consequently doubled the ease of our circumstances." The other entry listed the lands he had from Mr. Wayles, and they were Poplar Forest of 4,819 acres and Judith's Creek of 2,042 acres in Bedford County, and the Forest of 415 acres, Dogham's of 235 acres and Stith's of 1,480 acres in Charles

City County. In 1792 he referred to his Monticello estate as of "five or six thousand acres" and to his two thousand acres across the river from it. The latter included Pantops which he afterward lost for a store account. When he retired from public life, however, he owned ten thousand acres which his farm book lists with great particularity. Yet that list makes no mention of land he is known to have at one time had at Natural Bridge, nor of that estate called Elk Hill, or Elk Hall, on the James, which the British laid waste when they devastated Virginia in the summer of 1781. One of the farms on the James got away in an odd manner. Curtis tells the story: "On his marriage . . . Jefferson received, as his wife's dower, property which was valued at forty thousand dollars, but with a British debt on it of thirteen thousand dollars. He sold land to pay this debt, and the Virginia Legislature having passed a resolution to the effect that the State would protect whoever would deposit in the state Treasury the amount of their British debts, he deposited the proceeds in the Treasury. This resolution was afterwards rescinded, and the money was returned in Treasury certificates. The depreciation was so great, that the value of those received by Jefferson was laid out in an overcoat; so that in after years, when riding by the farm which he had sold to procure the thirteen thousand dollars deposited in the state Treasury, he would smile and say: 'I sold that farm for an overcoat.'"

There is light on the value at which he held his buildings at Monticello in a little table in his expense book, August 17, 1800: "Assured my houses with Mr. Ast as follows:



GROUND PLAN OF THE DOMESTIC ESTABLISHMENT

At Monticello. Above, Jefferson's drawing. Below, Palladio's drawing from which it is believed Jefferson adopted his plan

	<i>Estimated</i>	<i>Insured</i>	<i>Premium</i>
Dwelling House	5000D	4000	60.
Outchamber	400	320	4.8
Storehouse	300	240	3.6
Joiner's shop	400	320	9.6
Stable	200	160	5.8
	6300	5040	83.8
		Exp	7.5
			<u>91.3"</u>

A few years later these same buildings and the mountain under them sold for less than half that estimate. A century later they sold for nearly one hundred times as much!

With fifty-two hundred contiguous acres he kept not much more than thirteen hundred acres at work for him. These lands were divided into four farms, each with its overseer in charge of a force of slaves. After the Southern plantation custom the slaves on each farm lived in a group of buildings on the farm they worked, and this was called "quarters."

De la Rochefoucauld reported this system in operation at Monticello when he was there: "He divided all his lands under cultivation into four farms, and every farm into seven fields of forty acres. Each farm consists, therefore, of two hundred and eighty acres. His system of rotation embraces seven years. And this is the reason why each farm is divided into seven fields." This did not include the cleared and yielding land at the base of the mountain near the river. This was divided

into three fields of sixty acres each, which he called Northfield, Riverfield, and Belfield.

The fields on each farm were not fenced from one another. The lines between them were marked by hedges of peach trees. As for pasture, so far as is known, he seems to have turned his cattle into the woods and left them to forage there.

Jefferson in his youth fell in with the then current policy of the Southern planter and taxed his soil heavily for corn and tobacco. Later he saw the error of this and said that he had banished both. It seemed as if he had, from the table of rotation of crops which he quoted to Washington: "I have therefore determined on a division of my farm into six fields, to be put under this rotation: first year, wheat; second, corn, potatoes, peas; third, rye or wheat, according to circumstances; fourth and fifth, clover where the fields will bring it, and buckwheat dressings where they will not; sixth, folding, and buckwheat dressings. But it will take me from three to six years to get this plan under way." Two years later he extended the rotation from six to seven years. De la Rochefoucauld gives the sequence in which he found him rotating his crops: "In the first of the seven years wheat is cultivated; in the second, Indian corn; in the third, pease or potatoes; in the fourth, vetches; in the fifth wheat; in the sixth and seventh, clover." He had reduced corn to one year in seven and tobacco seems to have been eliminated.

There was no longer the reason for raising heavy tobacco crops that urged the colonists to this policy, for that plant was no longer a currency. Yet, in his diary for 1799, he noted September 8th, that he had at Mon-

ticello more than thirteen thousand pounds of tobacco made and unsold. At Poplar Forest at the same time he had on hand more than thirty thousand pounds of the same crop. It was the old trap which has caught farmers since ploughs have turned soil. The disfavour of tobacco as a crop set the price soaring, Jefferson and apparently everyone else at once produced tobacco, over-produced it of course, hence those bulging tobacco barns at Monticello. And tobacco is a crop that cannot be fed.

One sound agricultural theory Jefferson stood for firmly, and that was deep ploughing. But the perversity of his labour probably broke his spirit on this point for they continued merely to scratch the surface. Nearly twenty years later he was driven to raising cotton, because he had his slaves to clothe and his spinners to keep busy and no cotton could he buy.

One of Jefferson's very early experiments at Monticello was the cultivation of grapes for making wine. He was one of a company which, just before the Revolution, brought from Italy an intelligent man named Philip Mazzei and a group of Tuscan vignerons. He bought Collé, an estate adjoining Monticello, and there began to plant vineyards on the hillsides. When the war came on Mazzei returned to Europe on a mission for Virginia and, the Saratoga prisoners having been brought into the neighbourhood, Collé was rented to the Baron de Riedesel and his amiable frau. Their horses "finished the vineyards in a week." Some of the Tuscans found employment at Monticello. Jefferson had some native vines in bearing and these the Italians reset and attended with apparent success for, after

they had been with him a year, he sent wine down to Williamsburg to his beloved old friend, Dr. William Small. He tried orange trees with "new shoots from old roots brought from Italy in 1775" to Collé. It was like him to be curious about a new specimen, and these Italians were apparently the first of their race he had encountered up to that time. He seems to have experimented with all they had, for adjacent pages of the Garden Book for 1774 have names of vegetables going into his garden which must have sounded strange indeed to the black boys sent to hoe them, though, for his own information, he generally set opposite each name its English equivalent:

"Aglia di Terracina. Garlic.

Raddichio di Pistoia. Succory or wild endive.

Salsafia.

Cippole bianche di Tuckahoe. The Spanish onion of Millar.

Salvastrella di Pisa.

Cochlearia di Pisa (scurvy grass or perhaps horseradish).

Prezzemolo. Parsley.

Spinace. Spinach.

Carote di Pisa. Carrots.

Lattuga. Lettuce.

Meliache e Albicocche (2 different kinds of apricots).

Cirieghe corniole (a particular kind of cherry).

Lamponi. Raspberries.

Fragole (strawberries) Alpine and Maggese.

Faginoli d'Augusta.

Cocomere di Pistoia. Watermelons.

Cocomere di seme Niapolitane.

Zatte di Massa. Muskmelons."

Not all these seeds came from Italy; certainly not the "Cippole bianche di Tuckahoe." The local names attached to them suggest strongly that, though some of them were of Italian origin, he may have used the Italian names as the mere diversion of a dilettante or to school himself in the Italian language, so as to be able to discuss the plants with his Tuscan gardeners.

Jefferson was a pioneer on this side of the Atlantic in the use of agricultural implements. He had a corn-cob crusher, a sheller, a drilling machine, and a threshing machine, at least. He was at pains in 1793 to import a model of a threshing machine invented by a Scot named Martin. The machine was built in Virginia and it is not surprising to find Jefferson at once improving it with new devices. This machine did not weigh more than two thousand pounds and was conveyed from farm to farm in a wagon. It had a capacity of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels a day of eight hours with five men and six horses.

Living on an almost exclusively agricultural continent he was obliged, as was every large landholder at that time, to manufacture extensively on his own estate. Cotton was grown and wool was raised on the hoof there that, without going outside his own fences, clothed the slaves and, in some degree, the family. An even more profitable enterprise was the nailery. Here were

manufactured all the nails which went into his buildings, and those sold off the place returned a considerable profit. On the banks of the Rivanna he had a stone grist mill and built a canal three quarters of a mile long to lead the water over its wheel. From his mill site merchandise was transported to points as distant as Philadelphia.

Bacon, for a long time manager at Monticello, gave a quaint account of how the flour was marketed: "I used to sell a good deal of flour in Richmond. . . . I used to send it down on bateaux. I remember sending off at one time three bateau loads—between two hundred and fifty and three hundred barrels—made of new wheat. I started on horseback in order to get to Richmond before the flour. When I told the landlord I had new flour on the way, 'Well, sir,' said he, 'you will be certain to get a good price for it, for there is hardly a barrel in the city.' I had a notice circulated that a lot of new flour would arrive, and be sold at the river at four o'clock. There was a large crowd, and I sold every barrel, at fourteen dollars a barrel, as fast as it could be rolled ashore, and it didn't begin to supply the demand. I got my money from the bank, and started after supper, and rode home that night. It was just sixty-three miles; but I had a fine sorrel mare that Mr. Jefferson appropriated for my use, and I made it easily. As soon as I got home, I went directly to Mr. Jefferson's room with the money. I remember it distinctly. It was the first money of the old United States Bank I had ever seen. The bills were new out of the bank, and very pretty. Mr. Jefferson, you know, was always very strongly opposed to the United States Bank.

As I paid it over to him, I remarked that it was very handsome money. 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'and very convenient, if people would only use it properly. But they will not. It will lead to speculation, inflation and trouble.' "

Jefferson was as particular about the choice breed of his horses and cattle as he was about his plants and trees. He was particularly interested in the introduction of Merino sheep from Spain. He is believed to have had the first Merinos which came to this country. But they did not prosper. He had good luck with the rams but none at all with the ewes. The result was that his sheep eventually were but half Merino. These became very numerous and were highly valued. Purchasers came long distances to buy Monticello sheep. At first they brought fifty dollars a head. The market was soon sated, however, and the Merino element was crossed out of the strain.

The care of Monticello during Jefferson's absence in France was in the hands of William Bacon, whose father he had known since his school days. During his absence of twelve years as Vice-President and President the place was under the care of his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr. Randolph was naturally desirous of building up his own neighbouring estate of Edgehill for his own family, however, so the immediate management of the Monticello hands and lands was in 1800 given over to William Bacon's younger brother Edmund. This was the Bacon quoted above. He remained at Monticello nearly twenty years. In 1817 Jefferson put all his affairs in the hands of his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who had the

supervision of his grandfather's finances and properties the rest of his life.

Under the manager the labour was directed by an overseer on each of the four farms. To encourage the overseer to obtain large yields competitions were organized and prizes offered. "The one that delivered the best crop of wheat to the hand," said Bacon, "had an extra barrel of flour; the best crop of tobacco, a fine Sunday suit; the best lot of pork, an extra hundred and fifty pounds of bacon." The servants in and about the mansion and the foreman of the mill, of the nailery, of the spinners and of other manufacturing, reported to the manager. Jefferson left him very little leeway. He made his own contracts for nearly every operation, and when it was a question of mere detail on the estate he wrote the most explicit directions to his manager. Nothing apparently was left to chance or choice. Here is a sample memorandum. It is not brief, but it indicates Jefferson's thoroughness and gives a general idea of how operations were conducted at Monticello:

"The first work to be done, is to finish everything at the mill; to wit, the dam, the stone still wanting in the south abutment, the digging for the addition to the toll mill, the waste, the dressing off the banks and hollows about the mill-houses, making the banks of the canal secure everywhere.

"The second job is the fence from near Nance's house to the river, the course of which will be shown. Previous to this a change in the road is to be made, which will be shown also.

"As this fence will completely separate the river field from the other grounds, that field is to be cleaned up; the spots in it still in wood are to be cut down where they are not too steep for culture; a part of the field is to be planted in Quarantine corn, which will be found in a tin cannister in my closet. The corn is to be in drills 5 feet apart, and the stalks 18 inches asunder in the drills. The rest of the ground is to be sown in oats. All ploughing is to be done horizontally, in the manner Mr. Randolph does his.

"180 cords of wood are next to be cut. The wood cut in the river field will make a part, and let the rest be cut in the flat lands on the meadow branch south of the overseer's house, which I intend for a Timothy meadow. Let the wood be all corded, that there may be no deception as to the quantity. A kiln will be wanting to be burnt before Christmas; but the rest of the wood had better lie seasoning till spring, when it will be better to burn it.

"When these things are done, the levelling of the garden is to be resumed. The hands having already worked at this, they understand the work. John best knows how to finish off the levelling.

"I have hired all the hands belonging to Mrs. and Miss Dangerfield, for the next year. They are nine in number. Moses the miller is to be sent home when his year is up. With these will work in common, Isaac, Charles, Ben, Shepherd, Abram, Davy, John and Shoemaker Phill; making a gang of 17 hands. Martin is the Miller, and Jerry will drive his wagon.

"Those who work in the nailery, are Moses, Wormly, Jame Hubbard, Barnaby, Isbel's Davy, Bedford John,

Bedford Davy, Phill Hubbard, Bartlet, and Lewis. They are sufficient for 2 fires, five at a fire. I am desirous a single man, a smith, should be hired to work with them, to see that their nails are well made, and to superintend them generally; if such an one can be found for \$150 or \$200 a year, though I would rather give him a share in the nails made, say one eighth of the price of all the nails made, deducting the cost of the iron; if such a person can be got, Isbel's Davy may be withdrawn to drive the mule wagon, and Sampson join the laborers. There will then be 9 nailers, besides the manager, so that 10 may still work at 2 fires; the manager to have a log house built, and to have 500 lbs. of pork. The nails are to be sold by Mr. Bacon, and the accounts to be kept by him; and he is to direct at all times what nails are to be made.

"The toll of the mill is to be put away in the two garners made, which are to have secure locks, and Mr. Bacon is to keep the keys. When they are getting too full, the wagons should carry the grain to the overseer's house, to be carefully stowed away. In general, it will be better to use all the bread corn from the mill from week to week, and only bring away the surplus. Mr. Randolph is hopper-free and toll-free at the mill. Mr. Eppes having leased his plantation gang, they are to pay toll hereafter.

"Clothes for the people are to be got from Mr. Higginbotham, of the kind heretofore got. I allow them the best striped blanket every three years. Mr. Lilly has failed in this; but the last year Mr. Freeman gave blankets to one third of them. This year 11 blankets must be brought, and given to those most in need,

noting to whom they are given. The hirelings, if they had not blankets last year, must have them this year. Mrs. Randolph always chooses the clothing for the house servants; that is to say, for Peter Hemings, Burwell, Edwin, Critta, and Sally. Colored plains are provided for Betty Brown, Betty Hemings, Nance, Ursula, and indeed all others. The nailers, laborers, and hirelings may have it, if they prefer it to cotton. Wool is given for stockings to those who will have it spun and knit for themselves. Fish is always to be got from Richmond, by writing to Mr. Jefferson, and to be dealt out to the hirelings, laborers, workmen and house servants of all sorts, as has been usual.

"600 Llbs. of pork is to be provided for the overseer, 500 llbs. for Mr. Stewart, and 500 llbs. for the superintendent of the nailery, if one is employed; and also about 900 llbs. more for the people, so as to give them half a pound apiece once a week. This will require, in the whole, 2,000 or 2,500 llbs. After seeing what the plantation can furnish, and the 3 hogs at the mill, the residue must be purchased. In the winter a hogshead of molasses must be provided and brought up, which Mr. Jefferson will furnish. This will afford to give a gill a-piece to everybody once or twice a week.

"Stewart and Joe do all the plantation work; and when Stewart gets into his idle frolics, it may sometimes be well for Moses or Isbel's Davy to join Joe for necessary work.

"The servants living on the top of the mountain must have a cartload of wood delivered at their doors once a week through the winter. . . .

"As soon as the Aspen trees lose their leaves, take up

one or two hundred of the young trees, not more than 2 or 3 feet high; tie them in bundles, with the roots well covered with straw. Young Davy being to carry Fanny to Washington, he is to take the little cart, (which must be put in the soundest order,) to take these trees on board. 3 boxes in my study, marked to go by him and Fanny and her things. She must take corn for their meals, and provisions for themselves to Washington. Fodder they can buy on the road. I leave \$6 with you, to give them to pay unavoidable expenses. If he could have 2 mules, without stopping a wagon, it would be better. They are to go as soon as the Aspen leaves fall. . . .

“Whiskey is wanted for the house, some for Mr. Dinsmore, and some sometimes for the people. About 30 gallons will last a year. Mr. Meriwether or Mr. Rogers may perhaps each let us have some for nails, or will distil it out of our worst toll wheat. . . .”

Monticello and all Jefferson's lands were, of course, operated with slave labour. He was not enamoured, however, more than were most of the other Virginia planters, with the unnatural system under which they were obliged to operate, and he studied continually for expedient remedial legislation. He was the author of a bill, passed in 1778, forbidding the further importation of slaves into Virginia. He made another effort against slavery in Congress in 1783 which was thwarted. When Virginia ceded her hinterland in the northwest and it was divided into new states and territories, he drew a plan for its temporary government. He sought in this to make slavery illegal in

this section of the country after the year 1800, but was again outvoted.

Compelled to operate under the system, it is said, however, that he never bought slaves as an investment. His labour was carried on by those he inherited from his father or who came to him with his wife's property, and by those whom in vagrant emergencies he was obliged to purchase for service on his own acres. It appears, however, that he sometimes leased his negroes. An instance is cited in his farm book, in 1801. An entry there gives a list of forty-seven "negroes leased to J. H. Craven," of whom few were under fifty, and twenty-one were over ninety years of age.

He inherited thirty slaves on the death of his father. These by natural increase had nearly doubled their number in seventeen years and in 1815 they had increased to one hundred and two. At the same time he owned fifty-seven at Poplar Forest and twenty-eight at Beaver Creek. But he had owned as many as one hundred and twenty-eight at one time at Monticello alone. He had the negroes' houses built close together so that "the fewer nurses may serve and that the children may be more easily attended to by the superannuated women." Children served as nurses until they were ten years old. Between the years of ten and sixteen the boys went into the nailery and the girls spun. After sixteen both sexes went to work on the ground or learned trades.

Of Jefferson's treatment of his slaves, Bacon said:

"Mr. Jefferson was always very kind and indulgent to his servants. He would not allow them to be at all

overworked, and he would hardly ever allow one of them to be whipped. His orders to me were constant, that if there was any servant that could not be got along with without the chastening that was customary, to dispose of him. He could not bear to have a servant whipped, no odds how much he deserved it."

His pet seems to have been Jupiter. His name appears frequently in the account books, especially, in trips from home, in connection with the entry of small sums "borrowed from Jupiter." In the same record it is obvious that Davy Bowles drove Jefferson's horses to and from the seat of government or such point as he took or left the stage. For many of the later years the house servants at Monticello were Betty Brown, Sally, Critta, Nance, and Ursula. In his absence these women enjoyed entire freedom of action. The manager of the estate was directed to take no control of them. The Sally mentioned above enjoyed a kind of superiority over the others, for it was she who had sailed across the Atlantic taking little Maria to her father when he was Minister to France. The upkeep of the mansion was latterly in the hands of John Hemings, a carpenter who "could do anything that was wanted in woodwork"; Joe Fosset, "who could do anything it was necessary to do with steel or iron"; and Burwell, the painter, who kept everything fresh, and whose privilege it was to open the mansion before the master's return.

CHAPTER IX

Jefferson in His Home—His Personal Appearance—With His Children and Grandchildren—Daily Habits—Early Morning Letter-writing—The Polygraph—Daily Inspection of the Shops—Study and Workshops—Jefferson as a Scientist and Inventor—The Long Daily Horseback Ride—Anecdotes—The After-dinner Hour on the Lawn with the Children—When the Candles Came.

AFTER Jefferson's return to Monticello his habits of life settled into rather deep ruts. It is, after all, in his home that a man really reveals himself. Abroad, mingling with others in the theatre of professional contest, he often masks his real self. There one may learn what a man does, but in his home he reveals what he is. One supplements the other for the complete figure of a public man.

All the more necessary for such understanding is acquaintance with the private life of a public character who, as Jefferson, finds himself in positions of public trust where he has to carry on with assumed complacency while at heart he is little enough in sympathy with the restraints of political expediency.

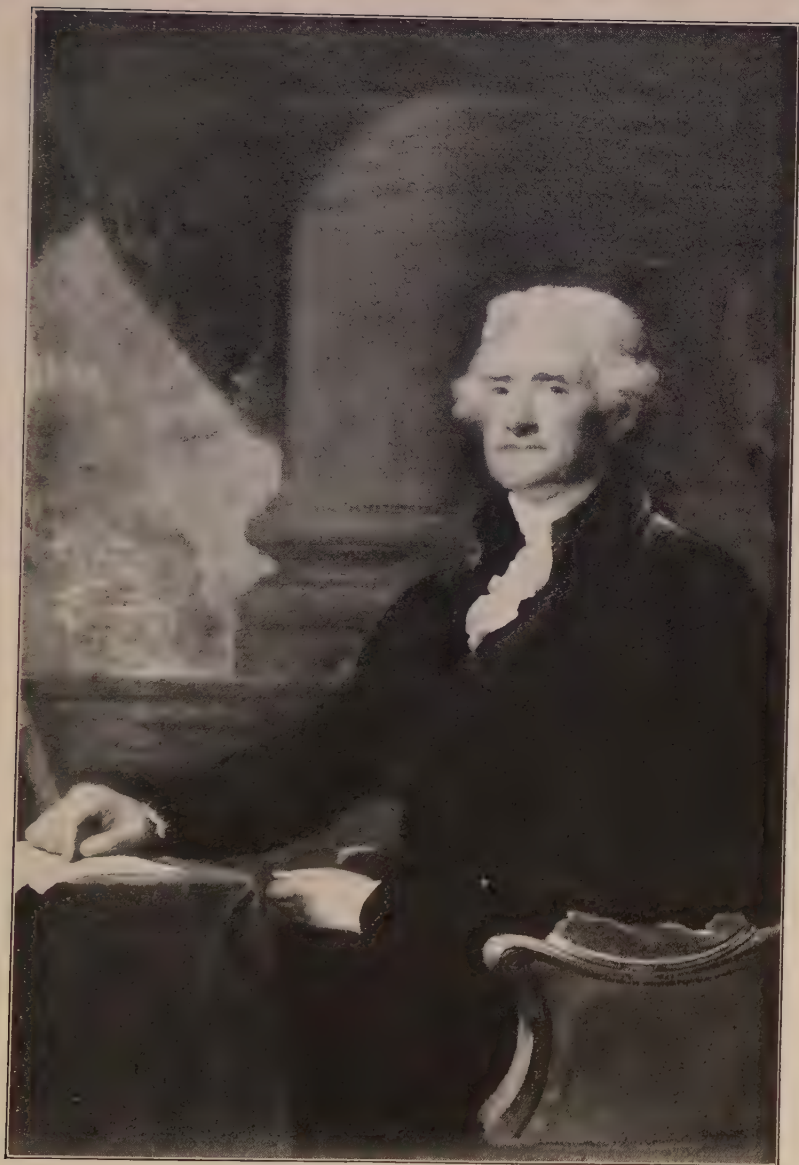
Nearly forty years of his life were devoted to the public service. Where during that period was his preference? What would he have been and done if he had not been called by the circumstances of our history into offices of public trust? What actually were his natural and preferred occupations and interests? And

when he had exhausted the honours which his countrymen had to offer him, what direction did these inclinations take? What was the man off parade, off his guard, behind the scenes, at play? These are questions which he himself answered in his daily life at Monticello, in and about his house, round about his mountain.

He was a man of a large and open heart, an active and alert mind. Actually his expansive love for mankind, his democratic love for the people, was impersonal, but his affection for his friends and more especially for his kindred, and his generosity and self-sacrifice for them, dominated every other impulse in his heart. As his own children were taken from him he called his nephews and nieces into their places, and, as they grew up and away from him, grandchildren were drawn into his ever open arms. Monticello was never without children while he lived. It is a permanent pleasant picture that—the great wise and loving man and the love and laughter of children all about the house.

When he rested from the problems of revolution and reconstruction and our territorial expansion, his mind kept unceasingly active on other lines. Now, however, it busied itself less with high duties than with congenial diversion. It provided an amusing example of a great mind at play. He kept himself in the harness of routine, and though it was a strong harness it was loose, with enough support and plenty of range.

Jefferson, like Washington, the other giant patriot of the period, was a man of unusual height. He was six feet and two and a half inches tall. He was built



THOMAS JEFFERSON
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

like a pioneer, without superfluous flesh, "straight as a gun-barrel," with large hands and feet and with wrists of extraordinary size. He was rangy in his gait and very strong in the arm. If he had the body of a pioneer he had the head and face which reflected urbanity and scholarship. His neck was long and held his head rather forward of his body, at what might perhaps be called an angle of inquiry. His hair, always plentiful, was auburn red in his youth, but in his maturity it was streaked with gray in such a way as to give it a sandy tint. His complexion was the milk white which often goes with red hair, and he never quite outlived the freckles of boyhood. He had small, brilliant, piercing hazel-gray eyes; a slender regular nose with slightly raised nostrils; small, tight, perfect teeth behind thin lips; and a long, protruding chin. The whole aspect of his countenance was placid and rather benignant. Ready in his mental processes, he was quick in esteem or contempt, but having apparently more brains than blood he was slow to anger, or at least controlled himself well.

Whatever may have been his conformity to fashion in his early life, later at least he paid less attention to it than to comfort. Neat he always was. A granddaughter who lived long with him at Monticello said of him: "He paid little attention to fashion, wearing whatever he liked best, and sometimes blending the fashions of several periods. He wore long waist-coats, when the mode was for short; white cambric stocks fastened behind with a buckle, when cravats were universal. He adopted the pantaloons very late in life, because he found it more comfortable and convenient,

and cut off his cue for the same reason." At the time that he wore short breeches and polished shoe buckles, he had a pair of overalls that he put on when he rode on horseback. Not many people who saw him, other than his grandchildren, have left impressions of his dress.

Daniel Webster left a portrait of his appearance late in life, disputed in some respects by contemporary members of his family, but not on these points: "His dress, when in the house, is a gray surtout coat, kersey-mere stuff waistcoat, with an under one faced with some material of dingy red. His pantaloons are very long, and loose, and of the same material as his coat. His stockings are woolen, either white or gray; and his shoes of the kind that bear his name. . . . He wears a common round hat. His dress, when on horseback, is a gray, straight-bodied coat, and a spencer of the same material, both fastened with large pearl buttons . . . around his throat a knit white woolen tippet in place of a cravat, and black velvet gaiters under his pantaloons."

If these accounts do not give hint enough of a somewhat bizarre figure, here is the testimony of another visitor to Monticello after the Presidency, who saw him on horseback: "I was well aware by the cut of his jib who it was. His costume was very singular—his coat was checkered gingham, manufactured in Virginia I suppose. The buttons on it were of white metal, and nearly the size of a dollar. His pantaloons were of the same fabric. He was mounted on an elegant bay horse going at great speed and he had no hat on, but a lady's

parasol, stuck in his coat behind, spread its canopy over his head. . . . This was Thomas Jefferson."

It was his daily habit, no matter at what hour he had gone to bed the night before, to rise with the sun. According to his company or his interest in the book he was reading he got from five to eight hours sleep. He would not permit a servant to make his fire, but kept in his room a supply of dry wood, plenty of ashes over the coals in the fireplace, and made his own fire. His early morning he spent over his never-ending correspondence. After breakfast he visited the shops on the mountain, amused himself in his study or at a work bench, and then invariably went for a long horseback ride over his plantations. He dined between three and four in the afternoon. From dinner to dark he devoted his time to his family or to visitors, who were not absent often, and, when candles were brought in, he settled down to reading, and then to bed.

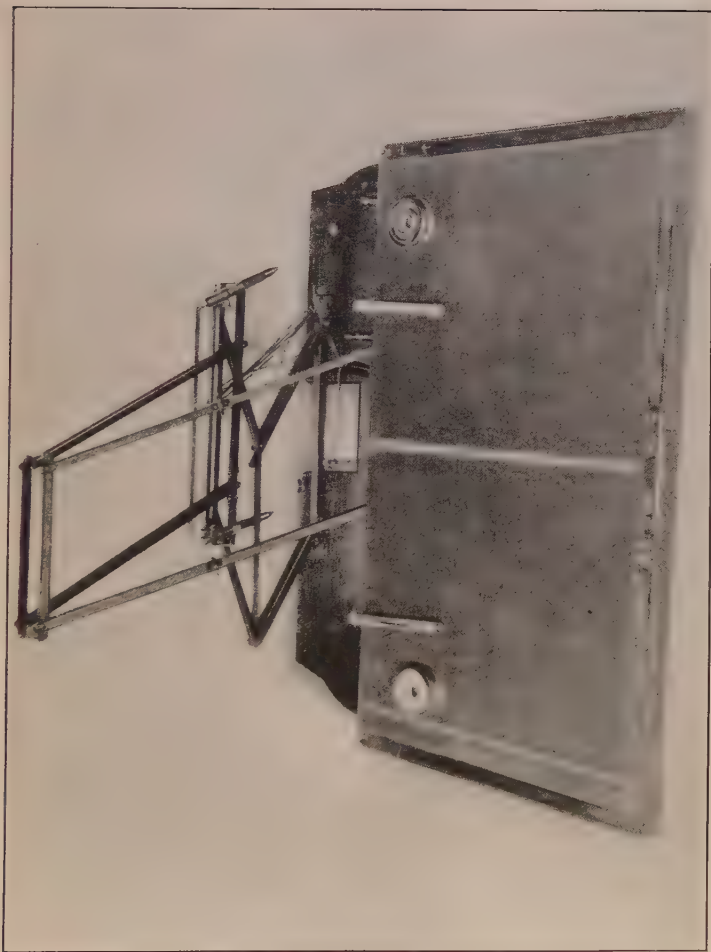
He wrote often of his love for his gardens and his notebooks are full of details of what and where his vegetables were, and of the date when they first broke green above the dark earth and when they came ripe to his table. Meat and fish are not mentioned there, except as food for servants. It is not surprising, therefore, to find him saying he lives "temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as an aliment so much as a condiment for the vegetables, which constitute my principal diet." He could not drink "ardent spirits." Malt liquors, cider, and wine were his table drinks. He was a connoisseur of wine, made some at Monticello, but imported great quantities. He preferred French wines

and M. Cathalan in Marseilles kept him well supplied with the Roussillon and Muscat of Rivesalte, Claret of Bergasse, Vincent of Provence, Ledanon, Limoux, old Muscatel, Barrac, and Scuppernon. One Italian wine, Montepulciano, shared his favour with the French vintages, and he seems not to have been without it from the moment he first tasted it. Habit, he said, rendered "the light and high flavored wines a necessity of life with me."

His early morning hours over his letters were spent in his library at the south end of the house. It was well windowed and caught the first rays of the morning sun. Here on his table was the unique writing desk which Ben Randall had made him in Philadelphia and on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Conveniently at hand was that new device which at one time caused much confusion to collectors of Jefferson's autograph letters. After acquiring an obviously authentic Jefferson letter, they were much mystified to find an apparently identical letter in another collection. Comparison of the two frequently disclosed them identical even to the slightest touch of the pen. The identity was more perfect than if he had copied one sheet from the other. The mystery was somewhat further heightened by the fact that such letters, though addressed, at the head of the text, to identical names, bore that name on the back or outside fold of one letter only, for he wrote before the days of envelopes, and the back of the other bore Mr. Jefferson's own name and address, not in the form of an endorsement but with cancellation marks as having passed through the mails.

The explanation of the identical letters is that ma-



THE POLYGRAPH

chine which he kept by him—his polygraph—"the machine for copying letters at a single stroke." This was "an ingenious double writing desk with duplicate tables, pens and ink-stands. The pens are connected together at an invariable distance by a system of jointed parallelograms, with two fixed centers, such that the pens are always parallel. Whatever movement is impressed on one is simultaneously by the connecting linkwork communicated to the other pen. Hence, if one traces on a sheet letters or figures, its companion traces at the same time identically the same forms on another sheet. The writer, therefore, produces two identical pages at the same time. He does it with sensibly no more fatigue than if he were using one pen only, for the weight of the pens and linkwork is supported by a strand of delicate spring wires from a silver arm extending from the frame of the box above, out of the way of the writer. By this polygraph the copy may be made on paper and with ink of the same kind as the original."

The varying addresses on the backs of the letters, one of which was nearly always Jefferson's own, were explained by a nice economy. Letters in his day were generally written on half quarto sheets folded once. If the letter extended no further than the first and second of the four pages made by the fold, then, though the fourth carried the address, the third page was a blank. He would strip off these blank pages and save them to receive one of the pens of the polygraph.

He also at this time used a copying press. He found it in use first in France, whence he wrote of it to Madison, that it cost fourteen guineas, "I would give ten times that sum to have had it from the date of the stamp

act." It is not surprising that his ingenuity soon improved it. Writing Madison again from Paris, eighteen months later, he said: "Having a great desire to have a portable copying machine, and being satisfied, with some experiments, that the principle of the large machine might be applied in a small one, I planned one when in England, and had it made. It answers perfectly. I have since set a workman to making them here, and they are in such demand that he has his hands full. Being assured that you will be pleased to have one, when you shall have tried its convenience, I send you one." It is possible that this was the first to reach America. A European admirer sent a "copying machine" to General Washington during the Revolution, but it went astray to the West Indies, and press copies of Washington's letters do not bear a date earlier than 1790.

Jefferson wrote a remarkably regular clear hand and must have been exceptionally skilful in trimming a quill, for his writing was sometimes so fine as to make a magnifying glass a necessary convenience in reading it. When in Paris he dislocated his right wrist and cultivated writing with his left hand. He was always after conscious of the effect of that accident, but the evidence of it rarely appears in his copperplate script. When he copied quotations he habitually used another, his engrossing, handwriting, which was meticulously chaste, regular, and beautiful, and yet quite different from that he usually used.

He has the reputation of having been a prodigious letter-writer. Enough letters survive to establish the claim, and they are far from all. It is curious to turn

over those written during a few months after he had retired permanently to private life at Monticello. They show that those early mornings were devoted to picking up the broken threads of friendship in many directions; to maintaining those friendships formed abroad, with Madame de Staël, Baron von Humboldt, General Kosciusko, Madame de Tesse, the Marquis de Lafayette, Correa de Serra, and de Marbois, whose early inquiry stimulated his writing the Notes on Virginia; to adjusting his always difficult financial situation, to advocating simplified spelling, to answering requests for his opinion on an endless list of curious questions, including that from the inquisitive gentleman who wanted to know "what is the east and west line"; to supplying historians and some would-be historians with biographical material on most of the revolutionary fathers whom he survived; to fighting off beggars, swindlers, office-seekers wanting his endorsement, and the criticism of political partisans; to acknowledging the continual inflow of presentation books and pamphlets, complimentary letters and addresses of his fellow citizens, and honours conferred by educational and scientific bodies; to discussing with the congenially minded the results of his own scientific inquiries into the altitude of environing mountains, the fashioning of a sundial, the improvement of mechanical instruments, the eclipses and other subjects; besides his routine business letters, letters to his numerous kindred, the endless letters to Madison and Monroe on legislation and politics, letters of advice to strange young men as to reading and education, and those letters of advice to his nephews and grandchildren which are at once one of

his own finest decorations and a code of ethics and manners worthy of being held up at all times to the attention of young people.

No matter what he may have found the most interesting exchange of letters in all his correspondence, the phase of it immeasurably the most interesting to the general reader were the letters which passed between him and John Adams. Though political antagonists in the early days of the republic and for some years after quite estranged, they became friends again in 1812, and thereafter exchanged letters continually as long as either could write. They wrote no mere notes either, but pages and reams. Jefferson wrote as often as he could, but Adams, nearly ten years his senior, sometimes wrote four letters to his one. Adams fairly jumped in the air and clicked his heels in every letter. His vivacity, better than any other assurance from him, shows how thoroughly he enjoyed having a congenial mentality into which to pour his thoughts. All the early estrangement, based on Jefferson's resentment toward Adams for his appointment of "the midnight judges" and Adams's chagrin because Jefferson beat him out of a second term, vanished from both sides. All became cordial and affectionate, a continual "whoop-la!" on religious, physical, and political topics, speculating on re-living their lives and analysing every detail of the approach of old age with a contagious relish that makes one envy an octogenarian. Jefferson signed himself "with affectionate attachment," "with constant affection," and "ever and affectionately." Adams declared himself "your best friend," "I never know when to cease when I begin to write to you," and "never mind it if I

write four letters to your one, your one is worth more than my four." Their letters, passing between Massachusetts and Monticello over a course of years, attracted the attention of postmasters and post-riders along the route. They became the subject of gossip, and though not a word therein was known except to the two correspondents, the letters achieved a contemporary fame, until Jefferson exclaimed to Adams: "Would you believe it that a printer has had the effrontery to propose to me the letting him publish it [the correspondence]? These people think that they have a right to everything, however secret or sacred." After Jefferson's death these letters to Adams in common with all his other correspondence were made public and are now available in part in publications of Jefferson's writings and entirely in the manuscript collections of the Library of Congress and the Massachusetts Historical Society. These include some of Adams's letters to Jefferson, and others of them were published by Charles Francis Adams in his edition of his father's writings.

After Jefferson's inspection of the outdoor work on the mountain, he devoted the middle period of the time between breakfast and dinner to study or to his bench in his workshop. It is scarcely conceivable that, even in the schedule of so orderly minded a man as Jefferson, either his routine or circumstances would make certain acts at certain hours inevitable. His daily habits, however, as agreed on both by the memoirs of his grandchildren and the evidence of his own letters, show that he wisely alternated a period indoors with a period out of doors. The Virginia morning was a spacious division of the planter's day, and doubtless between his

early walk about the mountain top and his lengthy horseback ride during the hour or so before dinner, Jefferson frequently found a convenient interval to play with scientific ideas and to audit his notebooks.

Fondness for science and philosophy gave direction to nearly all Jefferson's reading, much of his amusement, and not a little of his greatness in public life. In one of these unfortunately few surviving letters of his earlier years he refers lightly to his boyish preferences in writing his friend John Page: "I reflect often with pleasure on the philosophical evenings I passed at Rosewell in my last visits there. I was always fond of philosophy even in its drier forms; but from a ruby lip, it comes with a charm irresistible." He often refers to his fondness for science. To M. Dupont de Nemours he wrote: "Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight"; to Harry Innes, science "is my passion," politics "my duty"; and to Dr. Benjamin Rush he declared that nothing called him from such studies but his "revolutionary duties." His farm manager remembered him as most ingenious, "nearly always busy on some plan or model."

He was one of the first, if not the first American geographer, and he had a profound acquaintance with mathematics, physics, botany, natural history, astronomy, surveying, and architecture. Everything new, different, and advanced interested him. He warmed at once to any one who could contribute to his knowledge or understanding of anything. He surrounded himself with scientific instruments, he had the latest machinery on his farms, he invented many useful things and im-

proved on the inventions of others, he devised domestic contrivances of many sorts, and revealed himself as the kind of man who dearly loved a "gadget."

Among his inventions were a plough and mould board which took many medals and premiums; a hemp break for a threshing machine; and he improved at once the first copying press and the first metronome that he saw. He designed and, in some instances, made with his own hands a sundial, an adjustable bookcase, the ingenious portable reading and writing desk referred to elsewhere, a phaëton, a whirligig chair, and a lock-dock for laying up vessels.

He was a constant observer of the thermometer and all his mature life kept tables of the daily maximum and minimum temperature at Monticello. From his own mountain top he amused himself measuring the altitudes of the tops of the other mountains of both neighbouring ranges. He observed and recorded the annual appearance and disappearance of snow and ice; the leaves of the different trees; the buds and fruits of the orchards; ticks, fireflies, and many of the birds; and the day that each of the vegetables and fruits and berries reached his table. Occasionally he would consolidate his information on one of these subjects into a table. Here is one such on the "Climate of Monticello":

"extreme of cold in ordinary winter 16° in extraordinary 5° .

maximum of heat 92° .

10 or 12 days in July & August the mercury rises to 84° , but ordinarily in those months to about 80° falling in the night to 70° .

white frosts commence about the middle of October
& end middle of April.

ice begins a month later & ceases a month earlier.

50 freezing nights in the year & 10 freezing days
throughout.

the thermometer is below 55° thro the day 132 days,
& of evenings & mornings 68 days more.

Observations of 7 years at Washington gave 15 d. of
snow a year, covering the ground 16 days.

4 f. fall of water in the year."

His notebooks are full of other curious precise information which only the ordered scientific mind would fasten on. Here are a few samples:

"6 cord of hickory last a fireplace well the winter.

"A horse well fed with grain requires 100 lb of hay
and without grain 130 lb.

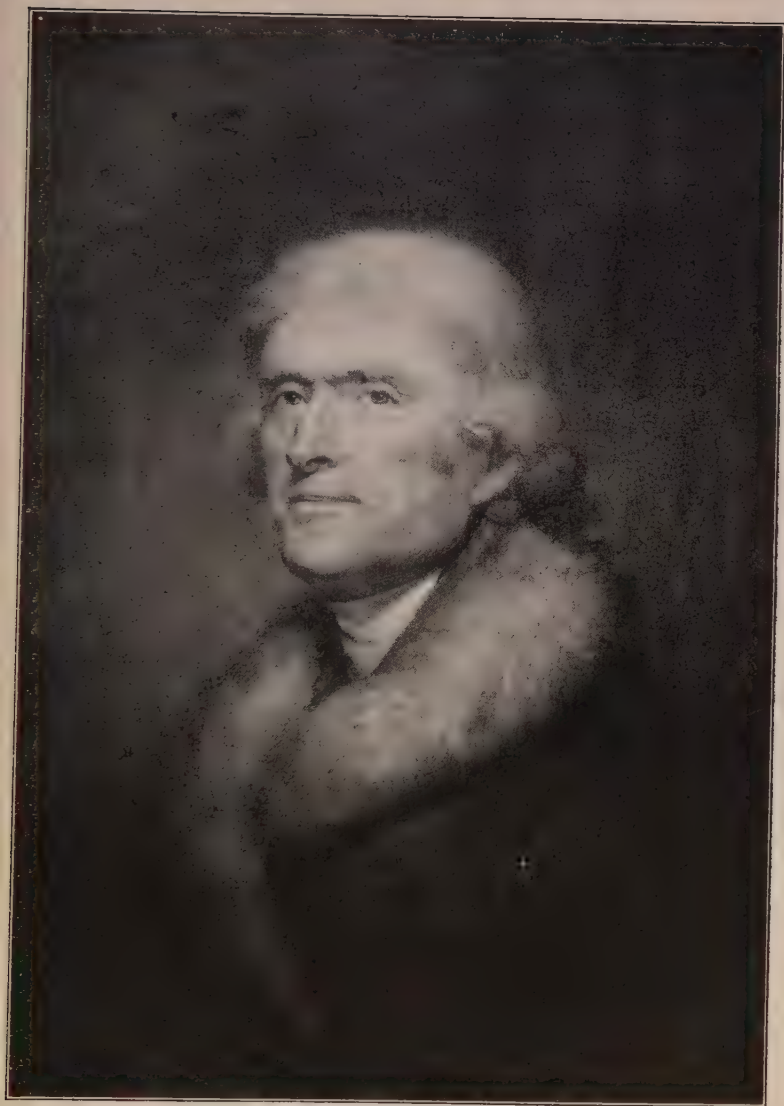
"Tea out, the pound has lasted exactly 7 weeks, used
6 times a week; this is $\frac{3}{21}$ or .4 of an oz. a time for a
single person. A pound of tea making 126 cups costs
2D. 126 cups or ounces of coffee = 8 lb cost 1.6.

"On trial it takes 11 dwt Troy of double refined ma-
ple sugar to a dish of coffee, or 1 lb avoirdupois to 16.5
dishes so that at 20 cents p^r lb it is 8 mills per dish. An
ounce of coffee @ 20 cents p^r lb is 12.5 mills so that
sugar and coffee of a dish is worth 2 cents.

"A coach and 6 will turn in 80 feet.

"Mrs. Wythe puts one tenth very rich superfine
Malmesey to a dry Madeira and makes a very fine wine.

"My ice-house here has taken 62 waggon loads of ice
to fill it. Have 1 ft thickness of shavings between it



THOMAS JEFFERSON

From the portrait by Rembrandt Peale

and the wall all around. The whole including labor, feeding, drink, etc. has been 70D.

"A common glass lamp, with a flat wick $\frac{1}{2}$ an I. wide was placed beside a mould candle of the size called sixes, & allowed both to burn $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours without being moved. In that time $2\frac{3}{5}$ candles were consumed, a $\frac{1}{3}$ pint of oil. From the experiment it appears that one gallon of oil will burn 402 hours and that it requires $10\frac{3}{5}$ th. of candles to burn the same time as that supposing oil to be .75 per gallon, it will be equal to mould candles at .7 cents per lb. which shows the advantage of oil.

"A gallon of lamp oil costing D1.25 has lighted my chamber nightly 25 nights for 6 hours a night which is 5 cents a night & 150 hours.

"The circuit of the base of Monticello is $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. the area of the base about 890 acres within the limits of the base. I this day tried the temperature of 15 springs, 10 on the S. and 5 on the N. side of the mountain, the outward air being generally about 75° fahrenheit & the springs were between $54\frac{1}{2}$ and 60 except one at 66."

His exercise, daily unless the weather forbade, followed his study and was taken invariably on horseback. He had the finest stock, but it was one of his peculiarities that he would not have under him or hitched to his carriages a horse of any other colour than bay. When young he was so fastidious about the coat of his horse that he would pass over it a clean white cambric handkerchief, and if any dust showed on the handkerchief he would send the horse back to the stable.

Among the names of his horses appear Wildair, the

General, Tarquin, Diomed, Brimmer, and Tecumseh. The pet and companion of his later years was the "fleet, fiery, but gentle" Eagle, whom he rode until he was too feeble to mount him without assistance, even from a terrace at a level with the horse's back.

He was reputed an uncommonly fine rider, sat easily upon his horse, and always had him under perfect control. There are several witnesses to the fact that he always rode bareheaded. He made no ceremony of riding out as some planters did, and did not permit a groom to accompany him. This was less in deference to the alleged principles of "Jeffersonian simplicity," which his habits often enough belied, than simply to the desire of a naturally contemplative man to be alone. He seems not to have taken any companion whatever on his daily rides about the mountain and the adjacent farms.

Two anecdotes recalled by one of his grandsons, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, illustrate more than his skill as a rider. Once when returning from Charlottesville with a company he had invited to dinner, and who were all but one or two riding ahead of him, "on reaching a stream over which there was no bridge, a man asked him to take him up behind him and carry him over. The gentlemen in the rear coming up just as Mr. Jefferson had put him down, and ridden on, asked the man how it happened that he had permitted the others to pass without asking them? He replied, 'From their looks, I did not like to ask them; the old gentleman looked as if he would do it, and I asked him.' He was very much surprised to learn that he had ridden behind the President of the United States." Of

another occasion, when this same grandson was a lad, he remembered riding out with his grandfather when "we met a negro who bowed to us; he returned his bow; I did not. Turning to me he asked, 'Do you permit a negro to be more of a gentleman than yourself?'"

He believed and proclaimed often and ardently the value of exercise, especially in the open air. "It has been the delight of my retirement to be in constant bodily activity . . . give about two hours every day to exercise, for health must not be sacrificed to learning. A strong body makes the mind strong. . . . Take a great deal of exercise, and on foot. Health is the first requisite after morality." For girls he advocated walking and dancing, for men walking, never with a book, preferably with a gun which "gives boldness, enterprise and independence to the mind." As long as he was able he walked much, but when he settled on the mountain he found the grades too severe, his hip troubled him when on foot, and so he confined himself to riding.

When weather permitted, and it generally did excepting in midwinter months, the after-dinner hours were spent out of doors in the lengthening shadows of sundown with the grandchildren. Of his family he wrote Abigail Adams in 1813: "I have compared notes with Mr. Adams on the score of progeny and find that I am ahead of him and think I am in a fair way to keep so. I have ten and a half grandchildren, and two and three fourths great-grandchildren, and these fractions ere long will become units. . . . These young scions give us comfortable cares, when we cease to care about ourselves."

One of his granddaughters, Virginia Trist, preserved

these memories of contact with him: "One of our earliest amusements was in running races on the terrace, or around the lawn. He placed us according to ages, giving the youngest and smallest the start of all the others by some yards, and so on; and then he raised his arm high, with his white handkerchief in his hand, on which our eager eyes were fixed, and slowly counted three, at which number he dropped the handkerchief, and we started off to finish the race by returning to the starting place and receiving our reward of dried fruit—three figs, prunes or dates to the victor, two to the second, and one to the lagger who came in last. These were our summer sports with him. . . .

"On winter evenings, when it grew too dark to read, in the half hour which passed before the candles came in, as we all sat round the fire, he taught us several childish games, and would play them with us. I remember that 'Cross-questions,' and 'I love my Love with an A,' were two I learned from him; and we would teach some of ours to him.

"When the candles were brought, all was quiet immediately, for he took up his book to read; and we would not speak out of a whisper, lest we would disturb him, and generally we followed his example and took a book; and I have seen him raise his eyes from his own book, and look round on the little circle of readers and smile, and make some remark to mamma about it. When the snow fell, we would go out, as soon as it stopped, and clear it off the terraces with shovels, that he might have his usual walk on them without treading in snow."

It is curious that hardly any one speaks of music in the life at Monticello. Jefferson was always fond of it

and anecdotes of it sprinkle his early life. His fiddle which survived Shadwell seems scarcely to have been mentioned again, but there was at least one harpsichord at Monticello from the time of his marriage. Perhaps the poor girls could not bear the sadness which the mention of music would recall, if Jefferson's picture of their musical moments in Paris was repeated at Monticello. In the following it may be well to note that melancholy was a mode of the moment: "Accept my thanks for the book of songs. I will not tell you how much they have pleased us, nor how well the least of them merits praise for its pathos, but relate a fact only, which is, that while my elder daughter was playing it on the harpsichord, I happened to look towards the fire, and saw the younger one all in tears. I asked her if she was sick? She said 'No; but the tune was so mournful.' "

When the candles did come and he put on his spectacles, which he had need of only when reading and then only at night, his favourite books seem to have been philosophy and the Greek and Roman classics. "I have given up newspapers in exchange for Tacitus and Thucydides, for Newton and Euclid, and I find myself much the happier," he wrote Adams on one occasion, and at other times he confessed "a canine affection for reading . . . which occupies the mind without the labor of producing ideas from my own stock," yet marvelled at Adams's capacity for devouring books:

"Forty-three volumes read in a year, and twelve of them quarto! Dear Sir, how I envy you! Half a dozen octavos in that space of time, are as much as I

am allowed." He later confessed, a little grudgingly, to reading one newspaper: "I read no newspaper now but Ritchie's, and in that chiefly the advertisements, for they contain the only truth to be relied on in a newspaper. I find much greater interest in knowing what passed two or three hundred years ago, than in what is now passing. I read nothing, therefore, but of the heroes of Troy, of the wars of Lacedæmon and Athens, of Pompey and Cæsar, and of Augustus too, the Bonaparte and parricide scoundrel of that day."

And so at the drowsy hour, he closed his book, loosed the gear which held his bed above his head, and lowered it, and tumbled in.

CHAPTER X

Social Life at Monticello—Neighbours Monroe and Madison—Other Neighbours—Conversation at Monticello—Disturbing Greatness—Answering More than Twelve Hundred Letters a Year with a Quill—The Portrait Painters—Jefferson Criticizes a Portrait—Biographers—The Endless Procession of Visitors—Hounded Out of Monticello—Seeking Seclusion at Poplar Forest—Snow and Ice Bind Monticello in Peace.

THERE was of course a larger social life at Monticello than that indicated in the normal routine of Jefferson's day at home. Circumstances often threw that schedule out of order and so far broke up his privacy and ease there that at times he escaped to the remoteness of another estate of his and at one time believed that in the interest of peace he would have to abandon Monticello altogether. What the circumstances were and what and where his retreat was will appear presently.

It is, of course, not imagined that the hospitality of Monticello was limited to even such an open-handed welcome as it gave to children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Jefferson often rode beyond his own acres, and the coaches and chairs and horses of his neighbours often climbed the mountain. It became even in his own lifetime one of the most frequented houses in America.

Jefferson was not social in a superficial way. He was so resourceful in his interests and his ideas that he had no

need of artificial time killers. It is said that card playing and dancing were unknown at Monticello. This could not have been the result of prejudice. He was a liberal minded man. As a young man he danced and often advised others to dance. But in his love for his fellow men, his enjoyment of personal contact, his delight in the company of his family and of his friends he was thoroughly social. He expressed his conviction that any one who withdrew himself from free communication with others "is severely punished afterwards by the state of mind into which he gets, and which can only be prevented by feeding our sociable instincts. I can speak from experience on this subject. [This was immediately after his experience as Secretary of State.] I remained closely at home, saw none but those who came there, and at length became very sensible of the ill effect it had on my own mind, and of its direct and irresistible tendency to render me unfit for society and uneasy when necessarily engaged in it. I felt enough of the effect of withdrawing from the world then to see that it led to an antisocial and misanthropic state of mind, which severely punishes him who gives in to it, and it will be a lesson I never shall forget as to myself."

He was very dependent on his friends. "I find friendship to be like wine," he said, "raw when new, ripened with age, the true old man's milk and restorative cordial." From the time he began to build Monticello his thoughts ran strongly on building up the neighbourhood about it. He began his successful effort to seat James Monroe near him with: "I wish to



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The east or private front

heaven, you may continue in the disposition to fix it [his house] in Albemarle. Short will establish himself there, and perhaps Madison may be tempted to do so. This will be society enough, and it will be a great sweetener of our lives. Without society, and a society to our taste, men are never contented." It has been pointed out how when absent from Monticello he wrote his neighbours, eagerly begging for the news, "the small news," of the neighbourhood.

Monroe did settle on land adjoining Jefferson's and the latter often rode over to his house. With less success he begged a French gentleman, whom he admired much, to bring his family and settle in Albemarle. One cannot help speculating on what difference there would have been about Monticello if he had followed Jefferson's bidding. This gentleman came to America as consul from France, and Jefferson considered him "the ablest man in France." He decided not to remain in America but others of his family settled on the Delaware River below Philadelphia. His name was P. S. Dupont de Nemours. His family afterward dropped the "de Nemours" and certainly have since made their neighbourhood famous.

Jefferson often rode over to visit the Gilmers, one of whom he sent to Europe to select and engage professors for the first faculty of the University of Virginia; to the Walkers of Castle Hill; to the Lewis family whose son was the companion of Clark in the exploration of the unknown West; to the Barbours at Barboursville, which it is said that he helped to plan, and to Frascati farther north; to old John Harvie, east of Edgehill,

mindful of the early days when he was his guardian, and, when he left and the Everetts built Belmont, to that house; to Blenheim where he and his bride abandoned their chaise on their honeymoon when they pressed on in the blizzard to their mountain top; to the Coles, a family to which belonged the Edward Coles who brought about the reconciliation between him and Adams; and to each of the families who succeeded each other at Collé, at first the Frenchman, Justin Pierre Plumard Comte de Rieux, then the Italian, Philip Mazzei, and then the Hessians, General Riedesel and his amiable amazon wife.

When he visited the nearer houses he generally went on horseback but when he went far from home, up the valley to Barboursville or round the Southwest Mountains thirty miles to James and Dolly Madison's Montpelier, he travelled in his great coach with four splendid bays in the traces. He did not trust the reins to any one in the driver's seat. Two black boys rode horseback, and each guided his own pair of horses.

Jefferson was better than a mere friendly neighbour, he was a "good neighbour" to those of all classes who lived round about Monticello. From his factory he supplied nails to all the nearby stores and direct to the people to build their houses at a time when nails were scarce thereabout. It was at the request of his neighbours that he built his flouring mill. It proved a poor investment, but he did not complain for he was anxious to benefit the community as much as possible. Though he admired good stock his manager said he imported it less to make money than to get it widely scattered over the country. Of his benefactions, Bacon further said:

“Mr. Jefferson was very liberal and kind to the poor. When he would come from Washington, the poor people all about the country would find it out immediately, and would come in crowds to Monticello to beg him. He would give them notes to me, directing me what to give them. I knew them all a great deal better than he did. Many of them I knew were not worthy—were just lazy, good-for-nothing people, and I would not give them anything. When I saw Mr. Jefferson I told him who they were, and that he ought not to encourage them in their laziness. He told me that when they came to him and told him their pitiful tales, he could not refuse them.”

When the neighbours and guests and visitors came to Monticello they found Jefferson with a charming hostess in the person of his daughter Martha. The little lonely love-sick Virginia girl, who thought in the French convent that her happiness lay in the life of a *religieuse*, was now the mother of eleven children and the grandmother of others. They were all tucked away in the curious alcove beds upstairs in their grandfather's great house. There was a gracious bountiful welcome for everyone. Martha managed the household, her father managed the conversation.

There was probably not better talk in any other house in America. He spoke out of a long and varied experience in the high places during the most thrilling events of his country's history, and out of a mind stored with endless varied reading. Adams said that Jefferson was the best brusher off of dust he had ever known.

He loved to have his family about him, he delighted

in his friends. But his fame overwhelmed him. He survived nearly all his great contemporaries of the Revolution and he came to be the only living signer of the Declaration of Independence south of the Potomac River. Fame brought its sweets, but in its mischievous way it brought its penalties, too.

Of course, he could not have been so inured to the favours that he could not enjoy the honours bestowed by learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic. The American Philosophical Society reëlected him its president for as long as he would accept the office. Such honours entailed no trouble. Distance was a protective barrier. Not so the great demand for his portraits. That was a first-class nuisance. The portrait painters were often at Monticello. Their visits were no mere matter of touch and go. They came great distances, unpacked, settled down, and demanded large sections of Jefferson's time and patience. However, an artist is usually good company. As they knew something they were immediately congenial to so avid a model. And the best of living artists came to Monticello.

From the visits of the artists the most distinguished results were obtained by Thomas Sully in 1821 when he painted the full-length portrait which hangs in the United States Military Academy at West Point. The worst result was probably the effort of Bass Otis, and surely the most trying experience was the ordeal of the life mask in 1825, which will be referred to later.

Bass Otis reached Monticello in 1816. Dr. William Thornton was indignant at the portrait and did not mince words: "Never was such an injustice done to you except by sign-painters and General Kosciusko, than

which last nothing can be so bad and when I saw it I did not wonder that he lost Poland—not that it was necessary that a general should be a painter, but he should be a man of such sense as to discover that he is not a painter.” When Jefferson was asked what he thought of Otis’s work, he replied more amiably: “I am not qualified to say anything, for this is a case where the precept ‘know thyself’ does not apply. The ladies from the study of their looking glasses may be good judges of their own faces; but we see ours only under a mask of soap suds with the scrapings of a razor.” The likenesses of Jefferson which had favoured places at Monticello during his lifetime were his portrait by Stuart and his busts by Ceracchi and by Houdon. The latter was wrecked by a careless workman, but two signed plaster replicas survive.

The quantities of letters which he endured patiently grew instead of decreasing. He confided to Adams in 1822: “I do not know how far you may suffer, as I do, under the persecution of letters, of which every mail brings a fresh load. They are letters of inquiry, for the most part, always of good will, sometimes from friends whom I esteem, but much oftener from persons whose names are unknown to me, but written kindly and civilly, and to which, therefore, civility requires answers.”

Visitors came in ever-increasing numbers. Kin came, acquaintances came; native travellers, foreign travellers, the idle curious came. They came separately, in groups, and sometimes, it seemed, in droves. There was no tavern near, and so they expected the hospitality of his beds and table. There were no railroads, so they

came with their horses and expected the hospitality of his stables, as well as his house. They got both.

Bacon never forgot the swarms of visitors: "They nearly ate him out of house and home. They were there at all times of the year; but about the middle of June the travel would commence from the lower part of the state to the Springs, and then there was a perfect throng of visitors. They travelled in their own carriages, and came in gangs—the whole family, with carriage and riding horses and servants; sometimes three or four such gangs at a time. We had thirty-six stalls for horses, and only used about ten of them for the stock we kept there. Very often all of the rest were full, and I have had to send horses off to another place. I have often sent a wagon-load of hay up to the stable, and the next morning there would not be enough left to make a hen's nest. I have killed a fine beef, and it would all be eaten in a day or two. There was no tavern in all that country that had so much company. Mrs. Randolph . . . was very often greatly perplexed to entertain them. I have known her many and many a time to have every bed in the house full, and she would send to my wife and borrow all her beds—she had six spare beds—to accommodate the visitors. I finally told the servants who had charge of the stables to only give the visitors' horses half allowance. Somehow or other Mr. Jefferson heard of this; . . . he countermanded my orders." Mr. Jefferson's physician said that Martha Randolph was at times required to find beds and to serve meals over a single night to fifty people!

The result of this pressure on Jefferson's retirement was to cause him to seek to retire further. He actually

absented himself from Monticello for long periods, sacrificing some of the pleasantest months of the year on his mountain, the time, of course, when travellers would be on the road and most in evidence at his door, at a retreat about ninety miles farther southwest, off the more generally travelled roads, and not at all conspicuously identified with his name. His refuge was the estate called Poplar Forest.

This was an estate of more than four thousand acres in Bedford County near the little city of Lynchburg. It had belonged to John Wayles and was inherited by Mrs. Jefferson from her father. Jefferson had it from his wife. Before he became President he visited it rarely and then only for short periods, a few days and seldom longer than a week, just long enough to adjust necessary business with his manager there. While President he directed the erection of a new house at Poplar Forest but it was not finished until he had completed his public service. Here is the description of that house by one of his granddaughters who often accompanied him there:

“It was of brick, one story in front, and, owing to the falling of the ground, two in the rear. It was an exact octagon, with a center hall twenty feet square, lighted from above. This was a beautiful room and served as a dining room. Round it were grouped a bright drawing room looking south, my grandfather’s own chamber, three other bedrooms and a pantry. A terrace extended from one side of the house; there was a portico in front connected by a vestibule with the centre room, and in the rear a verandah, on which the draw-

ing room opened, with its windows to the floor. . . . Mr. Jefferson, from the time of his return home in 1809, was in the habit of visiting this Bedford plantation, but it was some years before it was ready for the reception of his family. It was furnished in the simplest manner, but had a very tasty air."

He timed his visits there so as to be away from Monticello in the spring and fall when the tidewater folk were on their way to and from the springs in the mountains, and when the uninvited generally trespassed most on his life on the mountain. At first he went for a part of April and May and for a part of November and December each year, not more than a month each time. Gradually he extended the term of each stay and often added an August trip returning north at the end of September. In 1816 he said that of five months he spent four at Poplar Forest. In 1821 he was there four times. Afterwards he made concessions to his age and did not undertake the now fatiguing journey but once a year, in the month of May.

He always journeyed thither with coach and four, with the two mounted black boys, and his faithful body servant Burwell on a horse alongside. Inside with him were two of his granddaughters. He rode hatless, as was his custom in his rides about Monticello. The road ran along the east flank of the Blue Ridge to the upper reaches of the James and through that valley to Poplar Forest. The roads were indifferent and it took three days to make the trip. He and his equipage became familiar figures on the road. The country people watched for his coming and going, greeted him curiously

as the "Squire," and at the inns where the party passed the nights they knew his prejudices nearly as well as did the servants at Monticello.

At Poplar Forest, said the same granddaughter quoted above, "he found rest, leisure, power to carry on his favorite pursuits—to think, to study, to read—whilst the presence of part of his family took away all character of solitude from his retreat. . . . The neighbors, who were to a man exceedingly attached to him, were very friendly, without being oppressive in their attentions. . . . My grandfather was very happy during these sojourns in a comparatively simple and secluded district, far from noise and news."

Then Monticello called and he would set out up the valley for his mountain. That, as no place else, was home. If, when he returned, he had not escaped all the intruders, he could accept the trial of being found at home as among the penalties of fame, under the burden of which men have been known to bear up surprisingly. Soon the snow appeared on the crests of the Blue Ridge. The falling leaves opened additional vistas in the wonderful view; the cellar was packed with pine cuts to make the hearth blaze and oak logs to give the coals endurance; the wines had a welcome warmth; and about him once more, alone with his own, settled the beauty and seclusion and peace of winter.

CHAPTER XI

Jefferson in a Lighter Vein—Singing on the Horseback Rides
—Writing Letters to Amuse the Children—Letters to the
Ladies—An Epistolary Dialogue Between the Heart and
the Head—As a Story-teller—His Favourite Anecdotes
—Washington Fooled by His Secretary—Perquisites in
Bottles—His Anecdotes of Benjamin Franklin.

HUMOUR and our political forefathers seem not to have been on speaking terms. At least they would seem to have wished it to appear so. The stern and awful business of treason on which they were embarking naturally sobered them. As history has consigned the story of the colonial and revolutionary fathers to us, there is in it scarcely a touch of levity. The cold marble influence of classicism appeared to have frozen the figures of that period. They seemed in the grasp of a kind of historical self-consciousness. Public men deported themselves in movement and utterance as if they already felt under them the pedestal to which a grateful posterity would consign them. This fatal formalism too frequently chilled their letters or drove the blood from the surface at least. They used the same language in a letter to a friend and even to a relative that they did in writing an anti-royal resolution, a statute, or a constitution.

Jefferson was no exception. It would seem as if it were futile to look for any humour, even complacent good-humour, in the disposition of a man who instead

of "father" regularly signed "Thomas Jefferson" to letters to his little daughters; who never by any chance put "Dear Madison," or "Dear Monroe," much less "Dear James," or "Dear Jim," but always "Dear Sir," at the top of letters to the two friends whom in his life he loved best; who could not close a letter with a colloquial "Yours Truly" but, as if with the low bow and swirling lace and far-flung feathered chapeau of a romantic dandy, which he was not, allowed himself the luxury of "Repeating to you my sincere sense of your goodness to me, and my wishes to prove it on every occasion, adding my sincere prayer that Heaven may bless you with many years of life and health, I pray you to accept here the homage of those sentiments of respect and attachment with which I have the honor to be your most obedient and humble servant."

It is at times difficult to remember that such expressions are manner and not nature. It is all the more difficult because the revolutionary fathers left little undone to conceal the human glow underneath. They were, after all, in spite of their carefully consigned evidence to the contrary, flesh and blood, kind, gentle, and generous, and must have been at heart fun-loving folk. They had eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, and passions like their fellow men; they were fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer. If one pricked them, they bled; if one poisoned them, they died; but why in reason did they appear to wish it to be believed that if one tickled them they did not laugh?

They maintained this attitude through life by a studied manner, partly founded on fashion, which seemed

to become a second nature. Before closing their eyes finally they edited their letters and their letter files by elimination, hoping to insure the survival of their highest flights and most profound utterances only, and thus procure the noblest attitude of an historical figure. They all did it or tried to.

Any little humanisms they overlooked it was the custom for early biographers and editors to erase. The first editor of the letters of George Washington corrected the General's punctuation, his spelling, and even his use of words where they appeared a bit informal. A later editor mercifully restored the letters to their original form, and so enhanced the sense of the humanism of the writer.

It was natural that men of their position and attainment should wish to be remembered as statesmen rather than as politicians, but why not also as a loving husband, a cheerful father, and a hearty friend? Not a single letter between Jefferson and his wife was permitted to survive. Doubtless Washington thought he had done as well in disposing of those which passed between himself and Mrs. Washington, but he was mistaken. From some quarter two of his were preserved, and several of Martha's, and they are full of comfort for those of us who never won a prize at a spelling bee or improved on that early disability.

Some of Jefferson's letters to his daughters escaped destruction, perhaps the high moral tone pervading most of them let them off, and, if so, happily, for the little touches of fatherliness therein are more eloquent of the real man than reams of official formalism.

It has been said that he wrote between ten and fifteen



THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS IN THE SOUTH COLONNADE

thousand letters a year. It is doubtful if he wrote a third of this number in the busiest year of his public life. Of that year 1820, in which he told Adams that he had answered twelve hundred and sixty-seven letters, only fewer than two hundred are known to survive. Well under twenty thousand of all Jefferson's letters remain, which represents an average of fewer than three hundred and sixty a year for the fifty-seven years after he entered public life. This would seem to indicate that a great majority of letters had been eliminated from the files of one of the most precise and orderly men of his time.

It may be rightly maintained, of course, that a man has a right to the control of his letters, but is there not in such a process of selection a somewhat deliberate control of the brush of the artist who tries to paint the portrait?

Jefferson was admittedly good company, but on a scholarly plane. Might it not be possible that he was equally companionable in a lighter vein? Had he a mental hide impervious to the gentle feather of fun? In spite of the fashionable formalism of manner, in spite of the careful selection of the letters which were to witness his character to posterity, all instances of an inner lightness and brightness have not been prevented from shining through, and it is really fair to believe that he liked a neat turn of speech, an anecdote and a warming chuckle, and, indeed, a hearty laugh. In spite of the buffetings received in his long political career, in spite of his expressed aversion to leaving home and his thirty-five years' enforced absence therefrom, in spite of chronic financial difficulties of a nature to keep any

one uncomfortable, and of the regrets of a lonely man who outlived his wife and all but one of his children, Jefferson really did retain a sunny, cheerful disposition.

He sang on his daily rides. He wrote Doctor Rush: "I value more than all other things, good humor. For thus I estimate the qualities of the mind: 1, good humor; 2, integrity; 3, industry; 4, science." He told his grandson Eppes: "Above all things practice yourself in good humor." He kept Monticello full of young folks, assisted at their games, and he wrote them frequently when absent.

He had a happy way of closing these letters with a cheering fillip. Writing to Monticello to the mother of his baby granddaughter Anne, he sent his "best affections to Mr. Randolph. Anne enjoys them without valuing them." From Monticello he sent the father of one of two other grandchildren this news of them: "Francis is now engaged in a literary contest with his cousin, Virginia, both having begun to write together. As soon as he gets to *z* (being now only at *h*) he promises you a letter." Before starting home he once wrote Martha Randolph: "The children I am afraid will have forgotten me. However, my memory may perhaps be hung on the Game of the Goose which I am to carry them." To her daughter, away from home on a cousinly visit, he wound up a letter with "Your family of silkworms is reduced to a single individual. To encourage Virginia and Mary to take care of it, I tell them that, as soon as they can get wedding-gowns from this spinner, they shall be married." When from home he used to enclose all manner of amusing pictures, verses,

and other clippings to the children. Here are four verses he sent to be "a good lesson to convince you of the importance of minding your stops" for little Cornelia was to punctuate them "so as to make them true":

"I've seen the sea all in a blaze of fire
 I've seen a house high as the moon and higher
 I've seen the sun at twelve o'clock at night
 I've seen the man who saw this wondrous sight."

And when he sent two of Petit's recipes he thought Martha would be amused by that French steward's spelling of pancakes—"Pannequaiques."

When he was about to be married and he invited a friend and his wife to Monticello, he concluded: "Come then and bring dear Tibby with you, the first in your affections, the second in mine." He shed light on the character of neighbour Mazzei's wife when he told their friend Bellini of her death: "This last event has given him three quarters of the earth elbow room, which he had ceded to her, on condition she would leave him quiet in the fourth." A letter to Gates carried this commentary: "We have no news to communicate. That the Assembly does little, does not come under that description." The reputation of an oratorical bore was wrapped up and delivered in the remark that "his speeches were dull, vapid, verbose, egotistical, smooth as the lullaby of a nurse, and commanding, like that, the repose only of the hearer."

"If the troops could be fed upon long letters," he told Patrick Henry, referring to an official responsible for the commissary, "I believe the gentleman at the head of

that department in this country, would be the best commissary on earth." A neat simile served him to set off the case of the public wanting more of what they already had too much: "They are like a dropsical man calling for water." He cheered Elbridge Gerry, when that gentleman felt the barbs of his enemies, with: "The vote of your opponents is the most honorable mark by which the soundness of your conduct could be stamped. I claim the same honorable testimonial. There was but a single act of my whole administration of which that party approved. . . . And when I found they approved it, I confess I began strongly to apprehend I had done some wrong, and to exclaim with the Psalmist: 'Lord, what have I done that the wicked should praise me!'"

He was even more frivolous with the ladies. When Mrs. Adams's daughter asked him to shop for her in Paris and buy her a pair of stays, he reported the errand with fine mock formality: "Mr. Jefferson has the honor to present his compliments to Mrs. Smith and to send her the two pair of corsets she desired. He wishes they may be suitable, as Mrs. Smith omitted to send her measure. Times have altered since Mademoiselle de Sanon had the honor of knowing her; should they be too small, however, she will be so good as to lay them by a while. There are ebbs as well as flows in this world," and then bows himself out with a flourish of his quill twice the length of its message.

He sent another lady this picture of a Parisian woman's day: "At eleven o'clock, it is day, *chez madame*. The curtains are drawn. Propped up on bolsters and pillows, and her hair scratched into a little order, the



THE RECEPTION HALL, MONTICELLO, VIEWED FROM THE EAST FRONT DOOR

bulletins of the sick are read, and the billets of the well. She writes to some of her acquaintance, and receives the visits of others. If the morning is not very thronged, she is able to get out and hobble around the cage of the Palais Royal; but she must hobble quickly, for the *coiffeur's* turn is come; and a tremendous turn it is! Happy, if he does not make her arrive when dinner is half over! The torpitude of digestion a little passed, she flutters half an hour through the streets, by way of paying visits, and then to the spectacles. These finished, another half hour is devoted to dodging out of the doors of her very sincere friends, and away to supper. After supper, cards; and after cards, bed; to rise at noon the next day, and to tread, like a mill horse, the same trodden circle over again. Thus the days of life are consumed, one by one, without an object beyond the present moment; ever flying from the ennui of that, yet carrying it with us; eternally in pursuit of happiness, which keeps eternally before us. If death or bankruptcy happen to trip us out of the circle, it is matter for the buzz of the evening, and is completely forgotten by the next morning."

After bidding good-bye to his friends the Cosways, the English artists, when they left Paris, he wrote Mrs. Cosway the unique letter from which these paragraphs are taken:

"Having performed the last sad of office of handing you into your carriage, at the pavillon de St. Denis, and seen the wheels get actually into motion, I turned on my heel and walked, more dead than alive, to the opposite door, where my own was waiting me. . . . I was car-

ried home. Seated by my fireside, solitary and sad, the following dialogue took place between my Head and my Heart.

"Head. Well, friend, you seem to be in a pretty trim.

"Heart. I am indeed the most wretched of all earthly beings. Overwhelmed with grief, every fibre of my frame distended beyond its natural powers to bear, I would willingly meet whatever catastrophe should leave me no more to feel, or to fear.

"Head. These are the eternal consequences of your warmth and precipitation. This is one of the scrapes into which you are ever leading us. You confess your follies, indeed; but still you hug and cherish them; and no reformation can be hoped where there is no repentance.

"Heart. Oh, my friend! This is no moment to upbraid my foibles. I am rent into fragments by the force of my grief! If you have any balm, pour it into my wounds; if none, do not harrow them by new torments. Spare me in this awful moment! At any other, I will attend with patience to your admonitions.

"Head. On the contrary, I never found that the moment of triumph, with you, was the moment of attention to my admonitions. While suffering under your follies, you may perhaps be made sensible of them, but the paroxysm over, you fancy it can never return. Harsh, therefore, as the medicine may be, it is my office to administer it. You will be pleased to remember, that when our friend Trumbull used to be telling us of the merits and talents of these good people, I never ceased whispering to you that we had no occasion for

new acquaintances; that the greater their merits and talents, the more dangerous their friendship to our tranquillity, because the regret at parting would be greater.

"Heart. Accordingly, Sir, this acquaintance was not the consequence of my doings. It was one of your projects, which threw us in the way of it. It was you, remember, and not I, who desired the meeting at Legrand and Motinos. I never trouble myself with domes nor arches. The Halle aux Bleds might have rotted down, before I should have gone to see it. But you, forsooth, who are eternally getting us to sleep with your diagrams and crotchets, must go and examine this wonderful piece of architecture; and when you had seen it, oh! it was the most superb thing on earth! What you had seen there was worth all you had yet seen in Paris! I thought so, too. But I meant it of the lady and gentleman to whom we had been presented; and not of a parcel of sticks and chips put together in pens. You, then, Sir, and not I, have been the cause of the present distress.

"Head. It would have been happy for you if my diagrams and crotchets had gotten you to sleep on that day, as you are pleased to say they eternally do. . . . Every soul of you had an engagement for the day. Yet all these were to be sacrificed, that you might dine together. Lying messages were to be despatched into every quarter of the city, with apologies for your breach of engagement. You, particularly, had the effrontery to send word to the Duchess Danville, that on the moment you were setting out to dine with her, despatches came to hand, which required immediate attention. You wanted me to invent a more ingenious excuse; but

I knew you were getting into a scrape, and I would have nothing to do with it. Well; after dinner to St. Cloud, from St. Cloud to Ruggieri's, from Ruggieri's to Krumfoltz; and if the day had been as long as a Lapland summer day, you would have still contrived means among you to have filled it.

"Heart. Oh! my dear friend, how you have revived me by recalling to my mind the transactions of that day! How well I remember them all, and that, when I came home at night, and looked back to the morning, it seemed to have been a month ago. Go on, then, like a kind comforter, and paint for me the day we went to St. Germain. How beautiful was every object! the Port de Neuilly, the hills along the Seine, the rainbows of the machine of Marly, the terrace of St. Germain, the châteaux, the gardens, the statues of Marly, the pavillon of Lucienne. Recollect, too, Madrid, Bagatelle, the King's Garden, the Dessert.

"Head. Thou art the most incorrigible of all the beings that ever sinned! I reminded you of the follies of the first day, intending to deduce from thence some useful lesson for you; but instead of listening to them, you kindle at the recollection, you retrace the whole series with a fondness, which shows you want nothing, but the opportunity, to act it over again. I often told you, during its course, that you were imprudently engaging your affections, under circumstances that must have cost you a great deal of pain . . . that you rack your whole system when you are parted from those you love, complaining that such a separation is worse than death, inasmuch as this ends our sufferings,

whereas that only begins them, and that the separation would, in this instance, be the more severe, as you would probably never see them again.

"Heart. But you told me they would come back again, the next year.

"Head. But, in the meantime, see what you suffer; and their return, too, depends on so many circumstances, that if you had a grain of prudence, you would not count upon it. . . .

"Heart. May heaven abandon me if I do!"

There is nearly ten times more of this bantering dialogue in a single letter to carry the message of how he missed his friends.

Jefferson bears no reputation as a story-teller. Indeed, the sole sponsor for him in that rôle, is a granddaughter who remembered that his conversation was easy, flowing, and "full of anecdote"; at their stories "he would laugh as cheerily as we could ourselves."

It is to Jefferson's appreciation of the ludicrous that we owe acquaintance with one of the real reasons why the Declaration of Independence was signed so promptly. A gentleman who had been a visitor at Monticello remembered his host's account: "While the question of Independence was before Congress, it had its meetings near a livery stable. The members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and, with handkerchief in hand, they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in induc-

ing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document." Jefferson seemed to enjoy this anecdote very much, "he told it with much glee."

The way Washington was duped by one of his secretaries was another of Jefferson's stories and it is preserved in his words: "When the President went to New York, he resisted for three weeks the efforts to introduce levees. At length he yielded, and left it to Humphreys and some others to settle the forms. Accordingly, an ante-chamber and presence-room were provided, and when those who were to pay their court were assembled, the President set out, preceded by Humphreys. After passing through the ante-chamber, the door of the inner room was thrown open, and Humphreys entered first, calling out in a loud voice, 'the President of the United States.' The President was so much disconcerted with it, that he did not recover from it the whole time of the levee, and when the company was gone, he said to Humphreys, 'Well, you have taken me in once, but by God you shall never take me in a second time.'"

One of the stories most often laughed at at Monticello, especially when Madison was there to tell it, was the one on Jefferson's school-day friend, Ben Harrison:

"While a member of the first Congress, which met in Philadelphia, he was on one occasion joined by a friend as he left the congressional hall. Wishing to ask his friend to join him in a bumper, he took him to a certain place where supplies were furnished to the members of Congress, and called for two glasses of brandy-and-

water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in supplies furnished to Congressmen. 'Why,' asked Harrison, 'what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?' 'Molasses and water, which they have charged as *stationery*,' was the reply. 'Very well,' said Harrison, 'give me the brandy-and-water, and charge it as *fuel*.'"

When Jefferson came to the Presidency, he was one day riding back toward the town after his usual exercise when he overtook a man going in the same direction. He drew up a little and, as was his custom, touched his hat to the pedestrian. Whereupon, the man entered into a conversation and, swinging it around to politics, ignorant of whom he was addressing, began to abuse the President. The situation rather amused Jefferson and he humoured it by asking the man if he knew the President personally.

"No," he answered, "nor do I wish to."

"But, do you think it is fair," asked Jefferson, "to repeat such stories about a man and condemn one whom you dare not face?"

"I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson should he ever come my way," replied the stranger.

"Will you, then, go to his house to-morrow at — o'clock and be introduced to him, if I promise to meet you there at that hour?"

The man considered a moment and agreed. Jefferson then excused himself and rode into town. It was not long before the man suspected the truth, but he stuck to his bargain and presented himself next morn-

ing at the appointed hour. When ushered into Jefferson's presence, he at once began to apologize "for having said to a stranger——"

"Hard things of an imaginary being who is no relation of mine," interrupted Jefferson as he extended his hand. He good-humouredly forestalled any further apologies and kept his visitor to dinner, and possibly made an admirer of him.

He left the Presidency in great good humour. So much so that he did not hurry away from Washington immediately Mr. Madison was inaugurated, but lingered for some days as if eager to enjoy his new-found freedom where he had known so many burdens and so much constraint. It is said that he had never before been so witty as at Mrs. Madison's first reception. When his levity was contrasted with Madison's seriousness, he replied: "Can you wonder at it? My shoulders have just been freed from a heavy burden, his just laden with it." The ladies lionized him somewhat on this occasion. A friend commented to Jefferson on how the women followed him and he responded banteringly: "That is as it should be, since I am too old to follow them."

Jefferson was a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin, and there were several anecdotes of the good doctor which were favourites at Monticello. One was brought out when the Congress was considering the non-importation agreement. "I was sitting next to Doctor Franklin," related Jefferson, "and observed to him that I thought we ought to except books; that we ought not to exclude science, even coming from an enemy. He thought so too, and I proposed the exception which was agreed to. Soon after it occurred that medicine should



MANTEL IN THE RECEPTION HALL

The portrait is by Rembrandt Peale

Photo. by Holsinger

be excepted, and I suggested that also to the Doctor. 'As to that,' said he, 'I will tell you a story. When I was in London, in such a year, there was a weekly club of physicians, of which Sir John Pringle was president, and I was invited by my friend Doctor Fothergill to attend when convenient. . . . I happened there when the question to be considered was whether physicians had, on the whole, done most good or harm. The young members, particularly, having discussed it very learnedly and eloquently till the subject was exhausted, one of them observed to Sir John Pringle, that although it was not usual for the president to take part in a debate, yet they were desirous to know his opinion on the question. He said they must first tell him whether, under the appellation of physicians, they meant to include *old women*; if they did he thought they had done more good than harm, otherwise more harm than good.' "

Among other stories of Franklin which Jefferson was fond of repeating were those which had greeted him when he followed Franklin on the French mission. "He was feasted and invited to all the court parties," said Jefferson. "At these he sometimes met the old Duchess of Bourbon, who, having been a chess player of about his force, they very generally played together. Happening once to put her king in prize, the Doctor took it. 'Ah,' said she, 'we do not take kings so.' 'We do in America,' said the Doctor."

When the Declaration of Independence was under discussion in the Congress, the members quite generally took minor exceptions to the phraseology, at which Jefferson did not wholly conceal his annoyance, at least not from Franklin, who sat next him. Afterward he

often told an anecdote which the Doctor on that occasion leaned over and told him for his comfort. "I have made it a rule," said Franklin, "whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, *Hatter*, *makes* and *sells hats* for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word *Hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats*, which show he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out. A third said he thought that the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Everyone who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' '*Sells hats!*' says his next friend. 'Why nobody will expect you to give them away! What then is the use of the word?' It was stricken out, and *hats* followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

CHAPTER XII

In the Library at Monticello—Jefferson's Three Collections of Books—The Colonial Library Destroyed by Fire—Assembling a Library in the Young Republic—Book-shopping in England and France—Jefferson's Basis of Cataloguing—Some of His Treasures—The Monticello Library the Cornerstone of the Library of Congress—Jefferson at Seventy-one Begins His Third Library—His Curious Cipher Bookmark—His Own Writings—His Distinction between Panegyric and History.

JEFFERSON was a thorough bookman, and Monticello housed two of the large if not the largest private libraries in the country during their owner's lifetime. Jefferson was a bookman in the sense of collector of books, of collector of manuscripts, of writer and of book-lover for their make-up as well as their contents. His early acquaintance with books began in his father's house, Shadwell. No list of this library has survived. It was probably inconsiderable in extent but sound in content. To it young Jefferson added the books he had collected in Williamsburg while at college, and while studying law with George Wythe and developing under the companionship of Fauquier, Small, and Wythe at the Governor's palace. At this time he developed an appreciation for original historical material and began the collection of manuscript material which he added to his library stores at Shadwell.

Then came the fire which razed that house and de-

stroyed all his precious papers and nearly every book. He wrote to his friend, John Page: "On a reasonable estimate I calculate the cost of the books burned to have been £200 sterling. Would to God it had been the money, then had it never cost me a sigh."

As he moved to Monticello after this fire the collection of his second library was begun there. In those days there were a few American printers but no American publishers, and practically no American authors, that is writers who devoted themselves professionally to the production of books. Even as late as 1825 Jefferson said: "Literature is not yet a distinct profession with us. Now and then a strong mind arises and, at its intervals of leisure from business, emits a flash of light. But the first object of young societies is bread and covering, science is but secondary and subsequent." The few books printed on this side of the Atlantic were of restricted domestic interest. England was the source of supply, unless the collector had facility in the continental languages. Most of the educated colonists had a working knowledge in Latin and Greek, but to these Jefferson added a practical acquaintance with French and Italian at least. He told Edmund Randolph, "I make it a rule never to read translations when I can read the original."

He seems to have come into possession of a considerable number of valuable books by his marriage in 1772, for the bookplate of Bathurst Skelton, first husband of Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, appeared in many of the volumes in the library at Monticello. He added to his shelves with feverish eagerness. Some of his early efforts to get possession of scarce books have an almost



Photo. by Holsinger

THOMAS JEFFERSON
From the bust by Giuseppe Cerrachi

heroic touch. He confessed himself a genuine bibliophile in this letter to Scotland, written in his thirtieth year:

“I understood you were related to the gentleman of your name (Mr. James McPherson), to whom the world is so much indebted for the elegant collection, arrangement and translation of Ossian’s poems. These pieces have been and will, I think, during my life, continue to be to me the sources of daily and exalted pleasures. . . . I am not ashamed to own that I think this rude bard of the North the greatest poet that has ever existed. Merely for the pleasure of reading his works, I am become desirous of learning the language in which he sung, and of possessing his songs in their original form. Mr. McPherson is, I think, possessed of the originals. Indeed, a gentleman has lately told me he has seen them in print; but I am afraid that he has mistaken a specimen from Temora, annexed to some of the editions of the translation, for the whole work. If they are printed, it will abridge my request and your trouble, to the sending me a printed copy; but if there be more such, my petition is, that you would be so good as to use your interest with Mr. McPherson to obtain leave to make a manuscript copy of them, and procure it to be done. I would choose it in a fair, round hand, on fine paper, with a good margin, bound in parchments as elegant as possible, lettered on the back, and marbled or gilt on the edges of the leaves. I would not regard expense in doing this. I would further beg the favor of you to give me a catalogue of the books written in that language, and to send me such of them as may be necessary

for learning it. . . . You can, perhaps, tell me whether we may ever hope to see any more of these Celtic pieces published. Manuscript copies of any of which are in print, it would at any time give me the greatest happiness to receive. The glow of one warm thought is to me worth more than money."

His first efforts to build up the library at Monticello were based, naturally, in nearly all instances on England. He remitted frequently and for no inconsiderable sums, usually more than £45 sterling. At home he watched the price and sale of books and on one occasion offered ten guineas for a single item. Under the limitations of a Virginia colonist, residing far from any of the few little cities along the entire coast line, it was no inconsiderable feat to gather more than one thousand volumes in three years. In his diary for 1773, kept in the blank pages of one of the current and quaint Virginia Almanacs, he notes that the library at Monticello numbered 1,256 volumes, exclusive of music and of books at Williamsburg.

It was while he was in France that he luxuriated in book-collecting. He hunted and bought for himself, for Madison, for Monroe, for Bellini, for Edmund Randolph, and for others. For several summers every afternoon that he could absent himself from his office he could have been found browsing about the bookstores and the quais. Only a true book-lover would have casually written that he had "turned over every book with my own hand." He watched the publications and sales in other European centres as well, and gathered in everything that expediency and his means permitted.

By the time that he entered the Presidency his fame as a scholar was so well established that he began to have many gratuitous additions to his library. Pamphlets, broadsides, public speeches, and similar contributions poured in from the authors thereof in great numbers. There was, at this time, the first effort at the publication in America of books on American subjects. When these were not presented to him Jefferson acquired them by purchase if they contributed to the sum of his knowledge of this hemisphere for he specialized in Americana and had nearly all books of importance then available on American history and travel.

In 1814 the library had so increased as to include between nine and ten thousand volumes. With characteristic originality he catalogued his books on the basis of the mental faculties employed in their making, similar to the divisions of human learning set out by Lord Bacon. His three grand divisions were Memory, Reason, and Imagination. To Memory he assigned History, to Reason he assigned Philosophy, and to Imagination he assigned the Fine Arts. History he subdivided into Civil and Natural. Under the former he ranged Ancient, Modern, and Ecclesiastical. Under the latter he listed Natural Philosophy, Agriculture, Chemistry, Surgery, Medicine, Anatomy, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, and the Technical Arts. Philosophy he divided into Moral and Mathematical. Of Moral the subsequent divisions were Ethics and Religion, Municipal and Œconomical Law. Of Mathematical Philosophy he made distinction between Pure Mathematics and Physico-Mathematical. It is interesting to note that his first item in the subdivisions under Fine Arts is

Architecture. This may have been his natural predilection for this art and it may have been the logical impulse to place container and shelter ahead of the items contained and sheltered, or of mere embellishment which followed in this order: Gardening, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Poetry, Oratory, and Criticism. Poetry proved rather a wide parenthesis which embraced Romance, Dialogue, and Epistles as well as literature in measured lines. The leavings which he had not gathered into any one of the above classifications he swept up under the convenient label of Polygraphical.

A diary, that of Francis Calley Gray of Boston, has recently become available and preserves a unique account of the visit of the writer to Monticello in the year 1814, in company with his friend, young George Ticknor, also of Boston. The notes which he took of his observations in the library, under Jefferson's own guidance, give just the personal impressions of the man in relation to his books which have been long lacking:

"At fifteen minutes after eight we heard the first breakfast bell and at nine, the second, whose sound assembled us in the breakfast room. We sat an hour after breakfast chatting with the ladies and then adjourned to the parlour. Mr. Jefferson gave us the catalogue of his books to examine and soon after conducted us to his library, and passed an hour there in pointing out to us his treasures. His collection of ancient classics was complete as to authors, but very careless in the editions. They were generally interleaved with the best English Translations. The Ancient English authors were all here and some very rare



THE DOME OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
McKim, Mead & White, architects.

It replaced the former library (Thomas Jefferson, architect), which was destroyed by fire

editions of them. A black letter Chaucer and the first of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, divided into ten books, were the most remarkable. A considerable number of books valuable to the Biblical critic were here, and various ancient editions of all the genuine and apocryphal books, Erasmus' edition, etc. Many of the most valuable works on the civil and maritime law and on diplomacy, together with a complete collection of the laws of the different states, those of Virginia in manuscript, and all the old elementary writers and reporters of England formed the legal library. The ancient and most distinguished modern historians render this department nearly complete, and the histories and descriptions of the Kingdoms of Asia were remarkably numerous. Rapin was here in French, though very rare in that language. Mr. Jefferson said that after all it was the best history of England, for Hume's Tory principles are to him unsupportable. The best mode of counteracting their effects is, he thinks, to publish an edition of Hume expurgating all those reflections and reasonings whose influence is so injurious. This has been attempted by Baxter, but he has injured the work by making other material abridgements. D'Avila was there in Italian, in Mr. Jefferson's opinion one of the most entertaining books he ever read. I was surprised to find here two little volumes on Chronology by Count Potocki of St. Petersburg. Mr. Jefferson has also a fine collection of Saxon and Moeso Gothic books, among them Alfred's translations of Orosius and Boethius, and shewed us some attempts he had made at facilitating the study of this language. He thought the singularity of the letters one of the greatest

difficulties and proposed publishing the Saxon books in four columns, the first to contain the Saxon, the second the same in Roman characters, the third a strictly verbal translation and the fourth a free one. Mr. Jefferson said the French dictionary of Trévoux was better than that of the Academy, thought Charron's '*de la Sagesse*' an excellent work and brought us a commentary and review on Montesquieu published by Duane the translator from the French manuscript, which he called the best book on politics which had been published for a century and agreed with its author in his opinion of Montesquieu.

"Of all branches of learning, however, that relating to the history of North and South America is the most perfectly displayed in this library. The collection on this subject is without question the most valuable in the world. Here are all the works of the Spanish travellers in America and the great work of De Brie in which he collected Latin translations of the smaller works published by the earliest visitors of America whose original publications are now lost. It is finely printed and adorned with many plates. Here also is a copy of the letters of Fernando Cortes in Spanish, one of a small edition, and the copy retained by the Editor the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo for himself, but given by him to the American Consul for Mr. Jefferson. This work contains the official letters of Cortes to his court, his maps of the country and plates representing the dresses, armour and other contents of the treasury of the Mexican Sovereigns. We saw here also some beautiful manuscripts, one of a work which has

been suppressed in France, most of the Greek Romances."

Jefferson was proud of his library. He told Madison that he hoped it might become the nucleus of the collection of the National University, if the plans for that institution should ever be realized. Later, when his plans for the University of Virginia were taking form, he hoped to make his collection of books the basis of the library of that establishment. An unexpected event presented a new and wider use for his books.

In August, 1814, the British came up Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River in a menacing gesture against the seat of government at Washington. On the nineteenth of the month the militia began the removal of the more important archives of the young nation. They were loaded on wagons and carried out of and beyond the little city to an unnamed place of security. On the fourth day thereafter someone thought of the Library of Congress, at the time installed in the then somewhat restricted beginning of the present Capitol. Such, however, was the demand for every wheeled conveyance to carry away other public as well as private chattels, that only one cart, drawn by four oxen, could be found to apply to the salvage of the Library. The valuable records and papers of the Library were first carried beyond the city to a place of safety. Only a few loads of books had been removed when the British arrived and burned the Capitol. So perished the first Library of Congress.

In this emergency Jefferson sought to relieve the

need of Congress for a collection of books, as well as his own need for means to liquidate his continually mounting debts, by offering his library to the Congress at its own valuation. Congress was deliberate in availing itself of the proffered opportunity. It did, however, eventually buy the library, and valued it at \$23,950.

The money floated through Jefferson's hands straight to his creditors, and the packing of the books was begun. Jefferson and his granddaughters catalogued the books. Hemings made the cases. Other black boys packed and sealed the boxes. Three thousand pounds were assigned to each wagon. The curious caravan, when it started across country, consisted of ten wagons. They were six days on the way from Monticello to Washington, travelling the road via Orange, Culpepper, and Georgetown. The books were placed in the new library room of the Capitol.

They were subsequently threatened with destruction by fire. The first fire was that of 1825. It was not considerable and did no damage to the Jefferson collection. A second fire in 1851 was more destructive. It burned up 35,000 books and many manuscripts and paintings. In this fire disappeared two thirds of the books sent up from Monticello. The remainder are housed to-day in the now detached Library of Congress, a collection apart in a spacious alcove off the central Reading Room.

The bookshelves at Monticello were not long vacant. Nine years before, Jefferson had become heir to the library of his former law preceptor, Chancellor George Wythe, on the death of that distinguished jurist in

1806. Wherever these books may have been in the meantime they soon took the places of the books which were sent to Washington, and they became the solid foundation of Jefferson's third library. It is said to have been such an extensive collection that it "nearly filled the room of the one he sold to Congress." Although past seventy and fortified with the convenient bequest of Wythe, Jefferson set about with renewed earnestness to gather other and newer books in an effort to satisfy his insatiable curiosity about all things. "I cannot live without books," he wrote at this time to Adams. He felt and remarked the difficulty of getting books in his inland situation, remote from any bookstores. Young George Ticknor collected for him in Europe and Jefferson appraised him "the best bibliography I have met." Others in France and England received his remittances and sent him items that had whetted his desire. This collection served him the balance of his days. The third year after his death it was sold piecemeal at public auction in Washington. The catalogue of the sale listed more than nine hundred items of from one to fifteen volumes each.

Although Bathurst Skelton's bookplate appeared in the books in the Monticello library, Jefferson did not indulge himself in this bit of preciousness. He seldom even wrote his name in one of his books. He was far more original. He must early have suffered from the conscientious borrower, who usually proves to be something less than a conscientious returner, for he devised an ingenious and little evident cipher to distinguish his own books. The signature, or group of pages printed on the two sides of a single sheet of paper, was

lettered alphabetically in the old books, and this sheet was so folded that the index letters were just evident on the edge where the binding threads hold the sheets together. Jefferson based his cipher on three letters of the signature sequence: I, J, and T. As each book came into his possession, instead of inscribing it on a fore page or labelling it with a book plate, as a rule he turned to the signature letters. Before the J he carefully inked in the letter T. After the signature letter T, if the book was so large that the letters carried so far down the alphabet, he inked in the letter J. If, as was often the case, the signatures carried no J, then he placed a T before the I. It is by these partly concealed initials that book collectors are helped in identifying an actual member of the family of books which once stood on the shelves at Monticello.

Jefferson's own pen was active from his earliest years in public life. He is most distinguished by his authorship of the Declaration of Independence. His style and habit of thought and the objects of his curiosity may be more extensively and so better studied in his presidential papers, his vast correspondence, and his miscellaneous writings. The largest single units of his writings were his Autobiography, begun in his seventy-seventh year and terminated somewhat abruptly when it approached the period of his experiences as Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet; his *Anas*, which carry through those experiences in a series of memoranda of conversations he had with leading officials of the Government at that time; his *Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, which he wrote for his own guidance as presiding officer of the Senate when Vice-President; and

his Notes on Virginia. Other productions were an Essay on the Anglo-Saxon and Modern Dialects of the English Language and an Essay on English Prosody. He had a profound interest in the languages of the various tribes of the North American Indians and he collected a vast quantity of data on their vocabularies. Out of it developed an amusing incident with a dénouement which set back by many years the development of the records of the Indian languages. When he returned home at the close of his terms as President he packed these Indian papers in a trunk and sent them to Monticello by the water route, down the Potomac and the Bay, and up the James and the Rivanna, to his own landing. Two negro boatmen, knowing that the baggage belonged to the President, and imagining that so exalted a personage must be sending home great treasure in the many boxes, were deceived by the weight of that trunk and thought it must contain gold. They broke it open, and to cover their crime scattered the papers on the river and tossed the trunk overboard. Jefferson did not undertake to replace his treasures on this topic.

Of himself as a writer, Jefferson said to the author of an English Grammar, who asked his opinion of it:

"Mine had been a life of business which appeals to a man's conscience, as well as his industry, not to let it suffer, and the few moments allowed me from labor have been devoted to more attractive studies, that of grammar never having been a favorite with me. The scanty foundation, laid in at school, has carried me through a life of much hasty writing, more indebted

for style to reading and memory, than to rules of grammar.”

Continuing, he confessed himself a thorough democrat even in his attitude toward language, and desired to see usage control grammar: “I have been pleased to see that in all cases you appeal to usage, as the arbiter of language; and justly consider that as giving law to grammar, and not grammar to usage. I concur entirely with you in opposition to Purists, who would destroy all strength and beauty of style, by subjecting it to a rigorous compliance with their rules. Fill up the ellipses and syllepses of Tacitus, Sallust, Livy, etc., and the elegance and force of their sententious brevity are extinguished. . . . I have been not a little disappointed, and made suspicious of my own judgment, on seeing the Edinburgh Reviewers, the ablest critics of the age, set their faces against the introduction of new words into the English language; they are particularly apprehensive that the writers of the United States will adulterate it. Certainly so great growing a population, spread over such an extent of country, with such a variety of climates, of productions, of arts, must enlarge their language, to make it answer its purpose of expressing all ideas, the new as well as the old. The new circumstances under which we are placed, call for new words, new phrases, and for the transfer of old words to new objects. An American dialect will therefore be formed; so will a West-Indian and Asiatic, as a Scotch and an Irish are already formed. But whether will these adulterate, or enrich the English language? Has the beautiful poetry of Burns, or his Scottish dialect, disfigured



Photo. by Holsinger

THE QUADRANGLE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Designed by Thomas Jefferson and viewed from the open side

it? Did the Athenians consider the Doric, the Ionian, the Aeolic, and the other dialects, as disfiguring or as beautifying their language? . . . They were sensible that the variety of dialects, still infinitely varied by poetic license, constituted the riches of their language, and made the Grecian Homer the first of poets, as he ever must remain, until a language equally ductile and copious shall again be spoken."

In his youth he was evidently an ardent admirer of fiction. When he was twenty-eight a friend asked him to make up a list of books for him to purchase. In his reply he said he found fiction useful as well as pleasant; but when in his maturity, in his seventy-fifth year, another correspondent drew from him: "A great obstacle to good education is the inordinate passion prevalent for novels. . . . When this poison infects the mind, it destroys its tone and revolts against wholesome reading. . . . The result is a bloated imagination, sickly judgment, and disgust towards all the real business of life."

This only accents how scientific minded was Jefferson and how much more willingly he gave his interest, as he gave his assent, to facts. It was, too, for this reason that as an architect he was classic and formal rather than romantic. He measured everything and sketched nothing. So he suffered under the kind of history that was written in his lifetime. He anticipated documentary history in his exclamation, in writing John Adams:

"On the subject of the American Revolution, you ask 'Who shall write it?' Who can write it? And who will ever be able to write it? Nobody; except merely

its external facts; all its councils, designs and discussions having been conducted by Congress behind closed doors, and no members, as far as I know, having ever made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must forever be unknown."

His Anas represented his notion of fundamental historic material, but here the human element entered, and Jefferson was quite human enough to have all the prejudices, or at least the indignations, of his own beliefs. It is generally believed he was less happy here than in anything else he wrote.

But he made no profession of being an historian. He did in fact disdain his own capacity for such work. "You say I must go to writing history," he replied to a correspondent, in his own later years. "While in public life I had not the time, and now that I am retired, I am past the time. To write history requires a whole life of observation, of inquiry, of labor and correction. Its materials are not to be found among the ruins of a decayed memory." His natural fairness and his purity of intention are reflected in the distinction he made to Wirt in reviewing his "Life of Patrick Henry": "You certainly have practiced vigorously the precept '*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' This presents a very difficult question—whether one only or both sides of the medal shall be represented. It constitutes, perhaps, the distinction between panegyric and history." Those writers who made it their business to present only eulogistic portraits he dismissed as "fan-coloring biographers."

CHAPTER XIII

Jefferson's Last Years at Monticello—Unflagging Interests Before and After Eighty—Founder and Architect of the University of Virginia—A Meeting at Rock Fish Gap—Revising the *Anas*—He Writes His Autobiography—The Portable Writing Desk on which He Wrote the Declaration of Independence—A Wedding Trip in Jefferson's and Madison's Footsteps—The Endless Letters—In the Shadow of Debts—Lafayette's Two Visits to Monticello—A Life Mask nearly a Death Mask—Last Days—His Death on July 4, 1826, the Fiftieth Anniversary of Signing the Declaration of Independence.

THE final great accomplishment of Jefferson's life at Monticello gave him as much diversion and satisfaction as anything else that he did there. This was the organization and building of the University of Virginia.

Possessed as he was with the idea of freedom, he was not satisfied with political and religious freedom only, but all his life had in his mind a system of education which would reach all the people and bring to them the fundamentals and later the embellishments of a practical and ranging culture.

It is a curious fact that his long fight for his university was conducted wholly from Monticello by letters, and especially by the letters which he wrote to his field lieutenant, Joseph Carrington Cabell, who worked for it by personal contact with the members of the Assembly at Richmond. Only once did he leave his mountain

to plead for its establishment, and on that occasion, singularly, nothing that he said on the topic of the meeting was so well worth remembering as his terse, clear, complete utterance on another subject. The university had been authorized by law, and a meeting for the consideration, among other details, of its site, was held in 1818 at an unpretending tavern in Rock Fish Gap, in the Blue Ridge, twenty-three miles west of Monticello. The group there gathered included the most distinguished public men of the state, among them President James Monroe and ex-President James Madison. To join them Jefferson rode down from Monticello and across the broad valley to the little tavern in the mountains. He there delivered himself of this fundamental statement of the object of free primary education:

“1. To give to every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his own business.

“2. To enable him to calculate for himself, and to express and preserve his ideas, his contracts and accounts in writing.

“3. To improve, by reading, his morals and faculties.

“4. To understand his duties to his neighbors and country, and to discharge with competence the functions confided to him by either.

“5. To know his rights; to exercise with order and justice those he retains; to choose with discretion the fiduciary of those he delegates; and to notice their conduct with diligence, with candor and judgment.

“6. And, in general, to observe with intelligence and faithfulness all the social relations under which he shall be placed.”



Photo. by Holsinger

SERPENTINE WALLS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Designed by Thomas Jefferson and similar to those he designed for Barboursville



FARMINGTON, OF WHICH THOMAS JEFFERSON WAS THE ARCHITECT

He believed the day notable for quite a different reason, however, for, as a result of the meeting, his dearest wish was realized and it was decided to build the new university within sight of Monticello whence he could watch every detail of its progress. How completely the University of Virginia was Jefferson's own may be appreciated from the fact that he originated the idea, planned its curriculum, was the architect of its buildings, superintended their construction, and was its first rector who made operative his whole vast scheme. It was an ideal plaything for the wise old man. It satisfied his desire to see his educational theories put into practice, it gave a noble scope for the expression of his artistic passions, and put into his own hands the opportunity to realize both. He gave this occasion its proper name when he wrote Adams: "I am mounted on a hobby. This is the establishment of a university." He rode over to the site nearly every day that the buildings were rearing. When he could not leave Monticello he would observe the progress of the work from the northwest side of his mountain top, through a telescope, which is among the treasures of the university. He saw it opened March 7, 1825.

Rambling through the quadrangle and cloisters of the completed buildings, and turning over the pages of his drawings for them, one discovers another link between them and Monticello, and the same link unites both of them to his earliest artistic inspiration, his dear Palladio. For the university, as for his own home, he used that great classicist's ground plan of a rectangle open on one side with the major building rising and dominating from the side opposite the opening. His

facile enlargement on the plan, which he had already used in Monticello, is sufficient to stamp him as the first great American architect.

His influence on American architecture is, in fact, marked whenever opportunity was within his reach. His chief achievements have thus been listed by Fiske Kimball: "The Virginia Capitol, for which he himself made the drawings and had the model made in Paris; the competition of the public buildings in Washington, the first great public competition among architects in America, of which, as Secretary of State, he wrote the program, and in which he himself submitted a design; the encouragement, when he was President, of the first trained architects from abroad, to establish, amid inconceivable difficulties, the profession and the art of architecture."

These same influences radiated from Monticello to nearly all the important country houses of Piedmont Virginia, and of the South, which were built in the early years of the Nineteenth Century. On the James, in the adjoining county of Fluvanna, is Bremo which in many details is so like Monticello that it is not surprising to know that Jefferson made the plans for it. He was the architect of other houses in the neighbourhood of his own, but nearly all of them, whether he drew them or not, followed him closely in the adoption into America of the high pillared portico, so ideally adapted to the summer climate and so decorative in adding a note of real classic beauty wherever its white columns and pediment rise in the green foliage.

An old Virginia gentleman, who has ever since remained anonymous, has left an interesting souvenir of

Jefferson's hospitality to the students of his university when they came to Monticello. At the first session of the university "I was entered as a student," he said, "and Mr. Jefferson was always pleased to have us students at his table. Upon these occasions we were generally seated around the table, when Mr. Jefferson would enter and walk directly to an adjoining table specially prepared for him, and upon which were placed two lighted candles and a small vial by his plate. He would then say: 'My daughter, I perceive there are several young gentlemen at the table, but I do not see well enough to distinguish who they are, so you must tell me their names.' Whereupon his daughter would lead him up to each young gentleman, who would in turn rise, when Mr. Jefferson would shake hands and pass a pleasant word with him. At the close of the repast, as his own hand was too trembling, his daughter would pour from the vial into a tumbler a few drops of medicine to produce slumber in case he should be wakeful, and then he would take up the tumbler and a candle, make a stately bow to the assemblage, and retire to his bedroom." This obviously in the last year of his life, indeed in the last months.

Compared with the university all his other occupations during his last years were incidental. In 1817-18 he revised his *Anas* which were his version of conversations he had and reports he made while Secretary of State. It has been regarded as unfortunate that he should have allowed them to be published, but it was manifestly his intention that they should be.

In 1821, at the age of seventy-seven, he began "to make some memoranda, and state some recollections of

dates and facts concerning myself, for my own more ready reference, and for the information of my family." This was carried no farther than his arrival in New York in March, 1790, to take his seat in Congress. It is known as his Autobiography. Manifestly such occupations indicated an inclination to have "his house in order" when the historians should enter. In this connection there is strong presumptive evidence to visualize him alone in his library, or perhaps accepting the aid of his daughter or of one of his granddaughters, surrounded by stacks of well-assorted letters addressed to him and of copies of letters which he had sent in answer to them. When he had selected such as he was willing should bear witness of him there remained about twenty-six thousand letters addressed to him and only about sixteen thousand copies of letters which he had written. As he did not keep copies of all the letters he wrote, the difference of ten thousand between these two figures does not represent the number which may have been destroyed, but the disparity dampens interest in the remnant and stimulates a lively curiosity in those that sent their smoke up the chimney or otherwise disappeared. Jefferson was not unique in this. Other public figures who preceded him or came after him, in so far as they could, selected the written evidence by which they preferred posterity to know them.

To the end of his life he was unfailing in his devotion to his kindred. His sister Anne was married to a poor farmer and they lived in the southern part of the state. It is remembered that every year for thirty years he sent his own carriage, horses, and servants to bring her to Monticello to spend the summer with him. When

her husband died Jefferson brought her to his house there to make her home as long as she lived. There were other changes in the family circle, but none probably that created the void that did the departure from Monticello of his granddaughter Ellen after her marriage to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., when she left to make her future home with her husband in Boston.

Among the treasures which she carried from Monticello was a writing desk made for her by her grandfather's expert wood-worker, old black John Hemings. Into it he put all his choicest bits of wood and all his own expertness in inlay and veneer. It was entrusted, with other belongings, to a packet sailing from Richmond for Boston, but was lost in a storm at sea. The chief mourner, curiously, appears to have been black John himself, and it is more than suspected that it was to flatter the old slave, as much as to console the bride, that Jefferson sent her, for her husband, a substitute desk, long on his own writing table, with this inscription set in one of its folds:

"Thomas Jefferson gives this writing desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of affection. It was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben. Randall, cabinet-maker at Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that city, in May, 1777, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Politics, as well as religion, has its superstitions. These, gaining strength with time, may one day give imaginary value to this relic, for its associations with the birth of the Great Charter of our Independence."

This desk later found its way into the possession of the National Government at Washington.

Ellen and her husband took a unique wedding trip when they left Monticello. They set out for New York and New England, to duplicate the journey which her grandfather and Mr. Madison had made together in the spring of 1791, and did duplicate it except that their journey terminated in their new home in Boston. The diversion delighted Jefferson.

His famous correspondence with John Adams tapered after 1820; rather more perhaps on account of Adam's age than Jefferson's, or than the waning affection of either. They protested their new-found friendship to the end.

The fatigues of the long drives to and from Poplar Forest began to tell after 1821. The next two years he went but once in each, in May, before the sun grew too strong. The latter trip in 1823 was the last, as indeed, it appears to have been his last trip of any distance from Monticello. But, afterwards, even while he complained that his days afoot were over, he continued daily to ride about his farms on one of his thoroughbreds. After he had reached his eightieth year he permitted a servant to accompany him on these rides, and Bacon remembered that this servant carried along a camp stool, so that when his master dismounted he could sit down if fatigued.

The practice of daily exercise, which he continually preached, had an appreciable influence on his health. It might be said of him as nearly truly as it might be said of any one that he never knew a sickness in his life. If he professed slight regard for doctors it was

probably because he had had few occasions to use them. His health was rugged and firm until very near the end of his life. "Our machines have now been running seventy or eighty years," he wrote to John Adams, "and we must expect that, worn as they are, here a pivot, there a wheel, now a pinion, next a spring, will be giving way; and, however we may tinker them up for a while, all will at length surcease motion." He was using eye glasses at last in his seventy-third year. In his eighty-second he still sat his horse and rode about his mountain. It surely was a vigorous octogenarian who at four score and three rode in his carriage some dozen miles every day, even if he did confess the indiscretion of driving down to the University five days in succession.

The only real shadow on his last years was cast by the state of his finances. He was rich in acreage, but poor in income from it. For all his theories of farming and his carefully kept notebooks, he had not the faculty of making his acres profit him. It is true his generosity and his hospitality put a heavy tax on such resources as he had. It was his wish that his daughter and his son-in-law and their eleven children and indefinite number of grandchildren should all live at Monticello. He did not want to face the loneliness of old age without them. His fame continued to draw thither an unending procession of visitors who virtually made a tavern of his home. His indebtedness was added to by an endorsement on a friend's note for twenty thousand dollars. Oppressed with these burdens he decided to sell the lands about Monticello, and if that were not sufficient then to sell Monticello itself and a part of Poplar Forest, and to

move southward and die on the remnant of the latter place. To this end he conceived a plan for disposing of his lands by lottery, and the last sustained effort of his pen, which was called "the Pen of the Revolution," was rather pathetically an attempted justification of lotteries, an enumeration of his services in extenuation of this particular case, and an appeal to the Virginia Legislature to be allowed to seek this means of avoiding the sacrifice of his lands to a depressed market. There was no practical result.

The news of his situation spread beyond the borders of his own state and popular subscriptions were opened. Baltimore sent three thousand dollars; Philadelphia, five thousand; and New York, eight thousand five hundred. It was all applied to debts. How small a part was thus erased he did not know. The gifts seemed to him but the beginning and the indication of other funds to come. To that extent these "unsolicited offerings" brought a calming comfort to his last months.

The visits of distinguished foreigners on this side of the Atlantic and of notable Americans could not have been without gratification to the venerable statesman during the last two years of his life. His old friends, James and Dolly Madison, drove over several times each summer from Montpelier. James Monroe likewise seized every opportunity to visit and counsel with his dear friend and political mentor. Senator Martin Van Buren, not yet President, came, and found him "generous to Hamilton" and finally convinced of "the unnecessariness of punctuality." George Ticknor, whose earlier visit had so delighted Jefferson, came again, this time with Daniel Webster, then on the thresh-

old of his career. His former neighbour, William Wirt, whom he had earlier known as a youthful country lawyer and had advised to undertake a public career, returned during the third consecutive administration which he served as Attorney General of the United States. Among the over-sea visitors were Lord Derby, Evelyn Denison, Stuart Worley, and Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach. Webster and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar made and published accounts of their visits to Monticello. These are but a few of the many whose attentions gave him pleasure, but no other visits delighted him as did the two appearances of his dear old friend, General the Marquis de Lafayette.

Lafayette returned to America, for the first time after the Revolution, in August, 1824. His tour was a popular triumph. In October he deflected from the road southward to come to Monticello. Jefferson's grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, an eyewitness, described the meeting:

"The lawn on the eastern side of the house at Monticello contains not quite an acre. On this spot was the meeting of Jefferson and Lafayette. . . . The barouche containing Lafayette stopped at the edge of this lawn. His escort—one hundred and twenty mounted men—formed on one side in a semicircle extending from the carriage to the house. A crowd of about two hundred men, who were drawn together by curiosity to witness the meeting of these two venerable men, formed themselves in a semicircle on the opposite side. As Lafayette descended from the carriage, Jefferson descended the steps of the portico. The scene which fol-

lowed was touching. Jefferson was feeble and tottering with age; Lafayette permanently lamed and broken in health by his long confinement in the dungeon of Olmutz. As they approached each other, their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run, and exclaiming, 'Ah, Jefferson!' 'Ah, Lafayette!' they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms. Among the four hundred men witnessing the scene there was not a dry eye—no sound save an occasional suppressed sob. The two old men entered the house as the crowd dispersed in profound silence."

The next summer, preparatory to leaving for France, Lafayette came a second time to Monticello. This time he found Jefferson suffering under a temporary indisposition, and was received by him on a couch in the drawing room, where the two veterans of liberty exchanged their last reminiscences and their final farewells.

Later in the autumn the last of the artists came up the mountain and Jefferson amiably submitted to an experience which was more nearly fatal than merely "unpleasant." The sculptor, Browere, took his life mask, during an operation that lasted nearly ninety minutes. There is a dramatic story that Jefferson was left on his couch with only his body servant Burwell near him, and, the plaster having been applied with imperfect provision for breathing, he was barely rescued from suffocation when Burwell "sprang forward" and the artist "shattered his cast in an instant." The victim wrote this less theatric account to Madison:

"I was taken in by Mr. Browere. He said his operation would be of about twenty minutes, and less unpleasant than Houdon's method. I submitted without inquiry. But it was a bold experiment on his part on the health of an octogenary worn down by sickness as well as age. Successive coats of grout plastered on the naked head and kept there an hour would have been a severe trial of a young and hale man. He suffered the plaster also to get so dry that separation became difficult and even dangerous. He was obliged to use freely the mallet and chisel to break it into pieces and get off a piece at a time. These strokes of the mallet would have been sensible almost to a loggerhead. The family became alarmed and he confused till I was quite exhausted, and there became real danger that the ears would tear from the head sooner than from the plaster. I now bid adieu for ever to busts and even portraits."

This mask survives. It seems to have been worth all he endured, considering how it turned out. It is the last, and probably the most authentic portrait of Jefferson, as it is, indeed, one of the few really credible and pleasing. It might easily be credited as the head of a man twenty years younger than Jefferson was at the time of its taking. The head is large, yet delicate; the features fine and strong, yet contemplative, serene, and kindly. The cheek is broad between the ear and the nose and eye; the nose long, firm and regular; the chin protruding and matching the boldness of the lower part of the brow, to present a definitely powerful profile.

A picturesque glimpse of Jefferson toward the end of

his life was left by John P. Kennedy, in his biography of William Wirt. When he reached the mansion and presented his letter of introduction he found that Mr. Jefferson was very ill with a recent attack of his malady and excused himself from receiving company. While waiting to receive this word Mr. Kennedy was seated in the reception hall, in such a position as to command a view through the opening into Mr. Jefferson's bedroom. His own account of what he saw is sufficiently graphic: "There was a large glass door which opened upon the hall, and separated Mr. Jefferson's apartment from it. Whilst we sat in this hall, a tall attenuated figure, slightly stooping forward, and exhibiting a countenance filled with an expression of pain, slowly walked across the space visible through the glass door. It was Mr. Jefferson. He was dressed in a costume long out of fashion—small-clothes, a waistcoat with flaps, and, as it struck us, in the brief view we had, some remains of embroidery. The silence of the foot-fall, the venerable figure, the old costume, and the short space in which the image glided past the glass door, made a strange and mysterious impression upon us."

Early in 1826 he began to anticipate the end. On March 16th and 17th he wrote his will and its long codicil. They seem to have been made almost to the accompaniment of music, for only two days later, on the nineteenth, he wrote his granddaughter Ellen Coolidge: "The pianoforte is in place, and Mrs. Carey happening here has exhibited to us its full powers, which are indeed great. Nobody slept the first night, nor is the tumult yet over on this the third day of its emplacement." He

bravely added that "all are well here" and referred to sending cider earlier another winter.

A meeting of the few remaining Signers of the Declaration of Independence was contemplated for the celebration of the coming Fourth of July in Washington. He was invited to come as the nation's guest and particular provision was prepared for his transportation to the capital. He declined in an appreciative letter written on June 26th, little anticipating the other journey he would take on that historic anniversary.

On the same day that he wrote declining the invitation to celebrate Independence Day in Washington, he despatched another letter, by messenger, asking his physician, Doctor Duglinson, to come to him. On his arrival the doctor recognized that the end was near. With Jefferson, from this time, were his daughter Martha; his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph; Mr. Trist, the husband of one of his granddaughters; his physicians and the servants.

He lay in his bed in the curious open alcove between his bedroom and his study. He knew that the machine was fast running down. He employed his favourite figure of speech to those near him in again alluding to himself as "an old watch, with a pinion worn out here, and a wheel there, until it can go on no longer." He "alluded to the probability of his death," said one near him at the time, "as a man would to the prospect of being caught in a shower—as an event not to be desired, but not to be feared."

His hope seemed fixed on living till the great anniversary, the semi-centennial of that Fourth of July on

which was proclaimed the Declaration of Independence which he had written. Two days before that day, on Sunday the 2d of July, he conversed freely and discussed the final arrangement of his affairs with his grandson, who remarked a tendency of his mind to recur to scenes of the Revolution. On Monday he had weakened so that he slept through the entire day. When he awoke he thought another night had passed, and remarked, "This is the Fourth of July." As no one assented, he inquired, "This is the Fourth?" Repugnant as it was to deceive him they could not bear to disappoint him, and when one of his family nodded assent, he murmured "Ah," with a relief in the tone and an expression in his face which said, "Just as I wished."

As that night, his last, drew on, his slumber became disturbed and dreamy, and he sat up in his sleep, went through all the forms of writing, and spoke of the Committee of Safety, saying "Warn the Committee to be on the alert." This seems to have been the only indication that his mind wandered. About daybreak he called the servants near him in a clear, strong voice and perfectly conscious of his wants. But after that he did not speak again, and ceased to breathe, quietly in sleep, at fifty minutes after the noon hour, on the Fourth of July, 1826.

It was Jefferson's request, made in his last hours, that his burial might be private and simple. No notice of the hour of interment was given and no invitations were issued. The day was rainy. His family and servants bore him over the brow of his mountain to the family burying ground. In spite of precautions and weather his neighbours and friends in crowds had

climbed up the mountain for a last tribute. The burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by the rector of the parish in which Jefferson had resided. He was buried just inside the great gates of the burial ground, in the midst of those of his family who had preceded him, and within a few feet of the friend who knew the mountain with him in their boyhood and with whom he had exchanged the vow that was thus kept at last.

Among his papers was found a rough drawing of a gravestone and a suggested inscription for it which guided his executors in marking his grave. The memorandum expressed a wish to have "a plain die or cube of 3 f. without any mouldings, surmounted by an obelisk of 6 f. height, each of a single stone . . . to be of the coarse stone of which my columns are made, that no one might be tempted hereafter to destroy it for the value of the materials." On the faces of the obelisk he wished engraved, "and not a word more . . . because by these, as testimonials that I have lived, I wish most to be remembered," the following:

HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON
AUTHOR OF
THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
OF THE
STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM
AND THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

In those three lines he gave the key to his character and to his career. Freedom was the predominating passion of his life. He fought first for the political freedom of his country. He next set up in his own

state an example of legislation under which each one of the people was unhampered in the practice of his own form of worship. He finally sought to make these blessings secure and to give opportunity to extend them by his ideal of education.

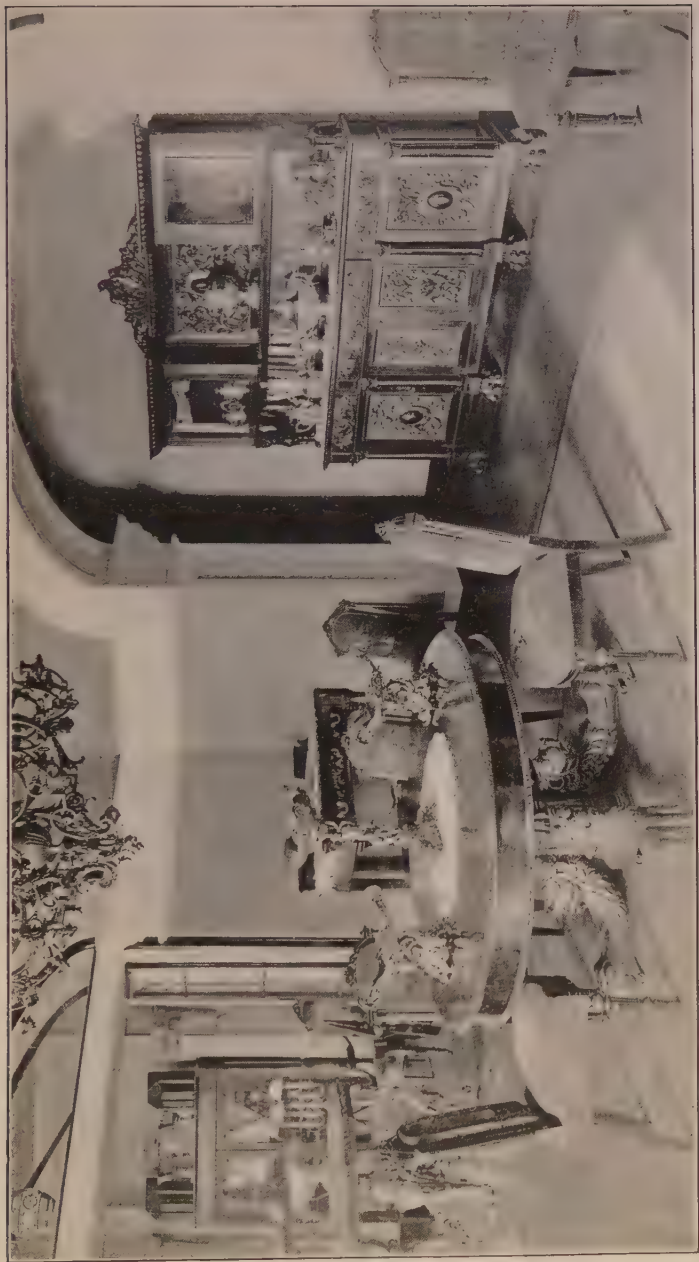


Photo. by Holsinger

THE DINING ROOM, MONTICELLO, AS FURNISHED TO-DAY

CHAPTER XIV

Monticello from 1826 to 1925—The Auctioneer Comes Up the Mountain—Monticello Sold to Doctor Barclay—Martha Jefferson Randolph Leaves Her Home—Efforts to Retrieve It for Her—Uriah Levy—Abandoned—Confiscated—Falling to Pieces—J. M. Levy—Restorations—T. L. Rhodes Cares for Monticello for Thirty-five Years—The Jefferson Family Burying Ground—The Monticello Association—Ineffectual Efforts to Buy Monticello—The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation Buys Monticello in the Name of the People and Opens It to the Public as a Historical Monument.

MONTICELLO without its builder and its master entered upon a full century of romantic adventure. They have been years of change, neglect, degradation, partial recovery, and a final issue suggestive of the happy ending of a fairy story. Without this dénouement the same story would read less like a romance than a tragedy.

Jefferson left Monticello to his only surviving daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph. It was a mere gesture of affection, for the home, which comprised the wooded mountain with the mansion on its crest, was part of an estate in which the liabilities overbalanced the assets by forty thousand dollars. The extensive acres were unyielding. Splendid as was the house and superb as was its situation, it was non-productive, an unsupportable burden to a dependent woman, in spite of the endearing affection wrought during a lifetime,

throughout which it was her home, her children's home, and the home and the repository of the most significant associations of one of the greatest men of his age.

The first winter's snows were white on Jefferson's grave when the furniture, the china, and the interior decorations of Monticello were put up at auction. The great house itself was offered for sale but found no purchaser.

At this time, newly come to the village of Charlottesville, was a man named James T. Barclay. He had a small drug business and soon acquired the title of Doctor. He has been described as "at once a physician and a preacher, a practical chemist and a skilled draughtsman." In spite of this array of accomplishments, none of them could have served him in his purpose when, on November 1, 1831, he entered into what appears to have to have been an exchange of his home and other property in Charlottesville, with some additional payment in cash, for Monticello and five hundred and fifty-two acres about it. The burying ground, with free access to it, was reserved for the descendants of the builder. His idea in owning the mountain was to establish the silk worm culture there.

It would be pleasant to record that Barclay was an admirer of Jefferson; that he appreciated the beauties of "the first dwelling-house architecturally in America," that he preserved the place and maintained its traditions. The contrary of all this was the unfortunate fact. The year after this purchase William Barry, Postmaster General of the United States, made a pilgrimage to Monticello, and wrote that "the late resi-

dence of Mr. Jefferson has lost all its interest, save what exists in memory, and that it is the sacred deposit of his remains. All is dilapidation and ruin, and I fear the present owner, Doctor Barclay, is not able, if he were inclined, to restore it to its former condition." The writer's feeling led him a little beyond the actual facts. Compared to what he expected and in its outrage on what he believed was due the memory of Jefferson, no doubt the actual dilapidation made him believe that the place had gone to ruin; but the house never was a ruin, not in its worst days, which came many years later.

When Barclay bought Monticello it had been continuously in the hands of the Jefferson family, since Peter Jefferson acquired the land as a part of his patent from the Crown, in 1735, for more than ninety-six years. When Martha Jefferson Randolph abandoned the house she was a truly pathetic figure. She was nearly sixty years old, widowed, penniless, and homeless save for the affectionate consideration of her children. She wrote in her notebook: "There is a time in human suffering when succeeding sufferings are but like snow falling on an ice-berg." As the rumour of her state spread over the country there was a generous reaction, but it languished and expired without practical expression, except in two instances. The states of South Carolina and Louisiana each presented her with ten thousand dollars. When Barclay bought and took possession of Monticello and she went down the mountain it was to live for a time with her son at nearby Edgehill. Later she joined her daughter, Ellen Coolidge, in Boston.

She died in 1836. She rests on the mountain once more, close to the father into whose life she brought most of the devotion that he craved and enjoyed.

Barclay made no success of his silkworms and in a few years he became possessed of a desire to go to the Holy Land. He was willing to accept a small price for Monticello and give it up. This gave renewed impetus to a widespread desire to see Jefferson's daughter at home again in her father's house. The most authoritative version of an oft repeated story of the effort made to realize this desire says that a Mr. Hall, of Fredericksburg in Virginia, went to Boston and proposed to certain gentlemen of wealth there to buy the place and present it to Martha Jefferson Randolph. They entertained the proposal favourably and told Mr. Hall that if, on his return to Virginia, he would get from Doctor Barclay a binding agreement to sell the place for a sum that was named, on the basis of such an agreement they would make up the purse and buy the place for Mrs. Randolph. In New York, on his way south, Mr. Hall met Uriah Levy, then Lieutenant and afterwards Captain in the United States Navy, who professed much interest in the plan and requested Mr. Hall to acquaint him of Doctor Barclay's terms. On his return north he saw Lieutenant Levy, told him of Doctor Barclay's agreed price, and went on to Boston to secure the purchase money. When he returned to Virginia, prepared to complete the purchase and present the property to Mrs. Randolph, he found that Lieutenant Levy had already been there and had purchased Monticello for himself. The transfer carried the house and two hundred and eighteen acres. It was dated May 20, 1836,

and the price reported to have been paid was twenty-five hundred dollars.

Monticello remained in the name of Uriah Levy for more than a quarter of a century. He lived there, however, only a short while. He made, while in residence there, a marriage which has no other concern with this story than that it was considered at least unfortunate and is believed to have resulted in his giving up Monticello as his home. So far as protective care was concerned the place was thereafter abandoned by him. He is said to have accumulated a considerable fortune before he died in New York, in 1862.

During the period of this abandonment of Monticello it experienced its worst days. Uriah Levy had put it in charge of a man named Joel Wheeler, whose sole recompense was the unrestricted use of the mansion and whatever he could raise on the cleared land. The splendid place was dragged down to the level of a shoddy, shabby farm. None of the ravages of natural decay were repaired. To these were added the wearing down process of crude occupancy. The interior of the house was stark and dreary. As years and neglect made one room uninhabitable the farmer moved on to the next, thus abandoning one room after another to owls and bats and rats and accumulating filth and decay. The litter accumulated on the steps approaching the west portico until they were finally buried and horses and wagons could be driven up through the columns to the great doors. The splendid drawing-room, where Jefferson had entertained Madison, Monroe, Saxe-Weimar, Webster, Wirt, Van Buren, Lafayette and an endless procession of other notable visi-

tors, was debased to the purposes of a grainary, and its exquisitely inlaid floor was littered with grain in barrels and bins and heaps. It is, indeed, evidence of the sincerity with which Jefferson built that his house survived at all. The terraces and their terminating houses did to some extent succumb. The little law office and its mate, the honeymoon house across the lawn, were reduced to mere rigid shells. The roof of the south return fell in, and the columns lost their graceful arches and stood detached and forlorn. The north return disappeared more nearly completely.

When the Civil War came on the Confederacy confiscated Monticello. But they did nothing with it, and the subsequent peace found the place in rather an anomalous situation so far as ownership was concerned. There was no longer a Confederacy to enforce the confiscation. Uriah Levy was dead. By the terms of his will he left Monticello to the United States, but if the Congress failed to take ownership, then successively to the State of Virginia and the Portuguese-Hebrew Congregation of New York. The courts determined that these trusts were too vague, and Joel Wheeler hung on. Time and the elements continued the process of unarrested decay.

Litigation among the heirs and family connections of Uriah Levy followed his death. It was involved and continued over a period of years. The issue finally became clear in 1879 when the ownership of Monticello was fixed in the possession of Uriah Levy's nephew, Jefferson M. Levy of New York. About the same time that he acquired the house and supporting lands, amounting to two hundred and eighteen acres, Mr.

Levy purchased other contiguous lands, formerly a part of the home lands, so that his holding in one unit here eventually amounted to six hundred and eighty-three acres. When the court confirmed his title his possession of the property was not attained without one other and unexpected obstacle. Old Joel Wheeler had lived there so long, so many winters and summers, through war-time and peace-time, that he came to believe that he owned the place, or said that he did. It was only with firm measures that he was made to relinquish his hold and move on.

This purchase inaugurated a new era. J. M. Levy had a high appreciation of Monticello, the will to salvage and restore it, and, happily, the means to accomplish his wishes. For the first time since the builder died the place began to come up instead of run down.

In 1889 he placed the estate under the management of T. L. Rhodes who has lived there and cared for the mansion and the lands for more than thirty-five years. The intelligent reclamation and preservation of Jefferson's home was due to these two men, Mr. Levy and Mr. Rhodes. They repaired the mountain roads and built new ones, restored the retaining walls and raised new ones. The remains of the terraced extensions of the house were preserved. The lawns were cleared, the trees and shrubbery and grass were nursed back, and the mansion was restored to a marked semblance of what it was one hundred years before. And the whole place, buildings and grounds, responded with a renewed vigour and an awakened beauty which attested again the taste and honesty of the builder.

Jefferson's directions to build his grave marker of

coarse stone took into account only the vandal who might "destroy for the value of the material," and not those other vandals, who people every country in the world, and who pilfer and destroy even revered objects in the name of souvenir-hunting. Little by little and bit by bit his obelisk crumbled under this attack, until it lost its outlines and its markings. When the attention of the Congress was called to the state of the monument, in 1878, that body made an appropriation for a new stone, to cost ten thousand dollars, but the appropriation was contingent on receiving a deed for the burial ground from the descendants of Thomas Jefferson. There were so many of them, they were scattered over such a wide territory, and so many of them were minors and unable to act except by their legal representatives, that the family lawyer found it practically impossible to carry out the requirement. For this reason the project languished and eventually was abandoned. Later the Congress renewed the appropriation, this time for fifteen thousand dollars, omitting the requirement of a deed of ownership from the descendants. Then and later J. M. Levy wrote to the Secretary of State that his ownership of Monticello included the graveyard. This claim was not recognized and a new shaft replaced the ruin. For some reason, which certainly is not grounded on a becoming conformity to the expressed wish of Jefferson, the new obelisk is twice the size of the original which had been cut after his measurements. The remains of the first monument were given to the University of Missouri and stand on the university campus at Columbia in that state. After the new monument was erected, a surplus

of two thousand dollars remained from the appropriation, and Mr. Levy suggested that proper steps be built on the embankment from the driveway to the graveyard gates. This was agreed to, provided Mr. Levy would give to the public a right of way from the gates on the highway to the top of the mountain. He declined to do this and the project of the steps was then abandoned.

When Thomas Jefferson selected the site where he established his family graveyard he enclosed the space, which is about one hundred feet square, with a rough wall made of the stone gathered on the mountain, and it was entered through an iron gate. This was not regarded as sufficient protection from trespassers after Jefferson's death and the family enclosed the yard with a higher wall of brick, with a larger and stronger iron gate through which visitors could see the graves inside. This even was eventually inadequate to stay the souvenir vandal. One of the family, writing of the condition of the graves in 1871, said: "All precautions have been in vain. The gates have been again and again broken open, the graveyard entered, and the tombs desecrated. The edges of the granite obelisk over Jefferson's grave have been chipped away until it now stands a misshapen column. Of the slabs placed over the graves of Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Eppes not a vestige remains, while of the one over Mrs. Randolph only fragments are left." When the new monument replaced the old one, a handsome fence seven and a half feet high, of wrought iron, with a becomingly decorative gate, replaced the older walls and gates.

This ground has been used continuously since at least 1782 for the burial of the descendants and connections

of Thomas Jefferson. It has never passed with the transfer of the rest of the property. Virginia law allows a family to retain its private burial ground in transferring environing property and to have perpetual right of way to it. In 1913 descendants of Thomas Jefferson met at Charlottesville and perfected an organization since known as the Monticello Association for the care of the graves of their distinguished ancestor and others buried at Monticello. It meets anually at Charlottesville on Jefferson's birthday, April 13th, and the members attending make a pilgrimage up the mountain to observe the condition of the cemetery. By their efforts the graves of Jefferson and his family are kept continually in a respectfully proper condition.

The monument and grave of Thomas Jefferson are some fifteen feet inside the gate and centre on it. At the immediate right is the grave of his wife, Martha Wayles Jefferson. On the immediate left is the grave of his daughter Maria Jefferson Eppes and, between his grave and the gate, is that of his eldest daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph. Next, to the right, are the graves of Dabney Carr and his wife, Martha Jefferson, sister of Thomas Jefferson. On the same side, nearer the corner of the yard, is the grave of Jefferson's mother, Jane Randolph Jefferson. The graves of at least forty-five others are identified and marked. They are all descendants of Jefferson or their connections, except Louis and Sophie Leschot. He was the Swiss mechanician whom Jefferson brought to Monticello. Among other things there that he designed and overlooked in their construction were the family coach which was built on the place and the great clock on the wall

of the east portico. Among the unmarked graves is that of the wife of Jefferson's friend and neighbour, Philip Mazzei.

Repeated efforts have been made to take Monticello out of private hands, to restore it to its original condition, and to preserve it as a historic monument. Sincere and untiring efforts to have the Government purchase it, or to have the people buy it by subscriptions, were made, especially since the beginning of this century, but always without sufficient response, until 1923.

In that year the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation came into being. It is an organization of patriotic citizens who reflect and unite the aspirations of all those who have wished and worked to see Monticello a national shrine. Its purpose is to make it possible for the people of the United States by popular subscription to purchase Jefferson's home, to restore it to the condition in which Jefferson knew it, and so to maintain it, dedicated to the memory of that great man. The Foundation has shown immediate efficiency and has drawn out evidences of deep appreciation for Jefferson in the hearts of the people in all sections of the country. Very shortly after its organization it entered into a contract with J. M. Levy for the purchase of Monticello for five hundred thousand dollars. It secured the first of the five annual payments and took title to six hundred and eighty-three acres by a deed of June 30, 1923.

This and subsequent payments insure the future of Monticello as a memorial to Jefferson and as an addition to the limited number of American historical monuments.

CHAPTER XV

Jefferson's Neighbourhood To-day—His Plans for a Mansion Where His Birthplace Stood—The Other Monticello Farms To-day—Along the Southwest Mountains—Castle Hill—Diplomacy Breaking Out in Boyhood—Monroe's Home—The Coles' Four Great Houses—Blenheim—Elk Hill—Bremo, Designed by Jefferson—Toward the Blue Ridge—Farmington by Jefferson—Naming the Kinsolving Girls—Home of Meriweather Lewis—The Old Barracks—The Outlook from Monticello To-day.

THE neighbourhood which surrounds Monticello is one of the most interesting districts of all Virginia. Having followed the fortunes of Monticello and the domestic fortunes of its illustrious builder, there is yet to glance over the neighbouring estates, as Jefferson might from his mountain-top were he there to-day, and note the present aspect of the houses and localities which he knew.

The old names of his own farms survive in nearly every instance. Porto Bello and Montalto, which appear casually in the enumeration of his subdivision of Monticello, are names which are less well known; but Shadwell, Tufton, Lego, Pantops, Collé, Milton, and Edgehill are known to those roundabout who do not in all cases know their early association.

Shadwell, where Jefferson was born, across the Fluvanna from Monticello, has never been rebuilt since the fire of 1770, which really drove him to begin his residence, apparently a little prematurely, at Monticello,

when there was to receive him only the little one room brick pavilion at the southwest end of the future terrace.

The old road into the Shadwell he knew is overgrown but it is lined in places with remnants of parallel rows of trees which, tradition says, he planted on his twenty-first birthday. The site of the house itself is but a depression in the ground, softened by time and by green growths.

What were Jefferson's dreams for his birthplace? It may not be generally known that he had any, but among his papers, which not so long ago received their first appreciative consideration, was found a sheet bearing two drawings, one of the front elevation of a severe but splendid mansion and the other of the ground plan of the same house. They were marked "T. Jefferson, Arch't. R. Mills, del't, 1803." They were his plans for another and infinitely finer Shadwell. Fiske Kimball calls attention to Jefferson's dependence on Palladio again in this plan, showing the identity, only slightly varying, between the proposed Shadwell and the Italian master's famous Villa Rotunda. The modifications are largely in the interior by way of adapting it to the convenience of fireplaces, closets, and connecting halls which do not intrude on the privacy of the chambers, and in the addition of half-octagonal ends such as he placed at the ends of Monticello. No supporting word was found, however, to indicate what may have been his expectation of seeing these plans realized on the site of his boyhood home.

Edgehill, which lies next to Shadwell, and, after that place, is most intimately identified with Jefferson's youth, has retained its importance in the neighbourhood

for more than a century and three quarters. It was patented by William Randolph, when Albemarle was an Indian land, at the same time that Jefferson's father patented the lands on which Monticello stands. It was from off this place that were exchanged, for the bowl of punch, the four hundred acres on which Shadwell was built. It was a son of this house, Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., who married Jefferson's eldest daughter, Martha. Thereafter, as long as Jefferson lived, it was a struggle whether the Randolphs and their growing family should be allowed to live at Edgehill or compelled to live at Monticello. Generally they were all at the nearby mountain home.

Jefferson's favourite grandson and his executor, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, on his marriage established his home at Edgehill. He moved the earlier frame house back some distance and on its site built another of brick. Here Martha sought refuge when Monticello passed into the hands of strangers. Later additions produced the Edgehill seen to-day. This estate was continuously the home of the single family of Randolph from its patent until the first years of the present century.

None of Jefferson's land about Monticello is any longer owned by or is the residence of his descendants. His descendants are in fact widely scattered over the country. Of the one hundred and sixty-one members of the Monticello Association, at the time of this writing, only ten appear to reside in Albemarle County.

Curiosity about his canal and mill naturally carry interest eastward along the road past Pantops, Lego, and Shadwell, to the little town of Milton. At one time it

was a port of entry, with a collector of customs, and was at the head of water navigation on the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. A century of neglect and the advent of the railway have rubbed them all out. The canal has fallen in, the mill is little less than a ruin, part of the dam survives, but whatever the port of Milton may have been, it is marked to-day merely by the spectre of a tumble-down old stone house which, tradition says, was the town tavern.

Turning along the east flank of the Southwest Mountains the road leads up towards Lindsay's Old Store, still a landmark, near which Jefferson as a boy went to the school of the Rev. Mr. Maury, just before he entered William and Mary College. Along this road are hidden many celebrated estates, and the early residents on one of them at least—it is called Castle Hill—played a part in Jefferson's life.

This was the home of Thomas Walker, who with Jefferson, in his first years of public life, represented Albemarle in the colonial House of Burgesses at Williamsburg. On the early morning of June 4, 1781, when Tarleton and his raiders pushed westward toward Monticello, he stopped at this place to commandeer breakfast. It is said that he and his party were so well fed, not with undue haste or without an ulterior motive in the hospitality, that they were delayed long enough for Jack Jouitte to reach Monticello and for Jefferson to send his wife and family off to a place of safety.

A daughter of Thomas Walker married William C. Rives and he built the present Castle Hill. As a boy Rives was a schoolmate of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and used frequently to spend the week-end at Monti-

cello. On one such occasion a gang of town boys climbed the mountain and began to pilfer from the orchard. Young Randolph and his boy friends defended the President's property and the battle was bloody. The smallest of the lot was young Rives, who, though too small to fight effectively, was looked upon as a skilful umpire. On this occasion, the then manager of the estate related, he arrived after the battle and asked Willie Rives why he hadn't settled the matter without all the fighting. "Why, sir," said he, "you know I am a little fellow and couldn't do much fighting, but I called them all the hard names I could think of, and then I started to turn Rompo loose on them, and they all ran off."

These promises of an embryonic diplomatic career were eventually made good. William C. Rives afterwards served his state in the national House of Representatives and in the Senate, and he was on two occasions United States Minister to France. Castle Hill has at various times since been the home of Amélie Rives, now the Princess Troubetzkoy.

This road was one of the two roads that Jefferson travelled most frequently in going back and forth between Monticello and the seat of government. They both led to Montpelier, or "Mr. Madison's" as it almost invariably appeared in the notebooks. There he "spent the night" when but one day distant from his own home. The other road referred to trailed down the beautiful valley between the Southwest Mountains and the Blue Ridge on the west. Shortly after crossing the river, in following this road north, are two places of national interest. One of them Benjamin Franklin



THE MONUMENT ABOVE THE GRAVE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

bought and thereon established his grandson, William Bache. The little frame house of the early days still survives. On the other place, nearby, was born George Rogers Clark, American General and frontiersman, and brother of William Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition which Jefferson sent to explore the unknown regions of the continent to the west. His birthplace disappeared long ago. The road beyond leads past the former home of Jefferson's friend James Barbour of whose house he is said to have been the architect. The house was burned down on Christmas Day, 1884, but the garden walls remain, and they are of the same graceful, sinuous pattern as the Serpentine Walls which he designed for the university.

The road south from Milton leads past other interesting places on its way through the hills to the James River. The original Collé, where the Italian Mazzei and then the Hessian General Riedesel lived, stood on the left, and, on the right, is Ashlawn, the estate of neighbour James Monroe. He sometimes called the place Highland, and Jefferson, at least once it seems, referred to it as Oakwood. Beyond is Morven. This was at one time a part of the estate of William Short who was Jefferson's Secretary of Legation at Paris. When Jefferson returned to Monticello, Short became Minister to The Hague and later to Spain.

At Overton the road forks. Along the western branch lie Enniscothy, Tallwood, and Woodville, near the Green Mountain which is next south of the higher mountain of which Monticello is a part. These notable places all belonged at one time in the Coles family. On the morning that the British came to Monticello to

capture Jefferson, he sent his wife and family, under the care of a young gentleman then studying with him, to Enniscothy to await his own later arrival there. Isaac A. Coles, of this family, was later secretary to Jefferson when he was President. A third time this family did him notable service when Edward and John Coles passed a day with John Adams at Braintree, in 1811, and as a result contributed to the reconciliation between the two great men which resulted in their spirited correspondence. Beyond the Coles places, just south of Carter's Bridge, is Viewmont, once the home of John Fry, who was a doughty colonial pioneer of the first half of the Eighteenth Century. He was born in England and was educated at Oxford. He crossed the Atlantic and reached Albemarle about 1744. He was a pioneer surveyor and Indian fighter, and when the French and Indian wars broke out a decade later he was made a Colonel of the regiment in which a young Potomac planter of twenty-two served as Lieutenant Colonel. The name of his young subaltern was George Washington. In 1786 this estate became the property of Edmund Randolph, to whom Jefferson turned over his practice when he gave up the law, and who afterwards was Attorney General in Washington's Cabinet. This road pursued south toward the James River reaches the old plantation of Plain Dealing, a portion of which was known as Pine Knot and was bought by Theodore Roosevelt and by him used as a retreat while he was President.

The east fork at Overton, or the eastward crossroad at Carter's Bridge, lead on to more places associated with the story of Monticello. Here in the hills, about

eight miles south of Monticello, is the Blenheim where Jefferson and his bride abandoned their carriage on their honeymoon and when they pushed forward, to their new home, at night and on horseback. The roads meander over the hills and down to the James, and east along that stream to Bremo and Elk Hill. The former is a notable house designed by Jefferson for General Cocke, and descendants of the General are living there. The latter place, Elk Hill, was one of Jefferson's properties, and, at the same time that, by Tarleton's orders, Monticello was treated with such marked consideration, another band of raiding British visited Elk Hill, which is beyond Byrd Creek and opposite Elk Island, and destroyed cattle and crops, barns and fences, "so as to leave it an absolute waste."

It is in travelling west from Monticello and Charlottesville, along the road which joins the Shenandoah Valley Pike at Staunton, that one finds another neighbourhood linked by other ties to Jefferson and his home. At the western end of Charlottesville stands the University of Virginia and on the broad terrace before the rotunda stands the statue of its founder. As the road emerges from town the Ragged Mountains rise boldly on the left. They were the favourite haunt of Edgar Allen Poe when he was a student at the University. At Wood's Crossing a road leads to one side to Farmington, on which the house is another of the monuments to the skill of Thomas Jefferson the architect.

In observing this and other mansions of Jefferson's neighbourhood, it is obvious how extensively he popularized the lofty, spacious portico. He set another fashion for his neighbours in the name he gave his house,

for he made Italian names popular in all directions. Among them are Monticola, Collé, Bentivoglio, Modena, Tivoli, and Frascati.

Where the main road crosses the little Meachum River, nearly a dozen miles from town, there are other memories which radiate from Monticello. It was this far that Jefferson courteously rode out with the Count de Chastellux, to set him on his way to Natural Bridge. Jefferson knew the road well. It was this way he rode on those frequent trips to Poplar Forest. Near the River lived the Kinsolving family, who named a son for him. In a succeeding generation of this family, many of whom still survive, three brothers became Bishops of the Episcopal Church and the seven sisters will long be remembered for their baptismal names. These names were all selected with a view to having the letter V as the initial and the letter a as the terminal of each. They were Virginia, Vienna, Venturia, Volusia, Verona, Verbelina, and Vermilia.

On the way to Meachum there is a road which branches north near Ivy, and a short way along this road is the old Lewis place, Locust Hill. Here, in a house that preceded the present one, was born Meriweather Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He had been for two years secretary to President Jefferson when the latter appointed him in 1803 to go on the great exploit which he and William Clark conducted with so much significance to the opening of the unknown wilderness between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. Another son of this house, Fielding Lewis, the brother of Meriweather, married Betty, sister of George Washington, and built Woodlawn Mansion.

There are roads beyond Locust Hill which lead around to the north bank of Ivy Creek and to the site, on the top of a high hill, of the concentration camp for the four thousand British and Hessian prisoners during the Revolution. It has ever since been known as The Barracks. By a direct road it was only fourteen miles to Monticello, where the officers found a warm welcome, and assistance when a powerful friend's word would help.

In this setting of his familiar hills and of the homes of his friends, nearly every one of them within sight of his mountain-top, surrounded by a family he worshipped and neighbours he cherished, Jefferson all his life long declared he found his greatest happiness. Seen from these heights, across distances that minimize detail and emphasize only the strong outlines and bolder colours of fields and forests, of rivers and roads and mountains, the outlook is not very different to-day from that which fascinated Jefferson as a boy, and inspired him to build his home, and held him through life to the fulfillment of that fondly expressed desire: "All my wishes end where I hope my days will end, at Monticello."

APPENDIX

- A—Table of Jefferson's Visits to Monticello when Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President.
- B—List of Those Buried at Monticello.
- C—Members of the Monticello Association.
- D—Officers and Trustees of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation.

APPENDIX A

TABLE OF JEFFERSON'S VISITS TO MONTICELLO WHEN SECRETARY OF STATE, VICE-PRESIDENT, AND PRESIDENT

When Secretary of State:

1790.	September 19	to	November 8.
1791.	September 12	to	October 12.
1792.	July 22	to	September 27.
1793.	September 26	to	October 25.
1794.	Having resigned, he reached Monticello January 5.		

When Vice-President:

1797.	March 20	to	May 5.
	July 11	to	December 4.
1798.	July 4	to	December 18.
1799.	March 8	to	December 21.
1800.	May 29	to	November 24.

When President:

1801.	April 5	to	April 26.
	August 2	to	September 27.
1802.	July 25	to	October 1.
1803.	March 11	to	September 22.
1804.	April 4	to	May 11.
	July 26	to	September 27.
1805.	March 17	to	April 14.
	July 18	to	September 29.
1806.	May 9	to	June 4.
	July 24	to	October 1.
1807.	April 11	to	May 13.
	August 4	to	September 30.
1808.	May 11	to	June 8.
	July 23	to	September 28.
1809.	March 17, reached Monticello.		

APPENDIX B

A LIST OF THOSE BURIED AT MONTICELLO

(From the Minutes of the Monticello Association)

- Thomas Jefferson. Born 1743. Died 1826.
Martha Wayles Jefferson, wife of Thomas Jefferson. Born 1748. Died 1782.
Martha Jefferson Randolph, daughter of Thomas and Martha Wayles Jefferson. Born 1772. Died 1836.
Thomas Mann Randolph, husband of Martha Jefferson Randolph. Born 1769. Died 1828.
Maria Jefferson Eppes, daughter of Thomas and Martha Wayles Jefferson. Born 1778. Died 1804.
Martha Jefferson Carr, sister of Thomas Jefferson. Born 1746. Died 1811.
Dabney Carr, husband of Martha Jefferson Carr. Born 1744. Died 1773.
Jane Randolph Jefferson, mother of Thomas Jefferson. Born 1720. Died 1776.
Wilson Jefferson Cary, great-nephew of Thomas Jefferson. Born 1784. Died 1823.
William Mortimer Harrison, son of Randolph Harrison of Clifton and Mary Randolph of Dungeness, his wife. Born 1801. Died 1812.
Wilson Cary Nicholas, son of Robert Carter Nicholas and Anne Cary, his wife. Born 1761. Died 1820.
Samuel Carr, son of Dabney Carr and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1771. Died 1855.
James Madison Randolph, son of Thomas Mann Randolph and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1806. Died 1834.
Cornelia Jefferson Randolph, daughter of Thomas Mann Randolph and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1799. Died 1871.
Mary Jefferson Randolph, daughter of Thomas Mann Ran-

- dolph and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1803. Died 1876.
- Mary Buchanan Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Nicholas, his wife. Born 1818. Died 1821.
- George Wythe Randolph, son of Thomas Mann Randolph and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1818. Died 1867.
- Mary Adams Randolph, wife of George Wythe Randolph. Born 1830. Died 1871.
- Anna Cary Bankhead, daughter of Thomas Mann Randolph and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1791. Died 1826.
- Thomas Jefferson Randolph, son of Thomas Mann Randolph and Martha Jefferson, his wife. Born 1792. Died 1875.
- Jane Hollins Nicholas Randolph, wife of Thomas Jefferson Randolph. Born 1798. Died 1871.
- Margaret Smith Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Nicholas, his wife. Born 1816. Died 1843.
- Margaret Gibson Randolph, daughter of William Lewis Randolph and Agnes Dillon, his wife. Born 1866. Died 1872.
- Arthur Dillon Randolph, son of William Lewis Randolph and Agnes Dillon, his wife. Born 1874. Died 1874.
- Agnes Dillon Randolph, first wife of William Lewis Randolph. Born 1846. Died 1880.
- William Lewis Randolph, son of William Mann Randolph and Margaret Smith, his wife. Born 1842. Died 1892.
- Margaret Taylor Randolph, wife of William Lewis Randolph. Born 1843. Died 1898.
- Dabney S. Carr, son of Peter Carr and Esther Smith, his wife. Born 1802. Died 1854.
- John Smith Carr, son of Dabney S. Carr and Sidney Nicholas, his wife. Born 1836. Died 1860.
- Samuel Smith Carr, son of Dabney S. Carr and Sidney Nicholas, his wife. Born 1831. Died 1862.
- Patsey Jefferson Randolph Taylor, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Nicholas, his wife. Born 1817. Died 1857.
- John Charles Randolph Taylor, son of John C. R. Taylor and Pastey Jefferson Randolph, his wife. Born 1857. Died 1863.

- Sidney Wales Taylor, son of John C. R. Taylor and Patsey Jefferson Randolph, his wife. Born 1855. Died 1856.
- John C. R. Taylor, husband of Patsey Jefferson Randolph. Born 1812. Died 1875.
- Bennett Taylor, son of John C. R. Taylor and Patsey Jefferson Randolph, his wife. Born 1836. Died 1898.
- Patsey Jefferson Taylor, daughter of Bennett Taylor and Lucy Colton, his wife. Born 1867. Died 1903.
- Jane Randolph, daughter of John C. R. Taylor and Patsey Jefferson Randolph. Born 1837. Died 1917.
- Caryanne Nicholas Randolph Ruffin, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Nicholas, his wife. Born 1818. Died 1857.
- Jefferson Randolph Ruffin, son of Francis G. Ruffin and Caryanne Nicholas Randolph, his wife. Born 1842. Died 1908.
- Meriweather Lewis Randolph, son of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Nicholas, his wife. Born 1837. Died 1871.
- Anne Daniel Randolph, wife of Meriweather Lewis Randolph. Born 1852. Died 1874.
- Meriweather Lewis Randolph, son of Meriweather Lewis Randolph and Anne Daniel, his wife. Born 1870. Died 1876.
- Mary Hubard Bruce Taylor, wife of Jefferson Randolph Taylor. Born 1857. Died 1909.
- Jefferson Randolph Taylor, son of John C. R. Taylor and Patsey Jefferson Randolph, his wife. Born 1842. Died 1919.
- Sarah Nicholas Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Nicholas, his wife. Born 1839. Died 1892.
- Jane Nicholas Randolph Kean, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Nicholas, his wife. Born 1831. Died 1868.
- George Randolph Kean, son of Robert G. H. Kean and Jane Nicholas Randolph, his wife. Born 1866. Died 1869.
- Eliza McD. Ruffin, daughter of Frank G. Ruffin and Caryanne Nicholas Randolph, his wife. Born 1853. Died 1904.
- Mary Buchanan Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Nicholas, his wife. Born 1823. Died 1884.

Carolina Ramsey Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Nicholas, his wife. Born 1828. Died 1902.

Ellen Wayles Harrison, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Hollins Randolph, his wife. Born 1823. Died 1896.

Louise Hurlburt Young Kean, wife of Jefferson Randolph Kean. Born 1877. Died 1915.

Cary Ruffin Randolph, son of Francis G. Ruffin and Caryanne Nicholas Randolph. Born 1857. Died 1911.

William L. Randolph, son of William Mann Randolph and Mary Walker, his wife. Born 1899. Died 1906.

Evelina K. Duke, daughter of Alexander Garrett and Evelina Bolling, his wife. Born 1813. Died 1843.

John Garrett, son of Alexander Garrett and Evelina Bolling, his wife. Born 1809. Died 1855.

Elizabeth Garrett, daughter of Alexander Garrett and Evelina Bolling, his wife. Born ——. Died 1845.

Evelina Garrett, daughter of Alexander Garrett and Evelina Bolling, his wife. Born ——. Died 1863.

Alexander Garrett, husband of Evelina Bolling who was the granddaughter of John Bolling and Mary Jefferson, sister of Thomas Jefferson. Born 1778. Died 1860.

Mary Stewart, an intimate friend of Mrs. Jefferson. Born ——. Died 1805.

Louis A. Leschot, a Swiss clockmaker employed at Monticello. Born 1779. Died 1838.

Sophie Leschot, wife of Louis A. Leschot. Born 1791. Died 1853.

Francis Eppes Shine, great-grandson of Maria Jefferson Eppes, daughter of Thomas Jefferson. Born 1871. Died 1922.

Stevens Mason Taylor, son of John C. R. Taylor and Patsey Jefferson, his wife. Born 1847. Died 1917.

“When the Monticello Association was formed in 1913 there were many unmarked graves at Monticello, including so distinguished a person as Governor Nicholas. The Association has, in all cases in which these could be located, marked them with marble headstones. A number of unmarked graves still remain which cannot be located, including those of several

children of Thomas Jefferson who died in infancy. Among them is that of Mrs. P. Mazzei, whose husband, an Italian, had a large vineyard at Mont Alto. He was the agent of a wine company in which Lord Dunmore was interested. In the published correspondence of Mr. Jefferson is a letter to him, dated Monticello, April 22, 1796, in which he says, 'I will forward the testimonial of the death of Mrs. Mazzei, which I can do the more incontrovertably as she is buried in my graveyard and I pass her grave daily.'"—MINUTES OF THE NINTH MEETING OF THE MONTICELLO ASSOCIATION.

APPENDIX C

MEMBERS OF THE MONTICELLO ASSOCIATION

(*From the Minutes of the Association*)

- Alderman, Dr. Edwin A., ex-officio, President of the University of Virginia.
- Ambler, Mrs. Beverley L., née Isietta Hubbard, Route 3, Amherst, Va.
- Anderson, Miss Cary B., care of Edward C. Anderson, Richmond, Va.
- Anderson, Edward C., 922 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.
- Anderson, Jefferson Randolph, 199 Charlton St., Savannah, Ga.
- Anderson, Joseph Randolph, 199 Charlton St., Savannah, Ga.
- Anderson, Miss Sarah R., 21 E. 31st St., Savannah, Ga.
- Bankhead, A. C., Bowling Green, Mo.
- Barton, Mrs. Frederick O., née Mary L. Coolidge, 68 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass.
- Bell, Mrs. Elizabeth E., née Elizabeth Bankhead, Cassville, Mo.
- Betts, Mrs. Thomas J., née Elizabeth Randolph, Manila, P. I.
- Blackburn, Dr. Richard S., Villa Guillermina, P. Sante Fe Rep., Argentina, S. A.
- Block, Mrs. Karl M., née Nannie Shackelford, 910 Orchard Hill, Roanoke, Va.
- Bradford, Mrs. Richard H., née Martha B. Eppes, Tallahassee, Fla.
- Burke, Edmund J., 221 High St., Boston, Mass.
- Burke, Miss Fannie M., 208 Wilkes St., Alexandria, Va.
- Burke, Harry R., 111 Walnut St., Alexandria, Va.
- Burke, Miss Virginia, 111 Walnut St., Alexandria, Va.
- Burke, John Randolph, 362 Adams St., Milton, Mass.
- Butter, Mrs. Samuel J., née Jane Kean, Lock Box 337, Covington, La.
- Campbell, Mrs. Raymond, née Elizabeth Kean, 4204 Prytania St., New Orleans, La.

- Chason, Mrs. William, née Martha Kean, 101 E St., Hopewell, Va.
- Cooley, Mrs. Thomas Ross, née Adelaide Morris, 5 King Charles St., Annapolis, Md.
- Cooley, Adelaide M., 5 King Charles St., Annapolis, Md.
- Coolidge, Dr. Algernon, 487 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Prof. A. C., Library Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
- Coolidge, Miss Ellen W., 12 Fairfield St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Francis L., 926 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Emily Fairfax, 303 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Harold J., 303 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Amory, 184 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, John Gardiner, 55 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Prof. Julian L., 27 Fayerweather St., Cambridge, Mass.
- Coolidge, J. Randolph, 130 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Harold J., Jr., 303 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Lawrence, 303 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Sidney, Concord, Mass.
- Coolidge, Sidney, Jr., Concord, Mass.
- Coolidge, William, 184 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- Coolidge, Thomas Jefferson III, 184 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- Craig, Francis Eppes, Route A, Tallahassee, Fla.
- Cross, Mrs. Redmond, née Julia Newbold, Morristown, N. J.
- Eppes, Prof. James Bancroft, 579 West St., Annapolis, Md.
- Eppes, Miss Matilda B., care of William E. Eppes, Athens, Ga.
- Eppes, Edward Bradford, Tallahassee, Fla.
- Eppes, Elizabeth C., Tallahassee, Fla.
- Eppes, Thomas Jefferson, Jenkins, Ky.
- Esser, George H., Jr., Norton, Va.
- Esser, Jefferson Randolph Cary, Norton, Va.
- Featherstone, Mrs. James M., née Ellen Ruffin, Abingdon, Va.
- Hubard, Col. Archibald B., Elkins Park P. O., Pa.
- Hubard, R. Bolling, Elkins Park P. O., Pa.
- Hunter, Mrs. Page Morris, 2111 18th St., Washington, D. C.
- Hutchens, Horace King, 91 Laurel Pl., New Rochelle, N. Y.

- Hutchens, Mrs. Horace King, née Pattie Morris, 91 Laurel Pl., New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Hutchens, Katharine King, 91 Laurel Pl., New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Joslin, Mrs. Edward H., née Carrie Randolph, Keswick, Va.
- Kean, Miss Evelina P., Institute of Economics, 26 Jackson Pl., Washington, D. C.
- Kean, Lancelot M., 1221 Jena St., New Orleans, La.
- Kean, J. Louis Randolph, 1221 Jena St., New Orleans, La.
- Kean, Col. Jefferson Randolph, 1010 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
- Kean, Robert Hill, 1010 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
- Kirk, Mrs. Edwin, née Page Taylor, 2013 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Kirk, Mary Mann, 2013 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Kirk, Roger Williams, 2013 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Lattimore, Mrs. Ralston, née Edna Eppes, 2093 52d St., Ardsley Park, Savannah, Ga.
- McMurdo, Mrs. Robert M., née Caryanne Ruffin, Preston Heights, University of Virginia.
- Meikleham, Miss Francis, Edgartown, Mass.
- Meikleham, Harry P., Lindale, Ga.
- Meikleham, Miss Alice E., Lindale, Ga.
- Meikleham, T. M. R., Edgartown, Mass.
- Meikleham, William A., Short Hills, N. J.
- Morgan, Mrs. Gerald, née Mary Edith Newbold, 15 E. 79th St., New York City.
- Morris, Dorothy, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone.
- Morris, Robert Kean, Jr., Balboa Heights, Canal Zone.
- Morris, Mr. Robert Kean, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone.
- Morris, Mrs. John S., née Pattie Cary Kean, 1826 Vernon St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Morris, William Sylvanus, 18th Ave. and E. 4th St., Duluth, Minn. (The Stratford).
- Newbold, Thomas Jefferson, 289 Madison Ave., New York City.
- Nicholson, Mrs. George B., née Flora Randolph Mason, 7100 Thomas Blvd., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Parkman, Mrs. Henry, née Meta Anderson, 182 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- Platt, Mrs. Henry N., née Page Anderson, Laverock, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

- Porterfield, Mrs. William, née Julia Randolph, Orange, Va.
Preston, Miss Sydney, R. F. D. No. 1, Bristol, Va.
Rafferty, Mrs. Gilbert, née Charlotte Randolph, Keswick, Va.
Rafferty, Caroline R., Keswick, Va.
Randall, Mrs. Alex. B., née Jane R. Harrison, 241 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.
Randall, Burton R. H., 241 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.
Randall, Edith M., 241 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.
Randolph, John Hager, 406 N. Meadow St., Richmond, Va.
Randolph, John Hager, Jr., 406 N. Meadow St., Richmond, Va.
Randolph, Margaret Lee, 406 N. Meadow St., Richmond, Va.
Randolph, Miss Agnes D., 1032 Grace St., Richmond, Va.
Randolph, Dr. William M., Tombstone, Ariz.
Randolph, Mrs. William M., née Mary Walker Randolph, Tombstone, Ariz.
Randolph, Miss Margaret D., Keswick, Va.
Randolph, Lieut. Thomas Jefferson V, Fort Des Moines, Iowa.
Randolph, Thomas Jefferson IV, Box 93, Charlottesville, Va.
Randolph, Hollins, N., 423 Healy Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.
Randolph, Robert H., 55 Magazine St., Cambridge, Mass.
Randolph, Miss Janet, Arlington, Va.
Randolph, Miss Carrie R., University of Virginia.
Randolph, Miss Agnes D., Tombstone, Ariz.
Randolph, Hollins N. II, University of Virginia.
Randolph, Frank II, Tombstone, Ariz.
Randolph, Mary W., Tombstone, Ariz.
Rotch, Arthur L., 182 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Rotch, Kathleen, 182 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Ruffin, John W., Gordonsville, Va.
Ruffin, John W., Jr., Gordonsville, Va.
Ruffin, William, Gordonsville, Va.
Ruffin, Sydney Mathews, Gordonsville, Va.
Ruffin, Virginius Osborne, Gordonsville, Va.
Ruffin, Sally W., 416 W. Washington St., Petersburg, Va.
Ruffin, John Harvie, 145 Cliff Ave., Pelham, N. Y.
Ruffin, Randolph N., 145 Cliff Ave., Pelham, N. Y.
Shackelford, Mrs. George S., née Virginia Randolph, Orange, Va.
Shackleford, George Scott, care of Cooke & Hazelgrove, Roanoke, Va.
Shackleford, Virginius R., Orange, Va.

- Shackleford, Lyne Moncure, Orange, Va.
Shackleford, V. R., Jr., Orange, Va.
Shackleford, George Green, Orange, Va.
Shine, Elizabeth, 2104 Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Shine, Francis Eppes, 2104 Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Shine, Dr. Frank Wayles, 33 W. 52d St., New York City.
Shine, D. Shepherd, Jr.
Shine, Mrs. W. S., née Caroline Eppes, 1859 Barre Ter., Jacksonville, Fla.
Shine, Cecil Eppes, Masonic Temple, Main St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Smith, Dr. C. Mason, 1116 Prince Edward St., Fredericksburg, Va.
Smith, Commander W. T., Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.
Storror, Mrs. J. J., née Margaret Rotch, 12 Hereford St., Boston, Mass.
Sumner, Mrs. Allen M., née Mary Randolph Morris, 1846 Vernon St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Sumner, Margaret Page, 1846 Vernon St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Taylor, Miss Cornelia J., Apt. 200 Hammond Court, 30th and Q Sts. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Taylor, Edward C., Tamcliff, Mingo Co., W. Va.
Taylor, Jane B., 1208 15th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Taylor, John C. R., Page, W. Va.
Taylor, Edmund R., Radio Dept., A. T. & T. Co., 195 Broadway, New York City.
Taylor, Juliana, Charlottesville, Va.
Taylor, John Byrd, Charlottesville, Va.
Taylor, Olivia A., Hammond Court, 30th and Q Sts. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Taylor, Margaret R., Hammond Court, 30th and Q Sts. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Taylor, Lewis Randolph, Princeton, W. Va.
Taylor, Lewis Randolph, Jr., Princeton, W. Va.
Taylor, Raleigh C., Micajah, Wyoming Co., W. Va.
Taylor, Raleigh C., Jr., Micajah, W. Va.
Taylor, Bennett III, Princeton, W. Va.
Taylor, Walter Dorsey, Princeton, W. Va.
Taylor, Edward C., Jr., Tamcliff, W. Va.
Taylor, Martha Randolph, Box 409, Norton, Va.

- Taylor, Martha J., Page, W. Va.
Taylor, William Leigh, Page, W. Va.
Taylor, Mary Leigh, Page, W. Va.
Taylor, Elizabeth G., Charlestown, W. Va.
Truscott, Sarah R., First Cavalry, Marfa, Tex.
Truscott, Mary Randolph, First Cavalry, Marfa, Tex.
Truscott, Lucien K. III, Marfa, Tex.
Walker, Mrs. Frank S., née Margaret W. Shackleford, Wood-
berry Forest, Va.
Ware, Mrs. Nicholas, née Susan Ware Eppes, Route 3, Talla-
hassee, Fla.
Wilson, Mrs. Harold, née Margaret Shine, 101 McDonald St.,
Miami, Fla.
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